MUSIC - UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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ENGLISH COUNTY FOLK SONGS

EDITED BY

CECIL J. SHARP

BERKSHIRE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE
DEVONSHIRE
DORSET
ESSEX
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
HAMPSHIRE
NORFOLK
OXFORDSHIRE
SUSSEX
WARWICKSHIRE
WORCESTERSHIRE

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PREFACE

A LARGE number of traditional songs have recently been recovered in England. Moreover, we believe them to be veritable folk-songs, *i.e.*, songs which have been created or evolved by the common people. Taken in this sense, the folk-song must be definitely distinguished from the composition of the cultivated musician. It is the invention not of the individual, but of the community. Living only in the memories and on the lips of the singers, its existence has always been conditioned by its popularity, and by the accuracy with which it has reflected the ideals and taste of the common people. Consequently, the folk-song is stamped with the hall-mark of corporate approbation, and is the faithful expression in musical idiom of the qualities and characteristics of the nation to which it owes its origin.

In its folk-music, every nation possesses a musical heritage of priceless worth, which for many reasons it should cherish and preserve. The educational uses to which the folk-song may advantageously be put are many and obvious. It should be remembered, too, that folk-music is the germ of art-music. Style in all the arts—music, literature, poetry, painting, or sculpture—ultimately becomes national; indeed, it would be difficult to cite a single instance of a distinctive school of music in Europe which has not been founded upon a basis of folk-song. In the recovery, therefore, and dissemination of our own country's folk-music, the solution of the problem of a characteristic and national school of English music may possibly be found.

In past centuries the collectors of English folk-songs were accustomed to edit and alter their folk-tunes before publishing them. In thus attempting to transmute folk-music into art-music they committed what most musicians would now agree was a fatal blunder. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to state that the tunes contained in the present volume have not been editorially 'improved' in any way, and that no melody will find a place in this series except in the precise form in which it was noted down by a competent musician from the lips of some folk-singer.

The words, which form an integral part of the folk-song, should, strictly speaking, be treated with the same respect and be presented as accurately as the melody. Unfortunately, this is not always practicable. Owing to various causes—*e.g.*, the dissemination among the country singers of corrupt and doggerel broadside-versions of their songs; lapses of memory on the part of the folk-singers themselves; the varying lengths of the corresponding lines of different verses of the same song; and the somewhat free and unconventional treatment of the themes of many of the ballads—the words of folk-songs can now rarely be printed without some emendation.

If, however, English folk-song is to be made popular, the words must be published in a singable form. Our guiding principle has been, therefore, to alter those phrases only to which objection might reasonably be made. No vocalist would sing words that are pointless, or ungrammatical. Nor could he, even if he would, sing accurately in dialect. Happily, however, dialect is not an essential of the folk-song. Every folk-singer uses his own native language, and consequently the words of the folk-song will be sung in as many different dialects as the districts in which each individual song is found.

The words, therefore, of many of the songs in this collection have been altered. Gaps have been filled up, verses omitted or softened, rhymes reconciled, redundant syllables pruned, bad grammar and dialect translated into King's English. On the other hand, archaic words and expressions have, of course, been retained.

CECIL J. SHARP

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FOLK SONGS FROM DORSET

Collected by

H. E. D. HAMMOND

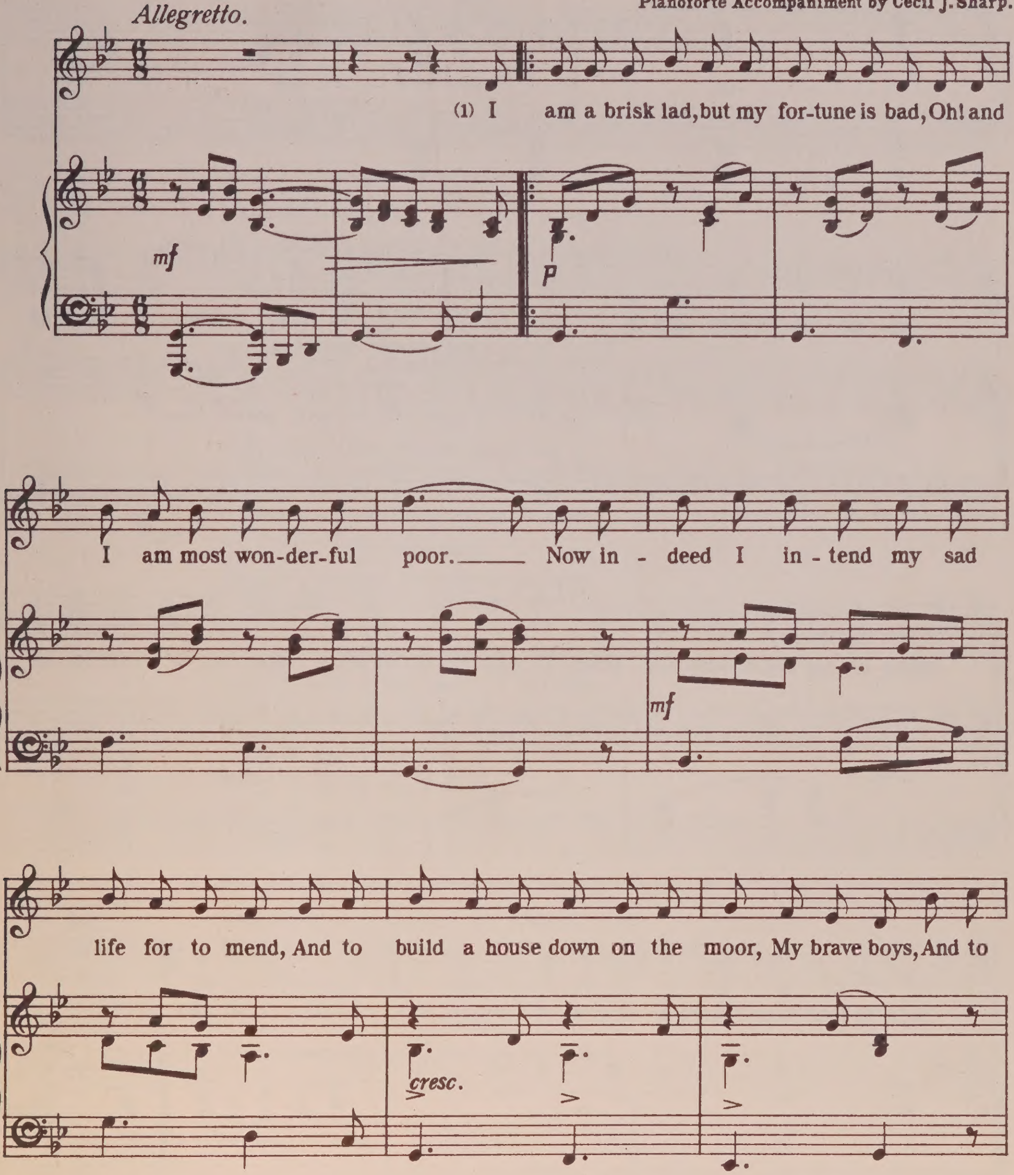
with piano accompaniment

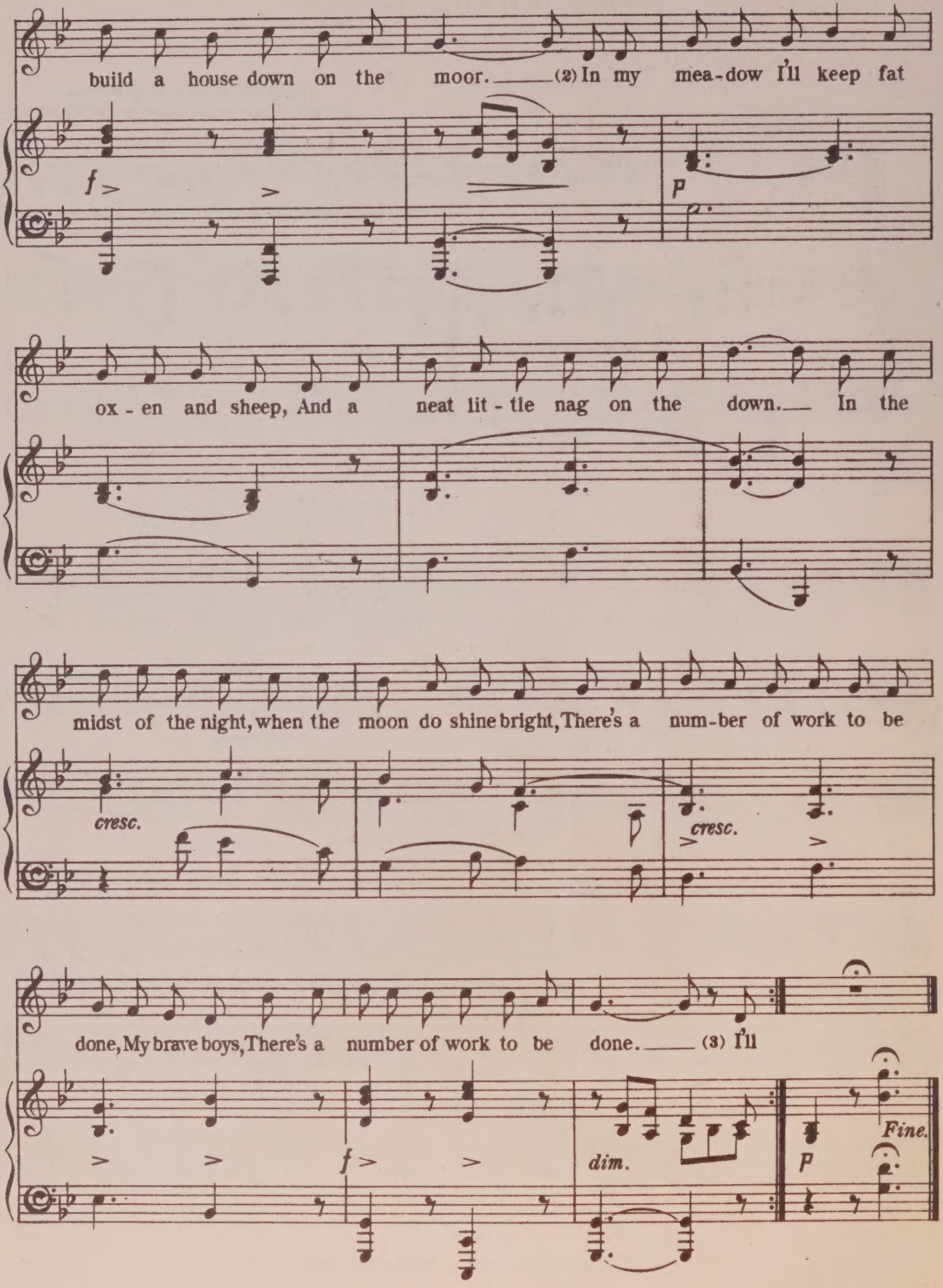
by

CECIL SHARP

THE SHEEPSTEALER.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto.
(1) I am a brisk lad, but my for-tune is bad, Oh! and
I am most won-der-ful poor. Now in - deed I in - tend my sad
life for to mend, And to build a house down on the moor, My brave boys, And to
mf
p
mf
cresc.


build a house down on the moor.___ (2) In my mea-dow I'll keep fat
f
p
ox-en and sheep, And a neat lit-tle nag on the down.___ In the
midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright, There's a num-ber of work to be
cresc.
cresc.
done, My brave boys, There's a number of work to be done.___ (3) I'll
f
dim.
p
Fine.

THE SHEEPSTEALER.

1. I am a brisk lad, but my fortune is bad,
Oh! and I am most wonderful poor.
Now indeed I intend my sad life for to mend,
And to build a house down on the moor,
My brave boys,
And to build a house down on the moor.

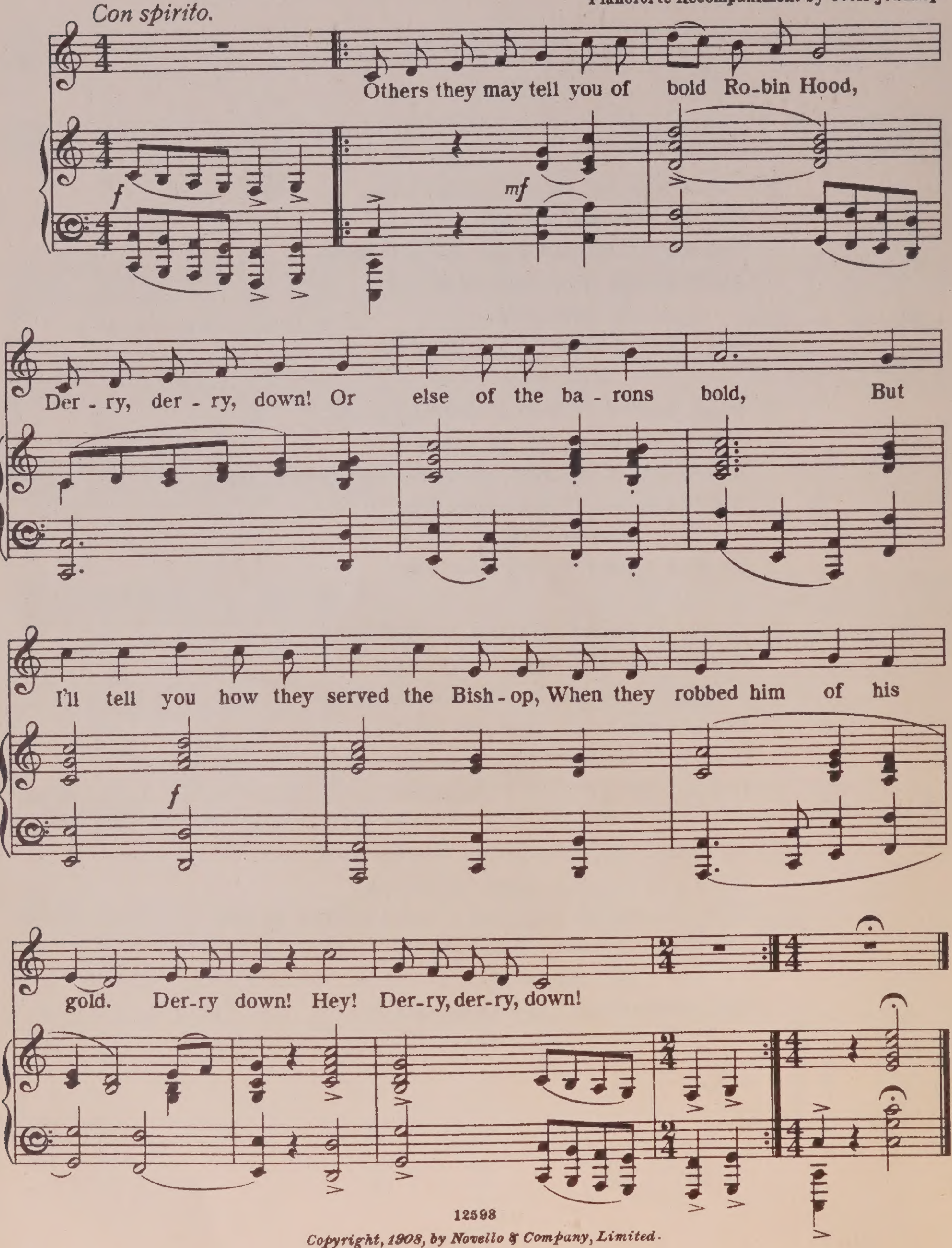
2. In my meadow I'll keep fat oxen and sheep,
And a neat little nag on the down.
In the midst of the night, when the moon do shine bright,
There's a number of work to be done,
My brave boys,
There's a number of work to be done.

3. I'll ride all around in another man's ground,
And I'll take a fat sheep for my own.
I will end of his life by the aid of my knife,
Oh! and then I will carry him home,
My brave boys,
Oh! and then I will carry him home.

4. My children shall pull the skin from the wool,
And I'll be in a place where there's none.
When the sheriff's men come, I will stand with my gun,
And swear all that I have is my own,
My brave boys,
And swear all that I have is my own.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Con spirito.
f
mf
Others they may tell you of bold Ro-bin Hood,
Der-ry, der-ry, down! Or else of the ba-rons bold, But
I'll tell you how they served the Bish-op, When they robbed him of his
gold. Der-ry down! Hey! Der-ry, der-ry, down!

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

1. Others they may tell you of bold Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down!
Or else of the barons bold,
But I'll tell you how they served the Bishop,
When they robbed him of his gold.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

2. Robin Hood, he dressed him in shepherd's attire,
Derry, derry, down!
And six of his men also,
And, when the Bishop he did come by,
They around the fire did go.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

3. "We are but poor shepherds," quoth bold Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down!
"And keep sheep all the year,
But we've resol-ved to taste to-day
Of the best of our King's deer."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

4. "Thou'rt a merry fellow," the old Bishop said,
Derry, derry, down!
"The King of thy deeds shall know;
Therefore make haste, come along with me,
For before the King shalt go."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

5. Robin Hood he set then his back to an oak,
Derry, derry, down!
His foot against a thorn,
And underneath from his shepherd's cloak
Pulled out a bugle horn.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

6. Robin put the small end against his lips,
Derry, derry, down!
And loudly a blast did blow,
Till full six score of his trusty men
Came a-running on a row.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

7. "What's the matter, master?" says Little John,
Derry, derry, down!
"You call us so hastily."
"Oh! here's the Bishop of Hereford,
For to-day he passes by."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

8. Robin Hood he took then the old Bishop's hand,
Derry, derry, down!
And led him to gay Barnsdale,
And made him sup at his board that night,
Where they drank wine, beer, and ale.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

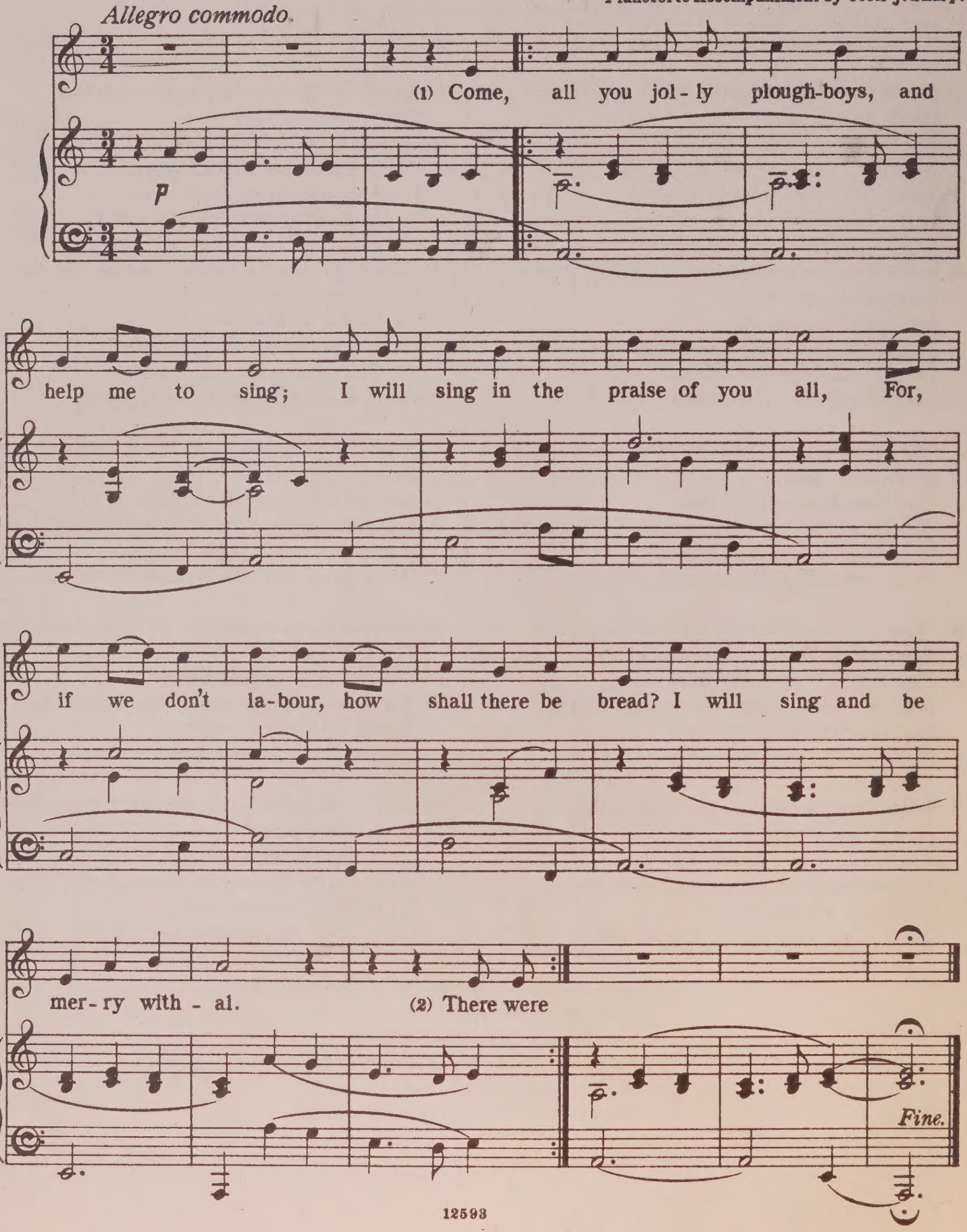
9. "Call me in the reck'ning," the Bishop then said,
Derry, derry, down!
"I'm sure it's growing high."
"Lend me your purse, Sir," said Little John,
"And I'll tell you by and bye."
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

10. Little John he took then the old Bishop's cloak,
Derry, derry, down!
And spread it upon the ground,
And from the Bishop his portmanteau
He told five hundred pound.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

11. Little John he took then the old Bishop's hand,
Derry, derry, down!
And called for the pipes to play,
And made the Bishop to dance in his boots;
He went gladly so his way.
Derry down! Hey! Derry, derry, down!

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro commodo.
p
(1) Come, all you jol-ly plough-boys, and
help me to sing; I will sing in the praise of you all, For,
if we don't la-bour, how shall there be bread? I will sing and be
mer-ry with-al.
(2) There were
Fine.

THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.

1. Come, all you jolly ploughboys, and help me to sing;
I will sing in the praise of you all,
For, if we don't labour, how shall there be bread?
I will sing and be merry withal.

2. There were two loving brothers, two brothers of old,
And of old these two brothers were born;
The one was a shepherd and tender of sheep,
And the other a planter of corn.

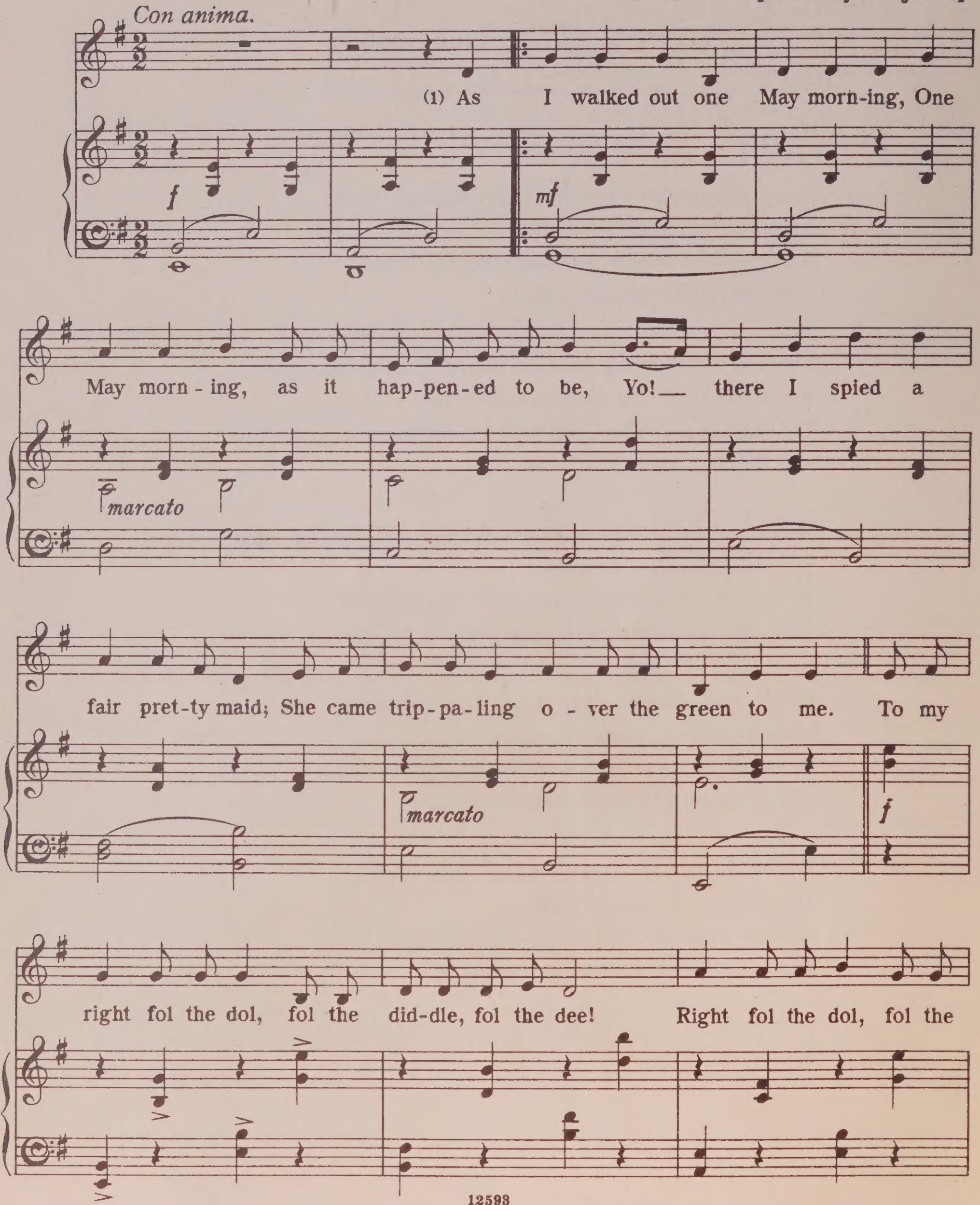
3. We've moil-ed, we've toil-ed through mire and through clay,
No comfort at all can we find;
We'll sit down, and sing, and drive dull care away;
We'll not live in this world to repine.

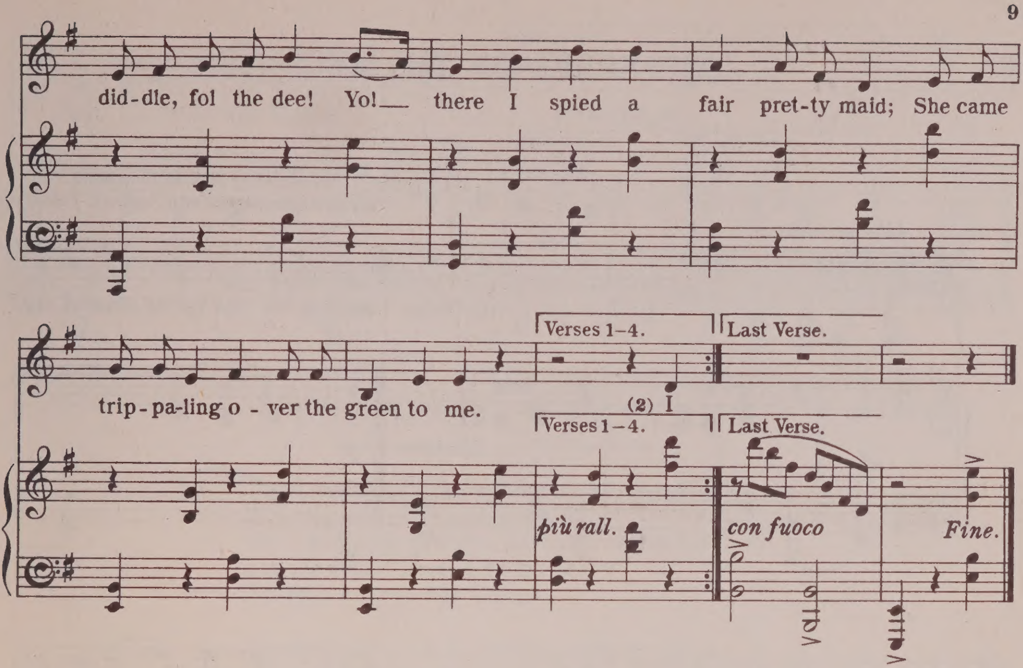
4. Here's April, here is May, here is June and July;
What a pleasure to see the corn grow!
In August it rip'neth; we reap, and sheaves tie,
And go down with our scythes for to mow.

5. Now when we have a-pitch-ed up every sheaf,
And a-glean-ed up every ear,
Without more ado we'll to plough and to sow
To provide for the harvest next year.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Con anima.
(1) As I walked out one May morn-ing, One
f
mf
May morn-ing, as it hap-pen-ed to be, Yo!__ there I spied a
marcato
fair pret-ty maid; She came trip-pa-ling o - ver the green to me. To my
marcato
f
right fol the dol, fol the did-dle, fol the dee! Right fol the dol, fol the


did-dle, fol the dee! Yo! there I spied a fair pret-ty maid; She came
trip-pa-ling o - ver the green to me.
Verses 1–4.
Last Verse.
(2) I
più rall.
con fuoco
Fine.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

1. As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning, as it happen-ed to be,
Yo! there I spied a fair pretty maid;
She came trippaling over the green to me.
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Yo! there I spied a fair pretty maid;
She came trippaling over the green to me.

2. I placed my arms all round her waist,
And oh! she shrank not in fear of me;
I kissed her twice, I kissed her thrice,
For I thought that it nothing amiss would be.
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
I kissed her twice, I kissed her thrice,
For I thought that it nothing amiss would be.

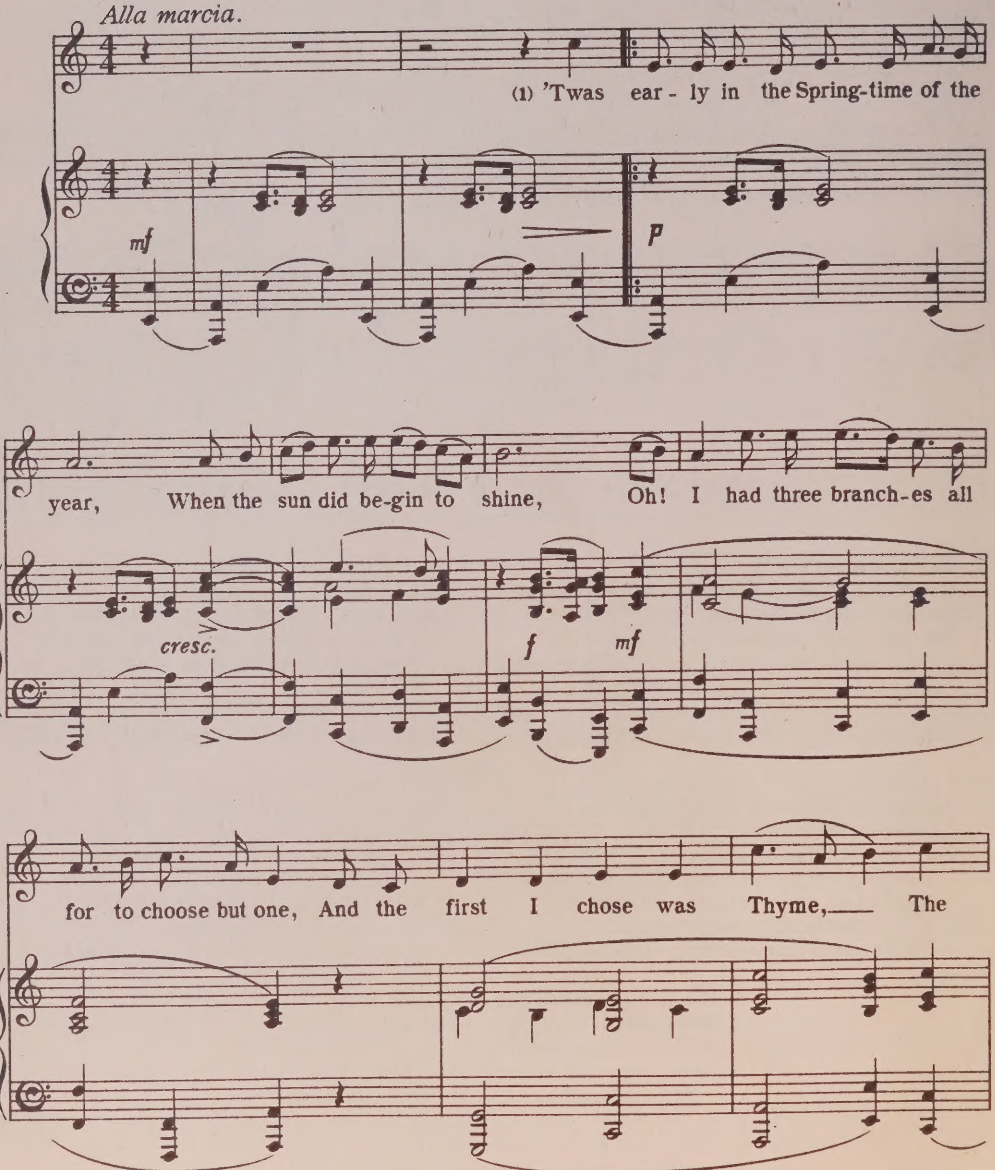
3. Then "Now, young man, it's now," said she,
"Since you have stolen my liberty,
And robbed me of kisses one, two, and three,
Tell me, pray, when our wedding-day shall be."
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
"You've robbed me of kisses one, two, and three;
Tell me, pray, when our wedding-day shall be."

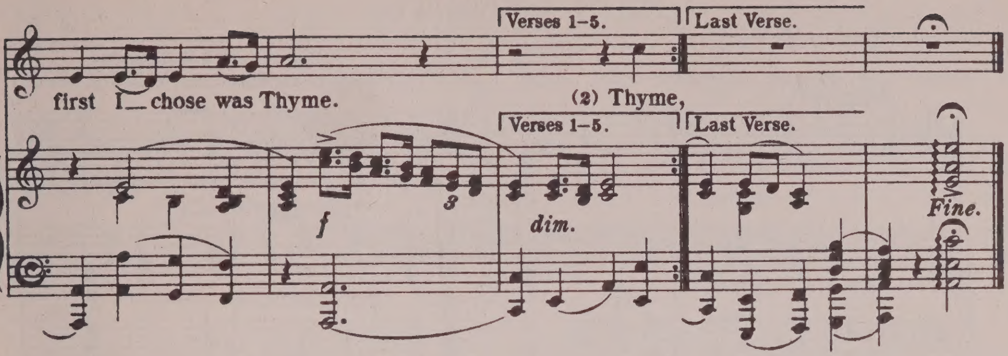
4. "Our wedding-day you'll wait to see,
Till each of us with the other do agree.
So go your way, contented be,
For I never would wed with a maid so free."
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
"Go you your way, contented be,
For I never would wed with a maid so free."

5. Come, all fair maids, give ear to me:
When you go trippaling down the lea,
If a lover comes, respectful be,
Or you never will keep him no more than she!
To my right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
Right fol the dol, fol the diddle, fol the dee!
If a lover comes, respectful be,
Or you never will keep him no more than she!

THE SPRIG OF THYME.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Alla marcia.
(1) 'Twas ear - ly in the Spring-time of the
mf
p
year, When the sun did be-gin to shine, Oh! I had three branch-es all
cresc.
f
mf
for to choose but one, And the first I chose was Thyme, The



THE SPRIG OF THYME.

1. 'Twas early in the Springtime of the year,
When the sun did begin to shine,
Oh! I had three branches all for to choose but one,
And the first I chose was Thyme,
The first I chose was Thyme.

2. Thyme, Thyme, it is a precious, precious thing;
It's a root that the sun shines on;
And Time it will bring ev'ry thing unto an end;
And so our Time goes on,
And so our Time goes on.

3. And, while that I had Thyme all for my own,
It did flourish by night and day,
Till who came along but my jolly sailor boy,
And stole my Thyme away,
And stole my Thyme away.

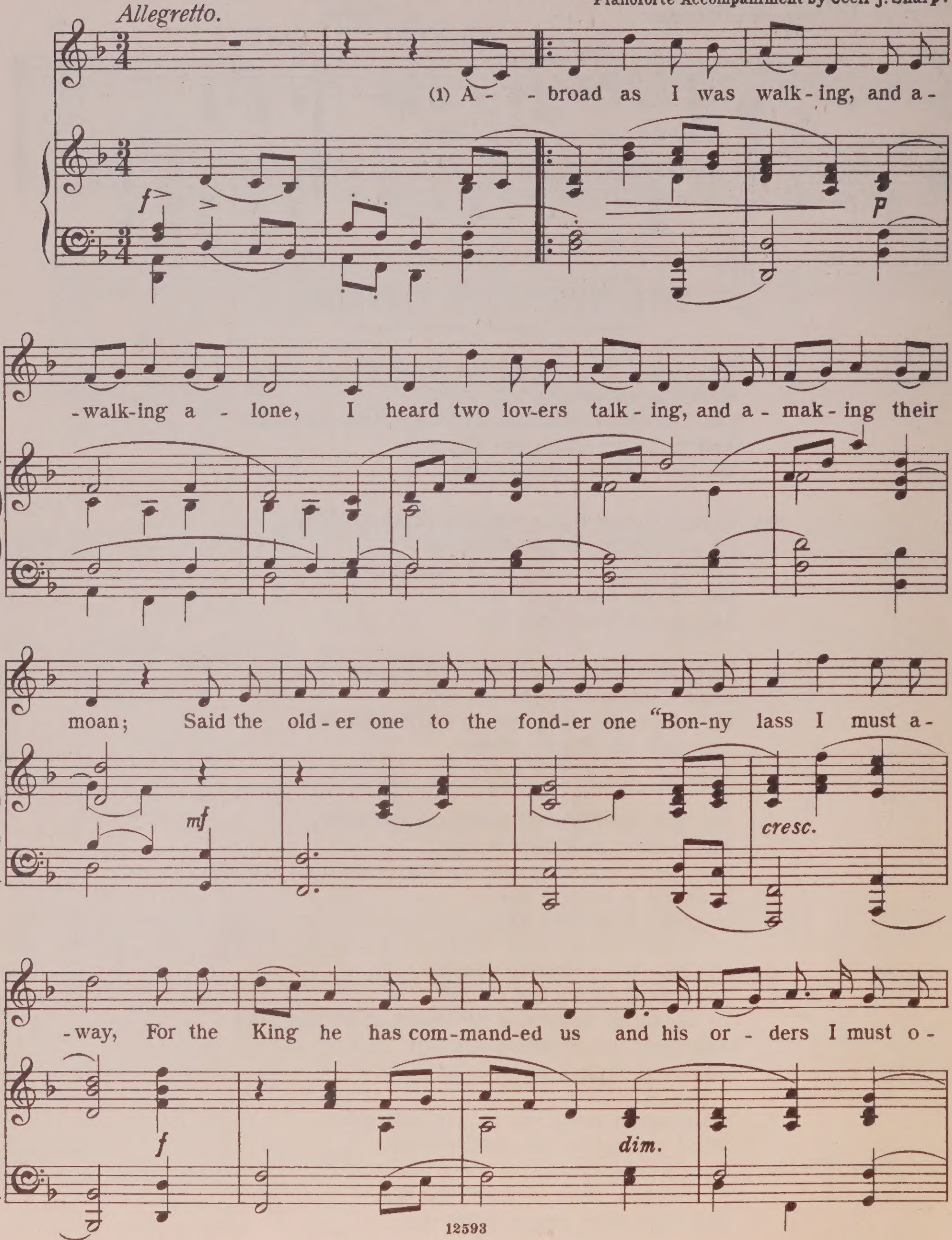
4. And now my Thyme is perish-ed and gone,
And I never shall plant it moe,
Since into the place where my Thyme did use to spring,
Is grown a running Rue,
Is grown a running Rue.

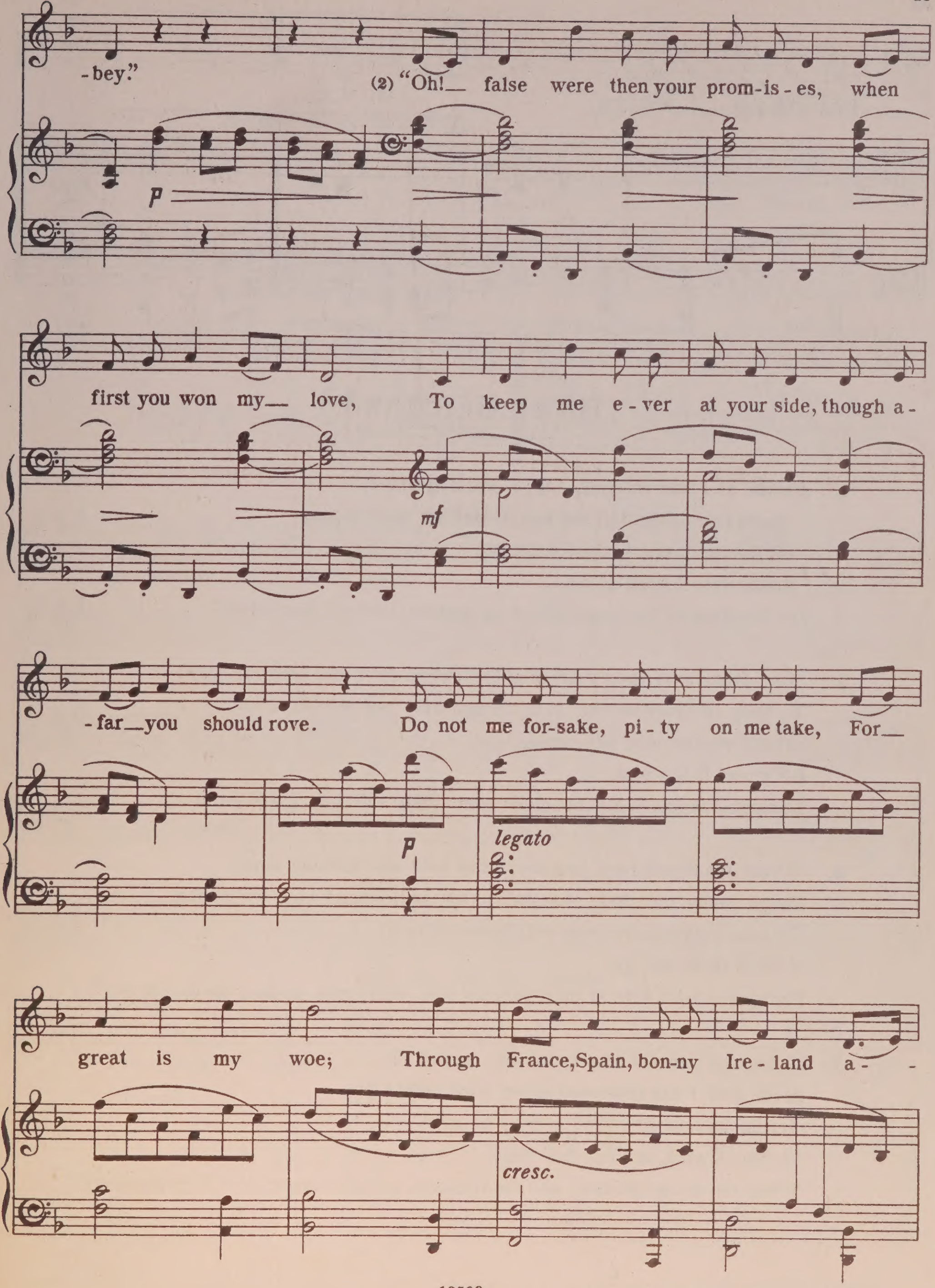
5. Rue, Rue, it is a running, running root,
And it runs all too fast for me.
I'll dig up the bed where the Thyme of old was laid,
And plant there a brave oak tree,
And plant there a brave oak tree.

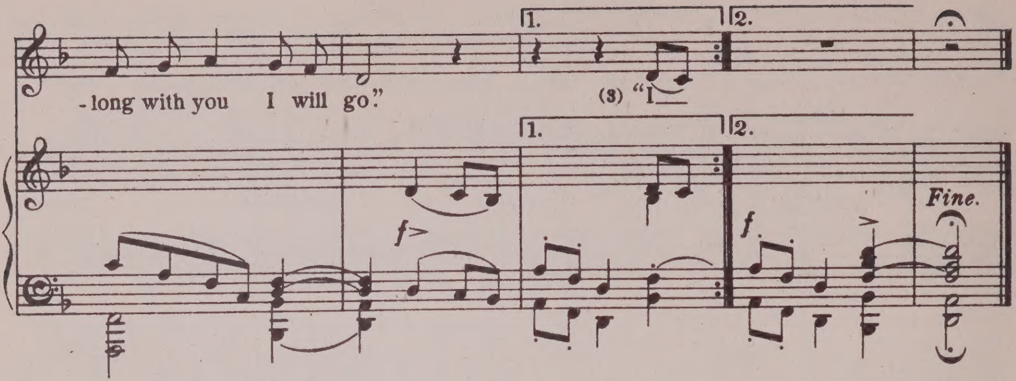
6. Stand up, oh! stand you up, my jolly oak!
Stand you up, for you shall not die;
For I'll be so true to the one I love so dear,
As the stars shine bright in the sky,
The stars shine bright in the sky.

HIGH GERMANY.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto.
(1) A - - broad as I was walk - ing, and a -
- walk-ing a - lone, I heard two lov-ers talk - ing, and a - mak - ing their
moan; Said the old - er one to the fond-er one "Bon-ny lass I must a -
- way, For the King he has com-mand-ed us and his or - ders I must o -
f
p
mf
cresc.
f
dim.


-bey."
(2) "Oh!— false were then your prom-is-es, when
p
first you won my— love, To keep me e-ver at your side, though a-
mf
-far—you should rove. Do not me for-sake, pi-ty on me take, For—
p
legato
great is my woe; Through France, Spain, bon-ny Ire-land a-
cresc.



HIGH GERMANY.

1. Abroad as I was walking, and a-walking alone,
I heard two lovers talking, and a-making their moan;
Said the older one to the fonder one
"Bonny lass I must away,
For the King he has commanded us and his orders I must obey."

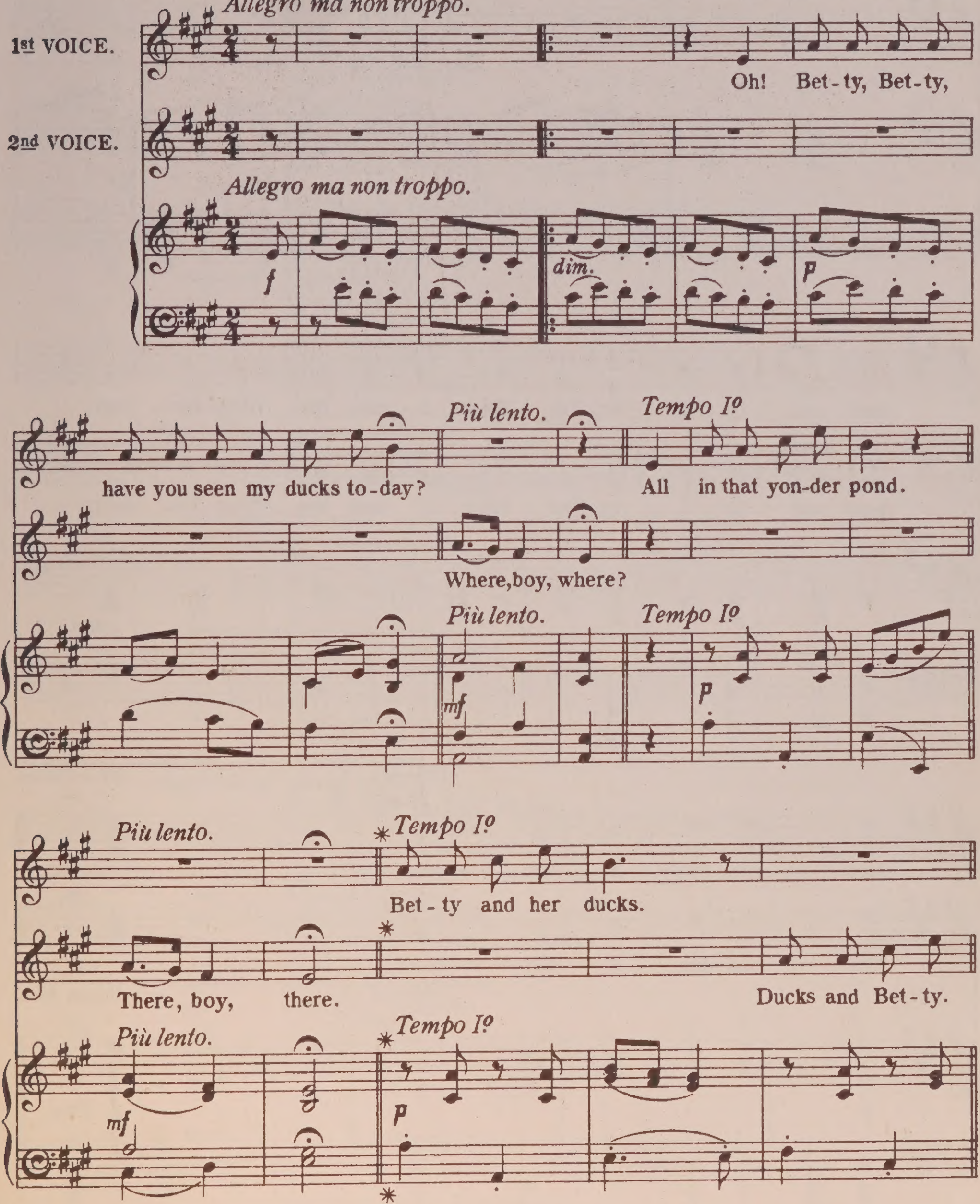
2. "Oh! false were then your promises, when first you won my love,
To keep me ever at your side, though afar you should rove.
Do not me forsake, pity on me take,
For great is my woe;
Through France, Spain, bonny Ireland along with you I will go."

3. "I fear the treach'rous journey, bitter cold and burning heat,
Rough roads and stony mountains, they will wound your tender feet.
To your kinsmen, too, you will prove untrue,
If from them you go,
For maids must bide at their parents' side, while men do face the daring foe."

4. "I fear no parents' anger, nor any daring foe,
Since now I am resol-ved along with you to go;
And in drought or snow, in weal or woe
I'll prove kind, as you shall see,
When the drums do beat, and the trumpets sound in the wars of High Germany."

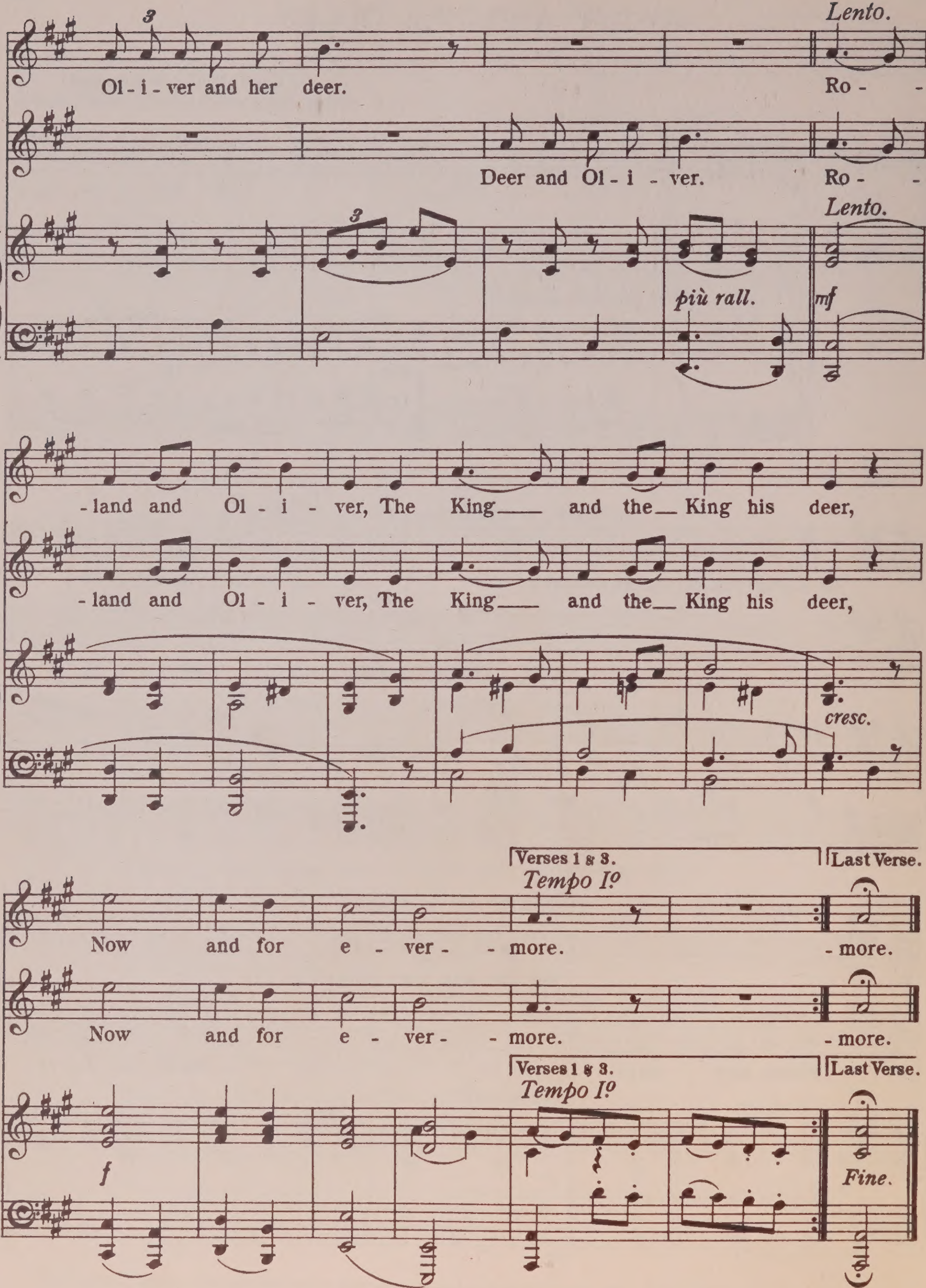
BETTY AND HER DUCKS.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro ma non troppo.
1st VOICE.
2nd VOICE.
Oh! Bet-ty, Bet-ty,
have you seen my ducks to-day?
Più lento.
Where, boy, where?
Tempo I°
All in that yon-der pond.
There, boy, there.
Bet-ty and her ducks.
Ducks and Bet-ty.
f
dim.
p
mf
*

---

* These three bars are played twice in the second verse, three times in the third verse, and four times in the fourth verse.


Lento.
3
Ol-i-ver and her deer. Ro-
Deer and Ol-i-ver. Ro-
Lento.
3
più rall.
mf
-land and Ol-i-ver, The King and the King his deer,
-land and Ol-i-ver, The King and the King his deer,
cresc.
Verses 1 & 3.
Tempo Iº
Last Verse.
Now and for e-ver-more. -more.
Now and for e-ver-more. -more.
Verses 1 & 3.
Tempo Iº
Last Verse.
f
Fine.

BETTY AND HER DUCKS.

1.

1st Voice Oh! Betty, Betty, have you seen my ducks to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All in that yonder pond.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

2.

1st Voice Oh! Thomas, Thomas, have you seen my horse to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All on that yonder plain.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

3.

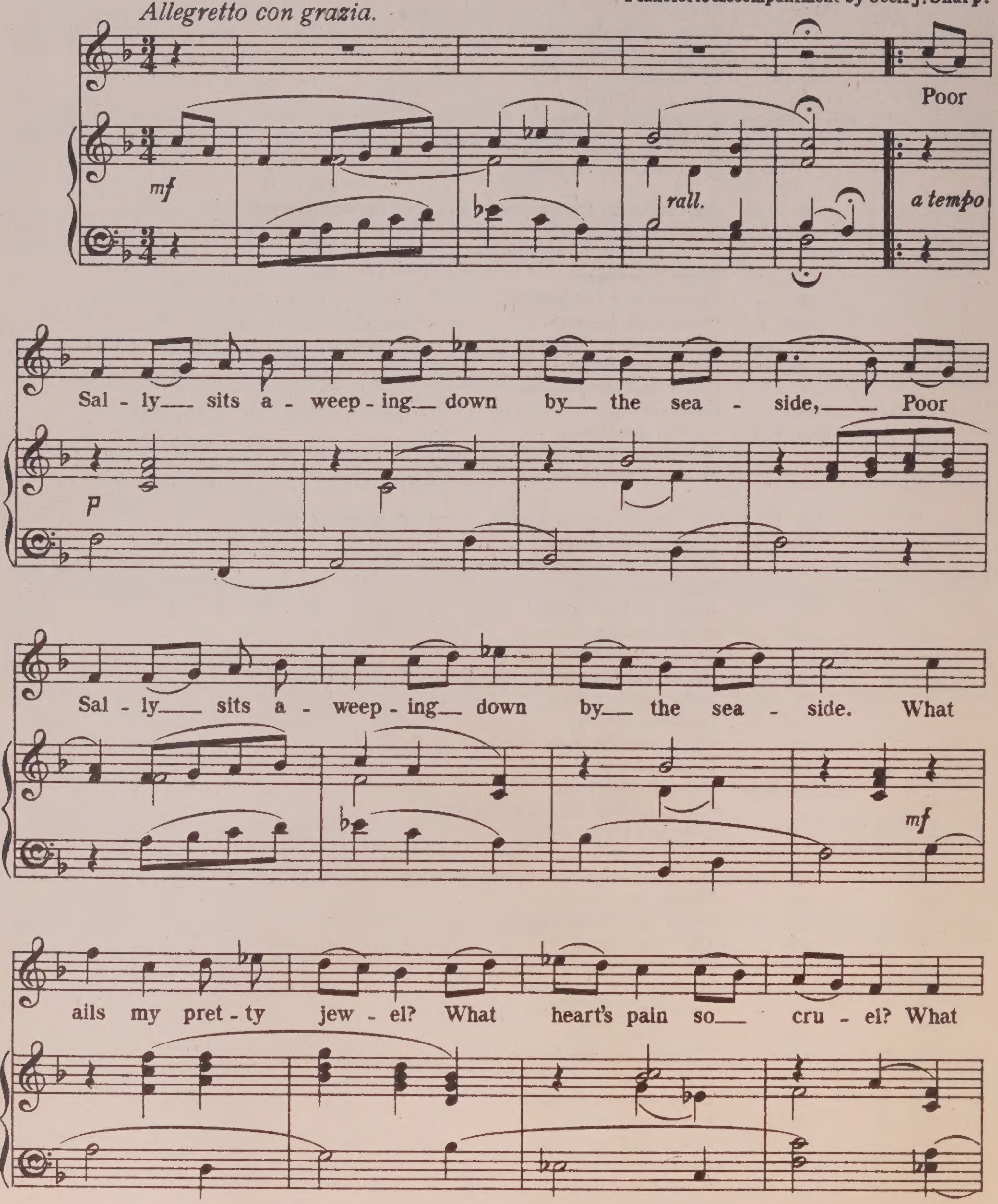
1st Voice Oh! Agnes, Agnes, have you seen my geese to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All on that yonder common.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Agnes and her geese.
2nd „ Geese and Agnes.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

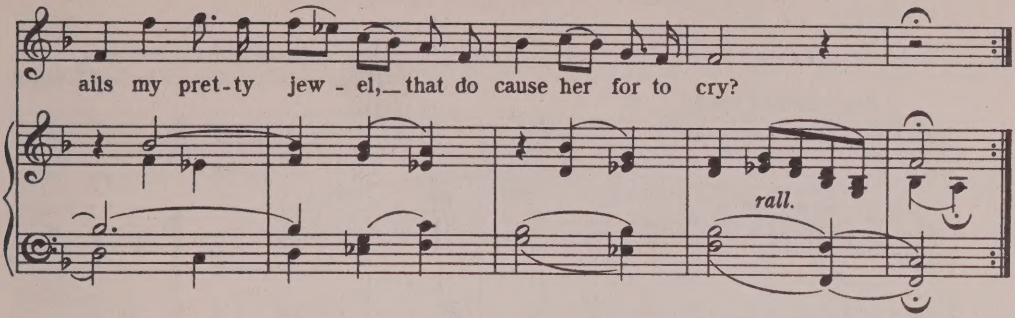
4.

1st Voice Oh! Huntsman, Huntsman, have you seen my hounds to-day?
2nd „ Where, boy, where?
1st „ All in that yonder cover.
2nd „ There, boy, there.
1st „ Huntsman and his hounds.
2nd „ Hounds and huntsman.
1st „ Agnes and her geese.
2nd „ Geese and Agnes.
1st „ Thomas and his horse.
2nd „ Horse and Thomas.
1st „ Betty and her ducks.
2nd „ Ducks and Betty.
1st „ Oliver and her deer.
2nd „ Deer and Oliver.
1st & 2nd Voices Roland and Oliver,
The King and the King his deer,
Now and for evermore.

POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto con grazia.
mf
rall.
a tempo
p
mf
Poor
Sal - ly sits a - weep - ing down by the sea - side, Poor
Sal - ly sits a - weep - ing down by the sea - side. What
ails my pret - ty jew - el? What heart's pain so cru - el? What



POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.

1. Poor Sally sits a-weeping down by the seaside,
Poor Sally sits a-weeping down by the seaside.
What ails my pretty jewel?
What heart's pain so cruel?
What ails my pretty jewel, that do cause her for to cry?

2. Oh! I am uneasy and troubled in mind,
Oh! I am uneasy and troubled in mind.
Here's no joy nor pleasure,
Here's sorrow none can measure,
Here's no joy nor pleasure in this world can I find.

3. Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none,
Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none.
He's gone and he's leaved me,
He's gone, he's deceived me,
He's gone and he's leaved me in sorrow for to mourn.

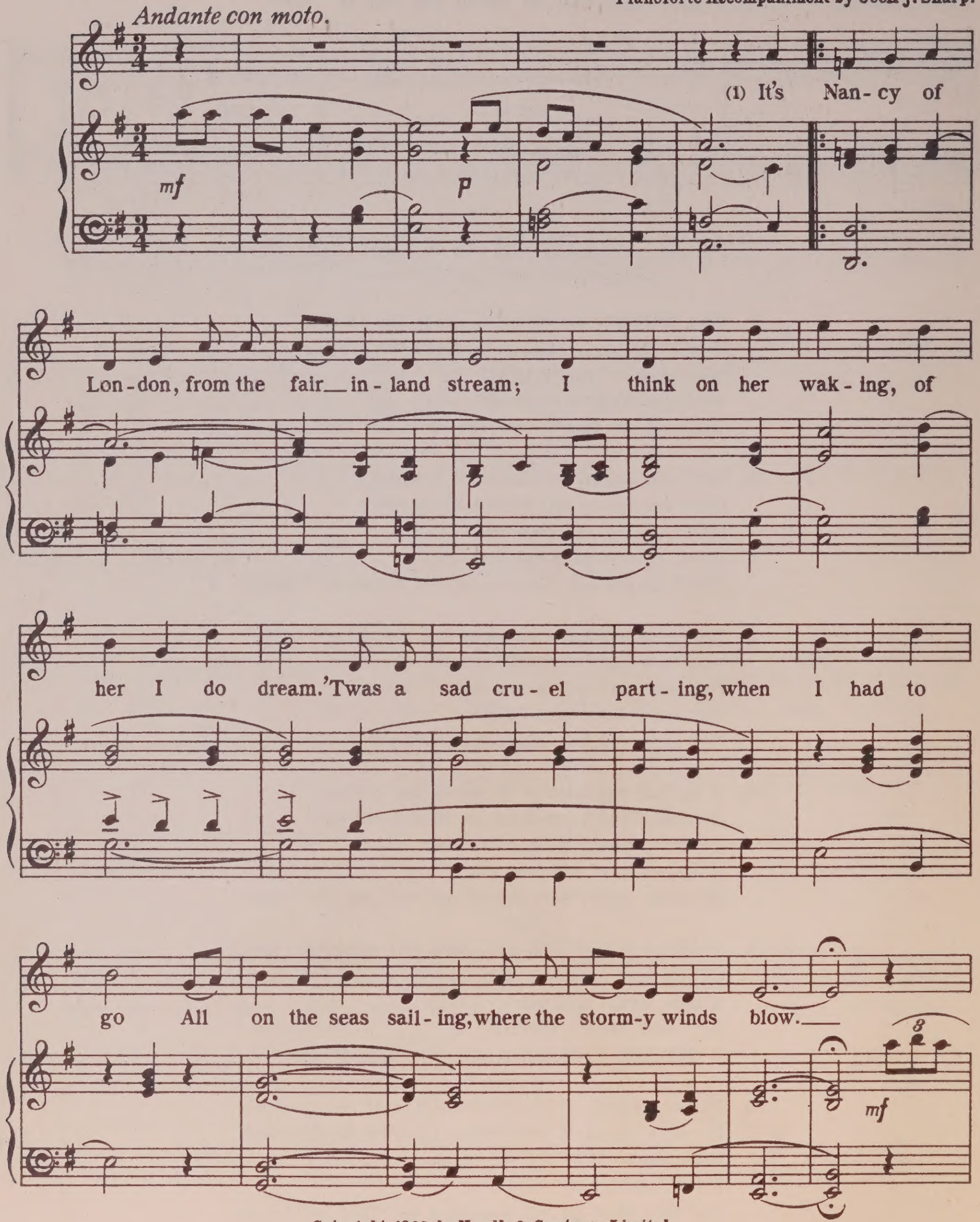
4. If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,
He never would have leaved me,
Nor never have deceived me,
He never would have leaved me until my life's end.

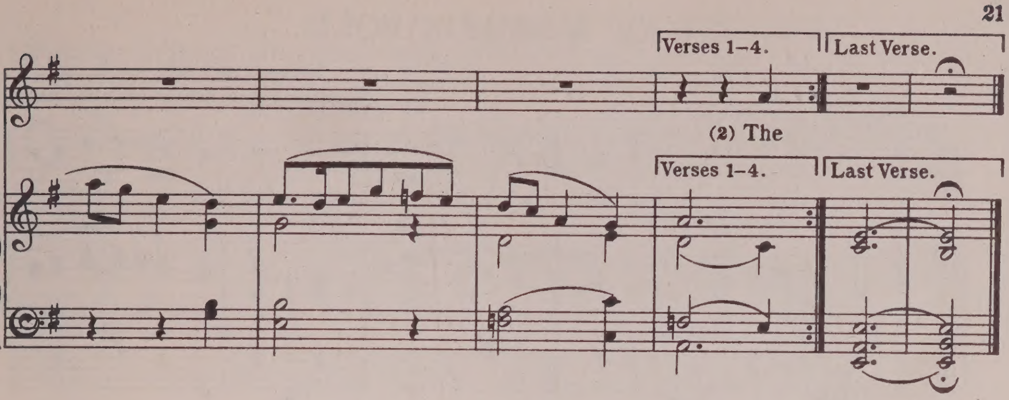
5. Oh! it's I will go seek him since he's gone from me,
Oh! it's I will go seek him since he's gone from me.
A ship, love, I will enter,
My sweet life I'll venture,
A ship, love, I will enter, and cross the salt sea.

6. Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake,
Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake;
And that shall be my mourning,
My mourning, my mourning,
And that shall be my mourning till death me do take.

NANCY OF LONDON.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Andante con moto.
mf
p
(1) It's Nan-cy of
London, from the fair__in-land stream; I think on her wak-ing, of
her I do dream. 'Twas a sad cru-el part-ing, when I had to
go All on the seas sail-ing, where the storm-y winds blow.__
mf
8



NANCY OF LONDON.

1. It's Nancy of London, from the fair inland stream;
I think on her waking, of her I do dream.
'Twas a sad cruel parting, when I had to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.

2. The stormy winds blow, boys, and the salt spray does fly;
We toss and we tumble now low and now high.
'Midst the long rolling billows like thunder that roar,
My thought is on Nancy: shall I see my love more?

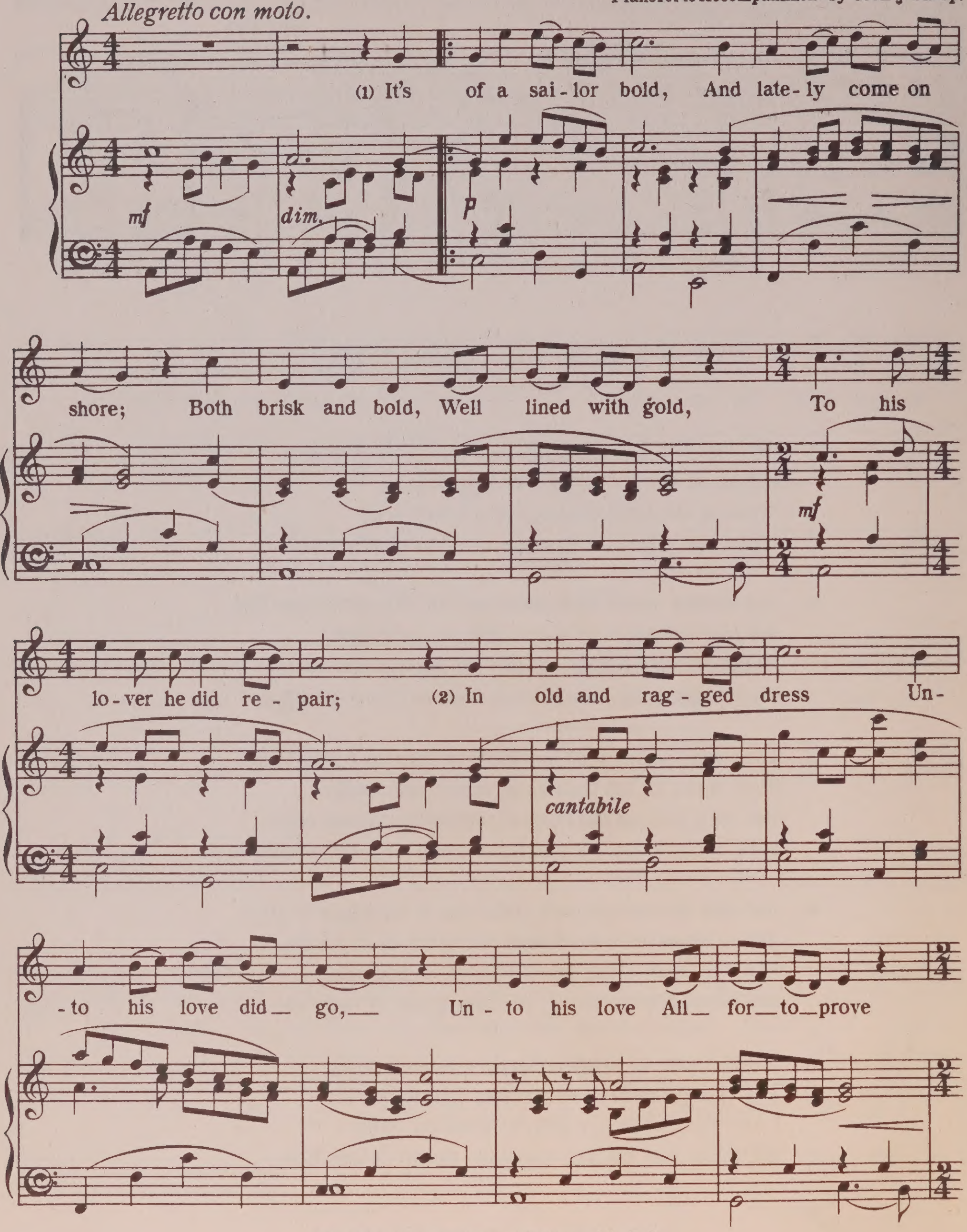
3. The rough waves beat o'er us; they make our ship shake.
They make all the timbers to quiver and quake.
But we'll fear no danger, we'll strive might and main,
We'll bring her safe through, boys, and we'll reach home again.

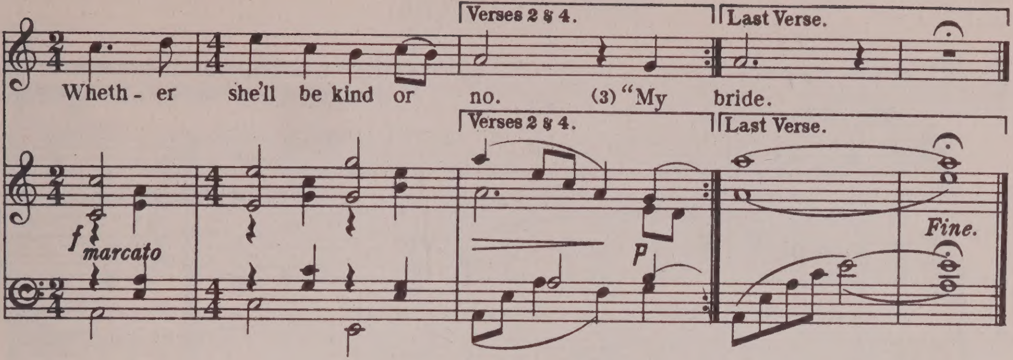
4. And now the storm's past, we'll take a full glass in hand,
And drink to our sweethearts we've left on dry land;
There is many a fair one, both slender and tall,
But mine's lovely Nancy; she's the queen of them all.

5. Sweet Nancy of London, here's a letter I send
To tell you I'm back at my long journey's end;
I am come to stay by you, no more for to go
All on the seas sailing, where the stormy winds blow.

IT'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto con moto.
(1) It's of a sai-lor bold, And late-ly come on shore; Both brisk and bold, Well lined with gold, To his lo-ver he did re-pair; (2) In old and rag-ged dress Un-to his love did go, Un-to his love All for to prove
mf
dim.
p
mf
cantabile



IT'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.

1. It's of a sailor bold,
And lately come on shore;
Both brisk and bold,
Well lined with gold,
To his lover he did repair;

2. In old and ragged dress
Unto his love did go,
Unto his love
All for to prove
Whether she'll be kind or no.

3. "My merchandise I've lost,
My ship is gone astray,
Which makes me fret;
I'm deep in debt,
Not a tenth part can I pay."

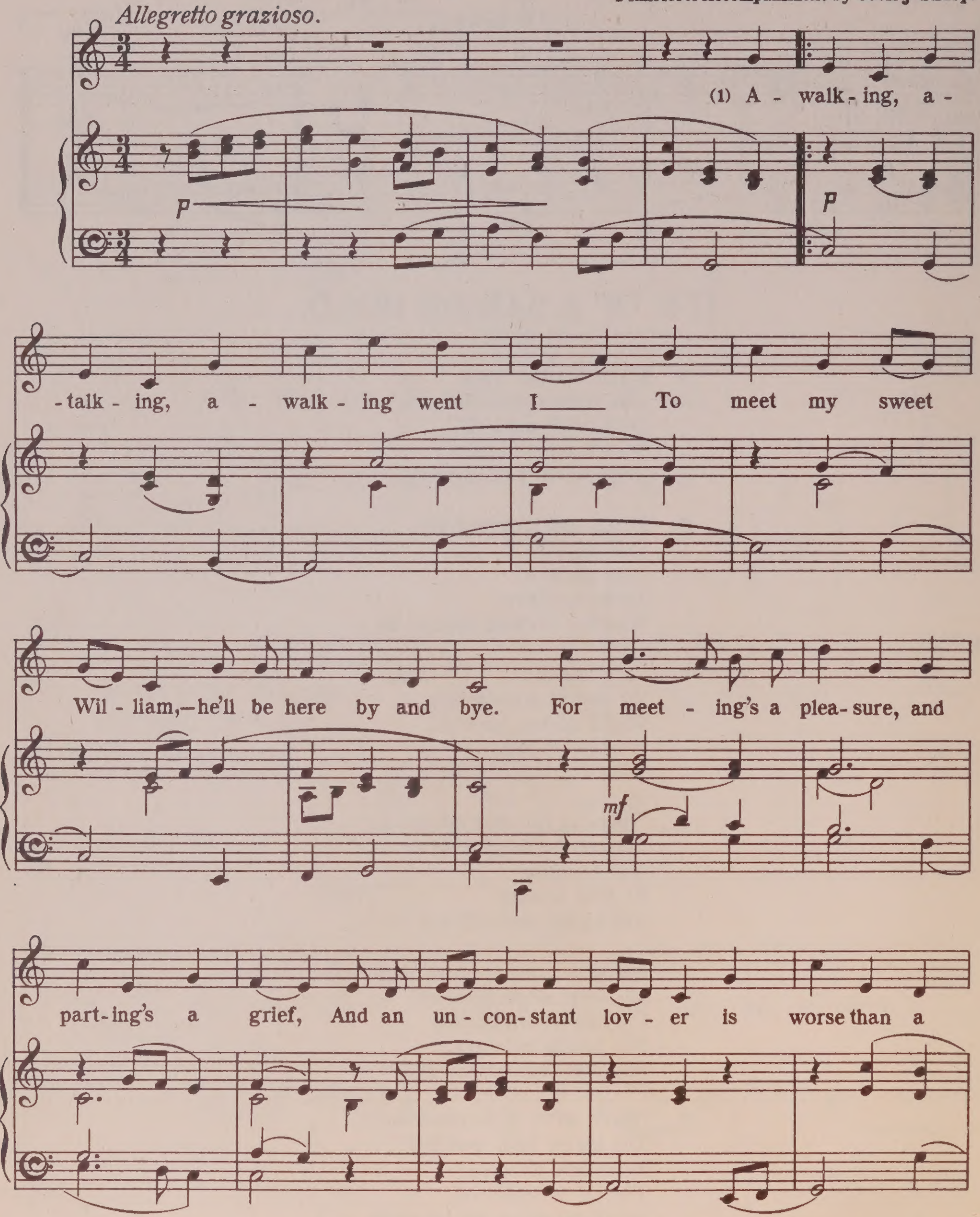
4. "Come in, my dear, sit down,
Put off thy ragged array;
And I will be
So kind to thee,
And all thy debts I'll pay."

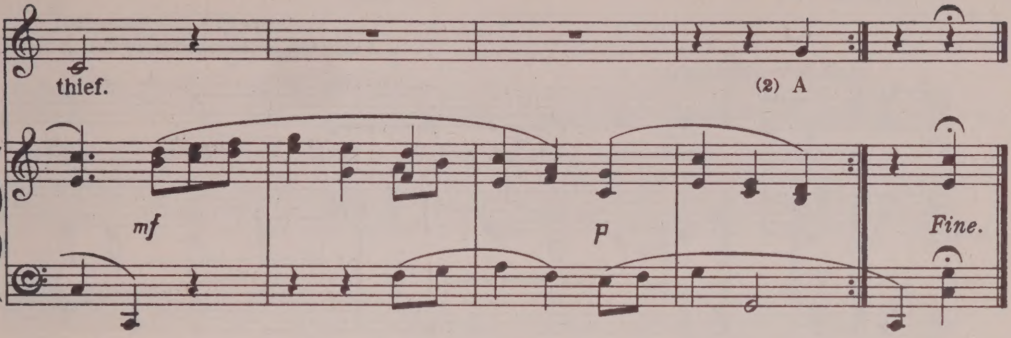
5. "I've gold in store of my own
My debts all for to clear.
I've rings, I've ribbons,
I've jewels so bright,
And gems to trick the hair."

6. 'Twas down in Stokon Church
The happy knot was tied.
From land to land
There's no man can
Match the sailor and his bride.

THE CUCKOO.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto grazioso.
p
p
(1) A - walk - ing, a -
- talk - ing, a - walk - ing went I ___ To meet my sweet
Wil - liam,—he'll be here by and bye. For meet - ing's a plea - sure, and
mf
part - ing's a grief, And an un - con - stant lov - er is worse than a



THE CUCKOO.

1. A-walking, a-talking, a-walking went I
To meet my sweet William,—he'll be here by and bye.
For meeting's a pleasure, and parting's a grief,
And an unconstant lover is worse than a thief.

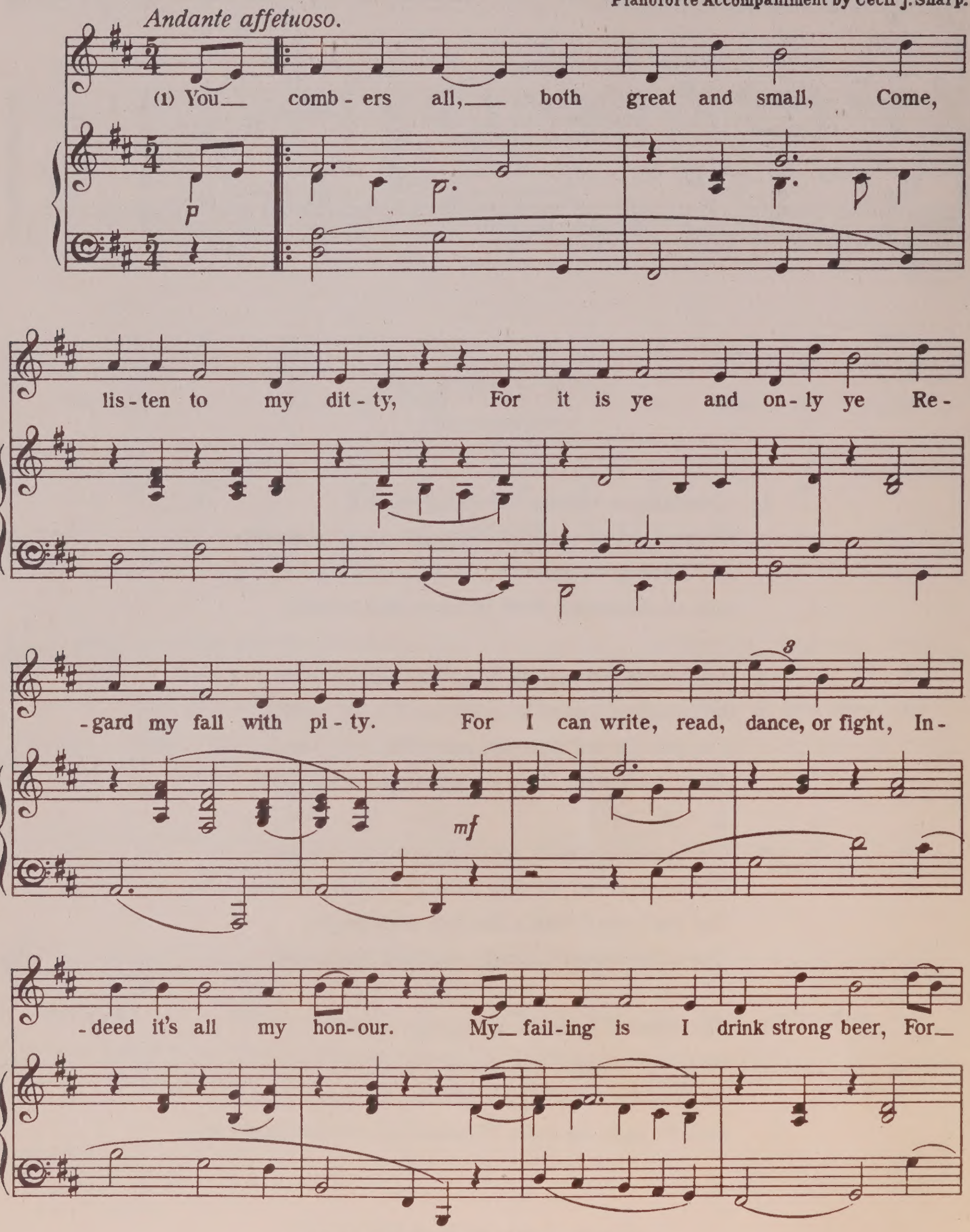
2. A thief can but rob you of all that you have;
An ùnconstant lover brings a maid to her grave;
The grave it will hide you, and bring you to dust,
So an unconstant lover young maidens can't trust.

3. Come, all you young maidens, wherever you be,
Oh! never never put your trust in a sycamore tree;
The top it shall wither, the root shall decay,
And a fair maiden's beauty will soon fade away.

4. The cuckoo's a fine bird; he sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings, and he tells us no lies.
He sucks the sweet flowers to make his voice clear,
And, the more he cries "Cuckoo," the summer draws near.

THE RAMBLING COMBER.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Andante affetuoso.
(1) You__ comb-ers all,__ both great and small, Come,
lis-ten to my dit-ty, For it is ye and on-ly ye Re-
-gard my fall with pi-ty. For I can write, read, dance, or fight, In-
-deed it's all my hon-our. My__ fail-ing is I drink strong beer, For__
p
mf
8

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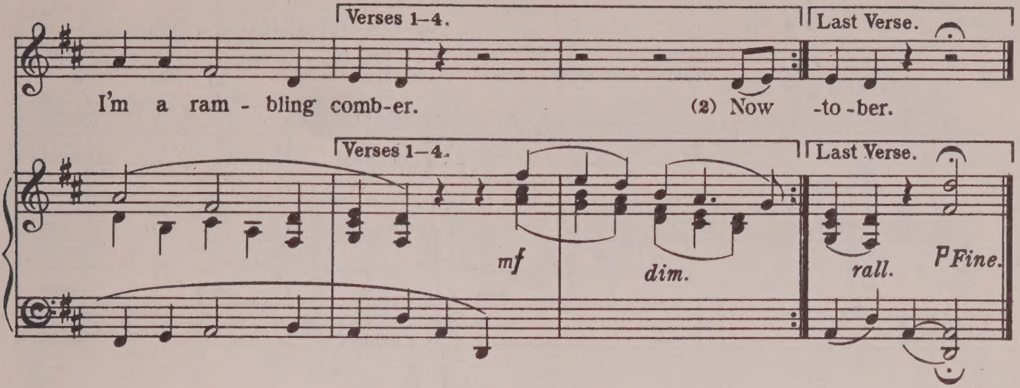


THE RAMBLING COMBER.

1. You combers all, both great and small,
Come, listen to my ditty,
For it is ye and only ye
Regard my fall with pity.
For I can write, read, dance, or fight,
Indeed it's all my honour.
My failing is I drink strong beer,
For I'm a rambling comber.

2. Now on the tramp I'm forced to scamp;
My shoes are all a-tatter.
My hose unbound are on the ground;
I seldom wear a garter.
I have a coat scarce worth a groat,
I sadly want another;
But it's Oh! my dear, I love strong beer;
I am a rambling comber.

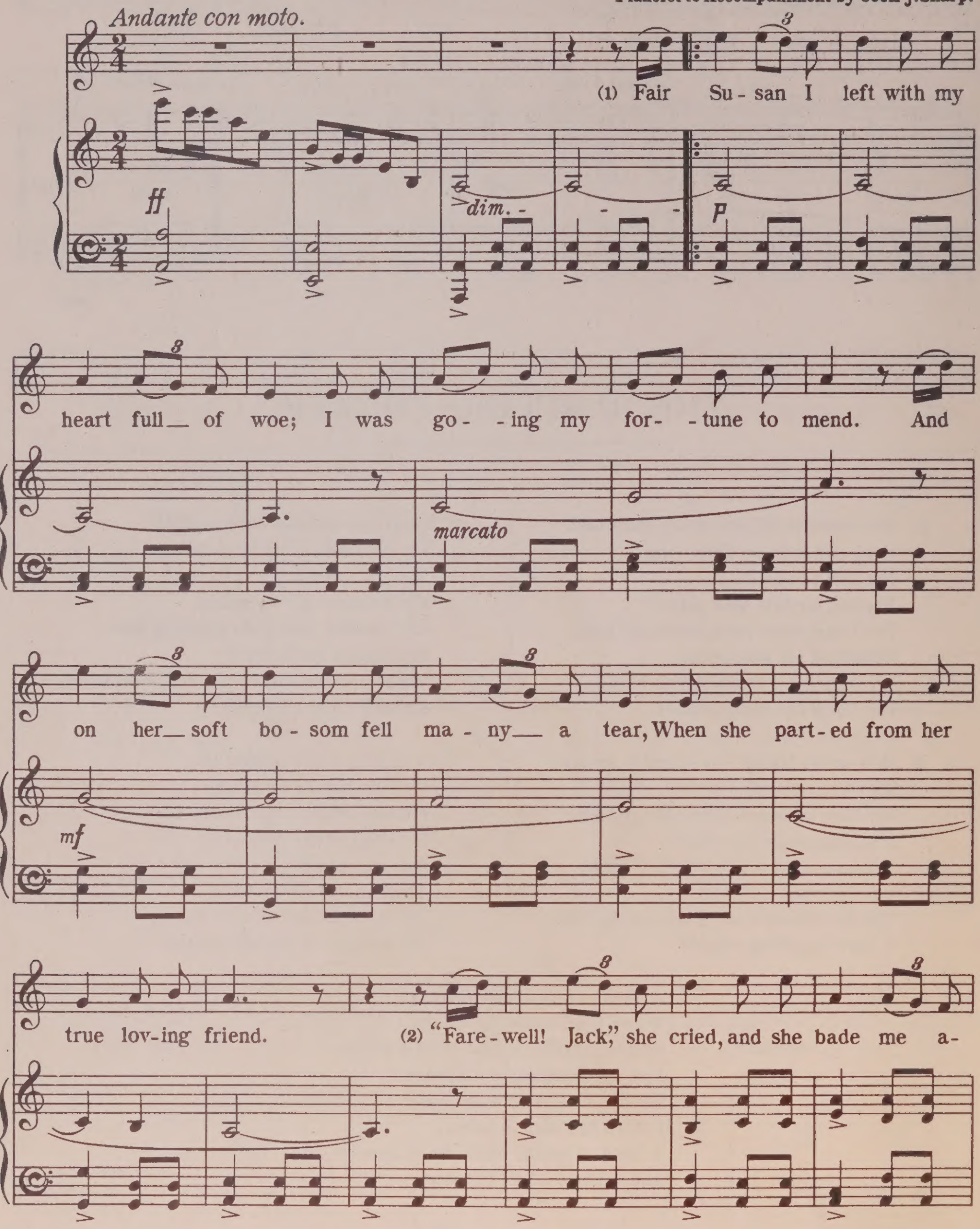
3. I have no watch, I have a patch
On each side of my breeches.
My hat is torn, my wig is worn,
My health is all my riches.
Oh! would I had some giggling lass
My coat all for to border
With straps and bows; I would hold those,
I'd hold them all in order.

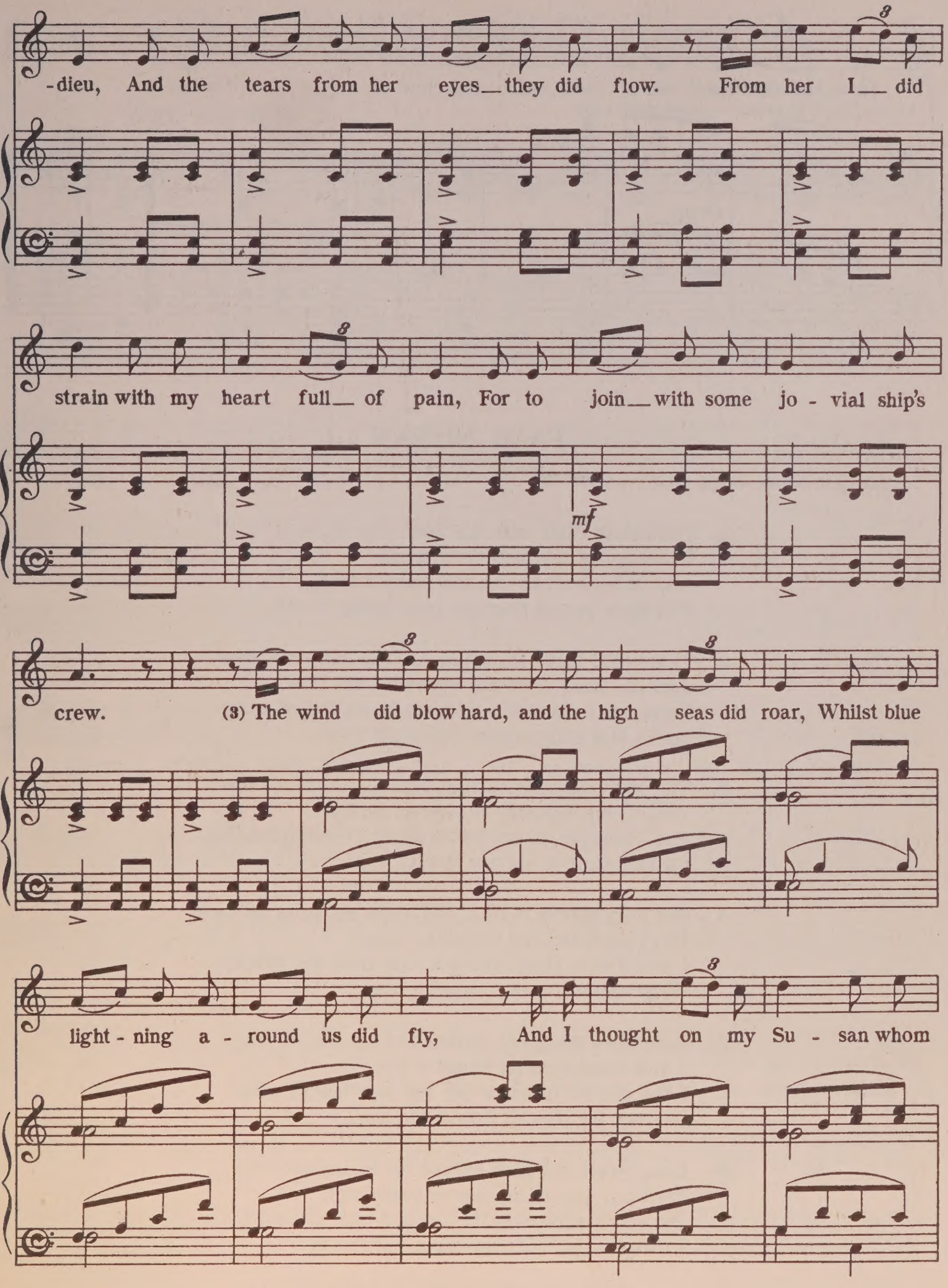
4. A tailor's bill I seldom fill,
I never do take measure;
I make no debt, that doth me let
In taking of my pleasure;
Nor ever will, till I grow old;
Then I must give it over.
Oh! then old age will me engage
For being a rambling comber.

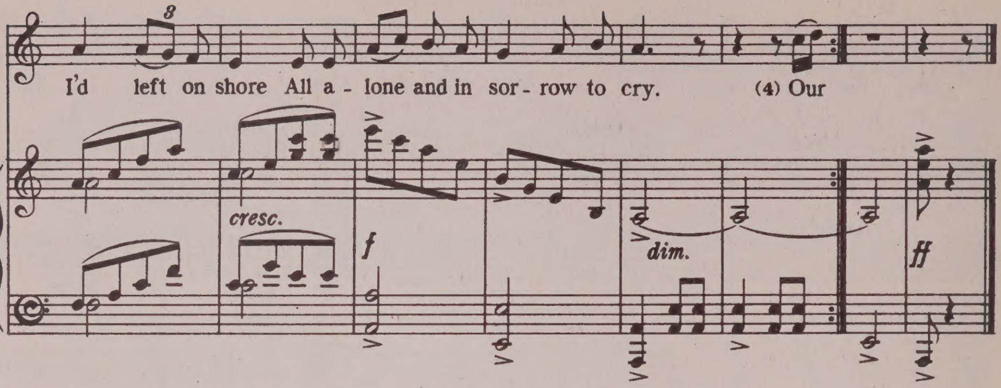
5. A pitcher-boy I will employ
While I have cash or credit.
I'll ramp and roar, and call for score,
And pay them when I have it.
For this is always in my mind,
Let me be drunk or sober,
A bowl of punch my thirst to quench,
And a quart of old October.

FAIR SUSAN.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Andante con moto.
ff
dim.
p
(1) Fair Su - san I left with my
heart full — of woe; I was go - - ing my for - - tune to mend. And
marcato
on her — soft bo - som fell ma - ny — a tear, When she part - ed from her
mf
true lov - ing friend. (2) "Fare - well! Jack," she cried, and she bade me a -


-dieu, And the tears from her eyes__they did flow. From her I__ did
strain with my heart full__ of pain, For to join__with some jo - vial ship's
mf
crew. (3) The wind did blow hard, and the high seas did roar, Whilst blue
light - ning a - round us did fly, And I thought on my Su - san whom


I'd left on shore All a - lone and in sor - row to cry. (4) Our
8
cresc.
f
dim.
ff

FAIR SUSAN.

1. Fair Susan I left with my heart full of woe;
I was going my fortune to mend.
And on her soft bosom fell many a tear,
When she parted from her true loving friend.

2. "Farewell! Jack," she cried, and she bade me adieu,
And the tears from her eyes they did flow.
From her I did strain with my heart full of pain,
For to join with some jovial ship's crew.

3. The wind did blow hard, and the high seas did roar,
Whilst blue lightning around us did fly,
And I thought on my Susan whom I'd left on shore
All alone and in sorrow to cry.

4. Our ship sprang a leak, and 'twas all hands on deck
Ev'ry man his own life for to save.
I swam on a plank, and got safe from the wreck,
Whilst the rest met a watery grave.

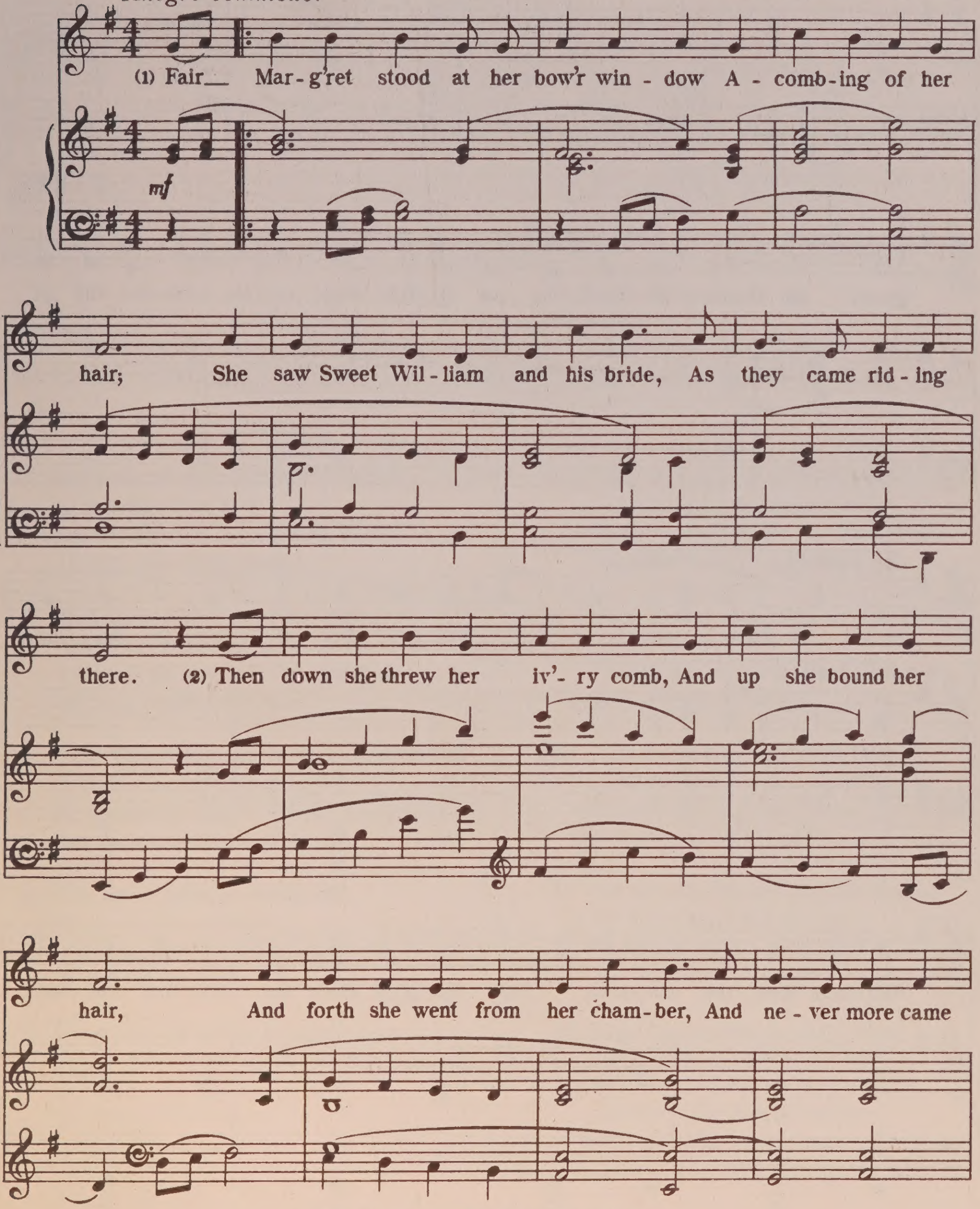
5. Now, since this good fortune had sav-ed my life,
I took thought to my Susan to go;
I thought for to make her my own lawful wife,
But my joy was all turn-ed to woe.

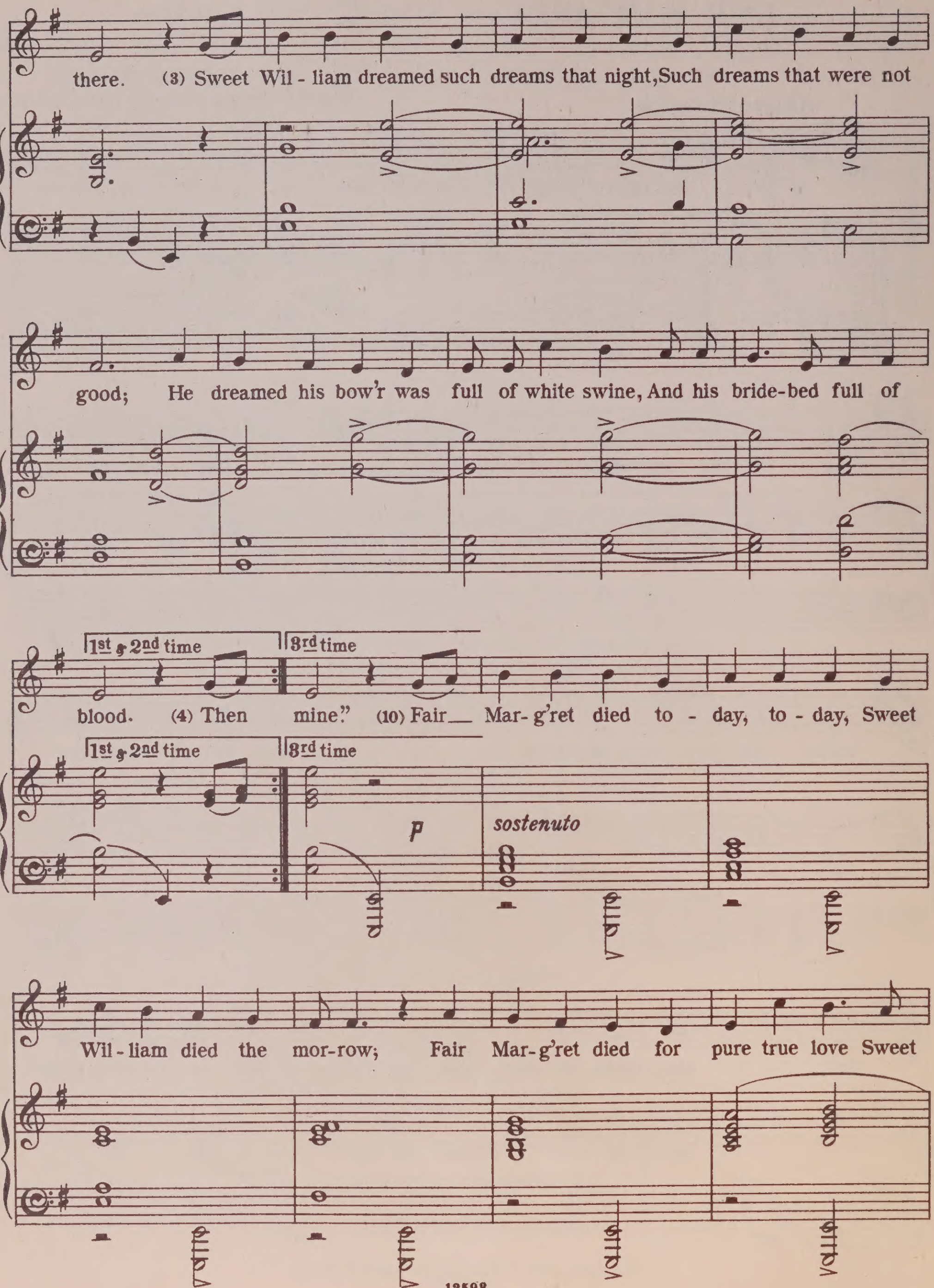
6. Long years did pass by, and my Susan had wed,
Ere some ship to my rescue came nigh.
Oh! afar I will roam, till I'm laid with the dead;
I care nought where my poor body do lie.

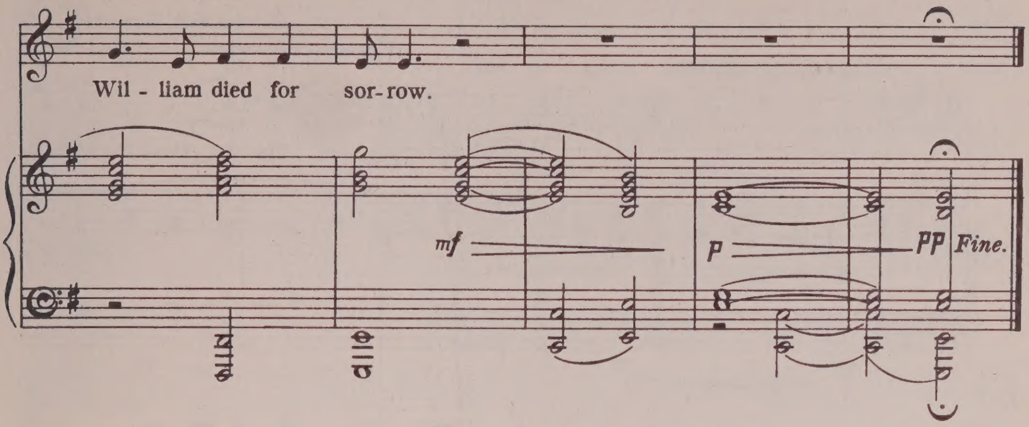
FAIR MARGARET and SWEET WILLIAM.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.

Allegro commodo.


(1) Fair__ Mar-g'ret stood at her bow'r win - dow A - comb-ing of her
mf
hair; She saw Sweet Wil-liam and his bride, As they came rid - ing
there. (2) Then down she threw her iv'- ry comb, And up she bound her
hair, And forth she went from her cham-ber, And ne - ver more came


there. (3) Sweet Wil - liam dreamed such dreams that night, Such dreams that were not
good; He dreamed his bow'r was full of white swine, And his bride-bed full of
1st & 2nd time
3rd time
blood. (4) Then mine." (10) Fair Mar - g'ret died to - day, to - day, Sweet
1st & 2nd time
3rd time
p
sostenuto
Wil - liam died the mor-row; Fair Mar - g'ret died for pure true love Sweet



FAIR MARGARET and SWEET WILLIAM.

1. Fair Marg'ret stood at her bow'r window
A-combing of her hair;
She saw Sweet William and his bride,
As they came riding there.

2. Then down she threw her iv'ry comb,
And up she bound her hair,
And forth she went from her chamber,
And never more came there.

3. Sweet William dreamed such dreams that night,
Such dreams that were not good;
He dreamed his bower was full of white swine,
And his bride-bed full of blood.

4. Then up he called his merry men
By one, by two, by three.
"Now ride we to Fair Marg'ret's bower
By leave of my ladye."

5. When hè came to Fair Marg'ret's door,
He knock-ed at the ring.
So ready were her sev'n brothèrs
To let Sweet William in.

6. "Oh! let me see the dead" he cried,
"Oh! she looks wondrous wan."
He oftimes kissed her lily-white cheeks,
Where the cherry red had flown.

7. Then up spoke Marg'ret's sev'n brothèrs
All in a piteous tone:
"Go you, and kiss your nut-brown bride,
And leave our kin alone!"

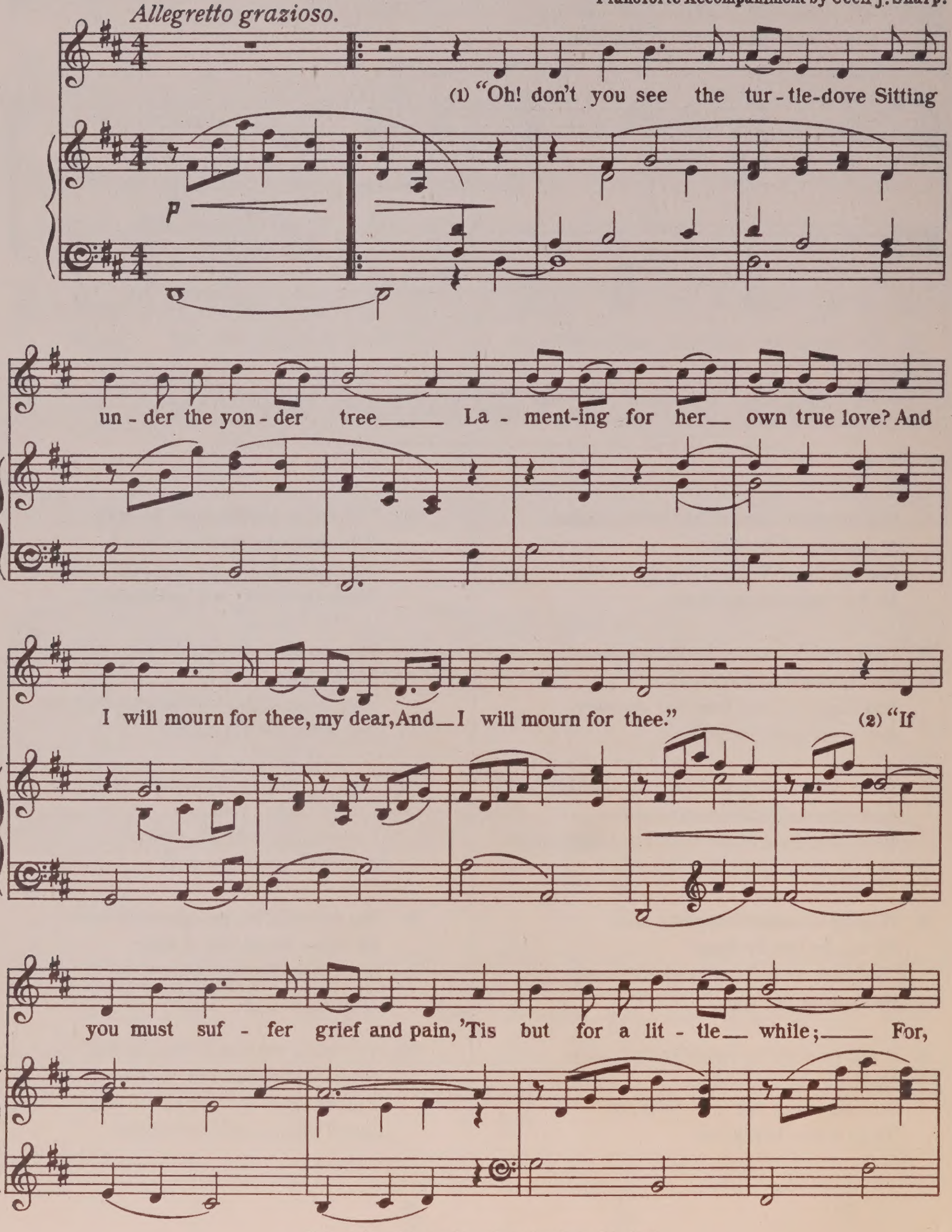
8. "And if I kiss my nut-brown bride,
I do but what I may;
I swore no vow to your sister,
And have no debt to pay.

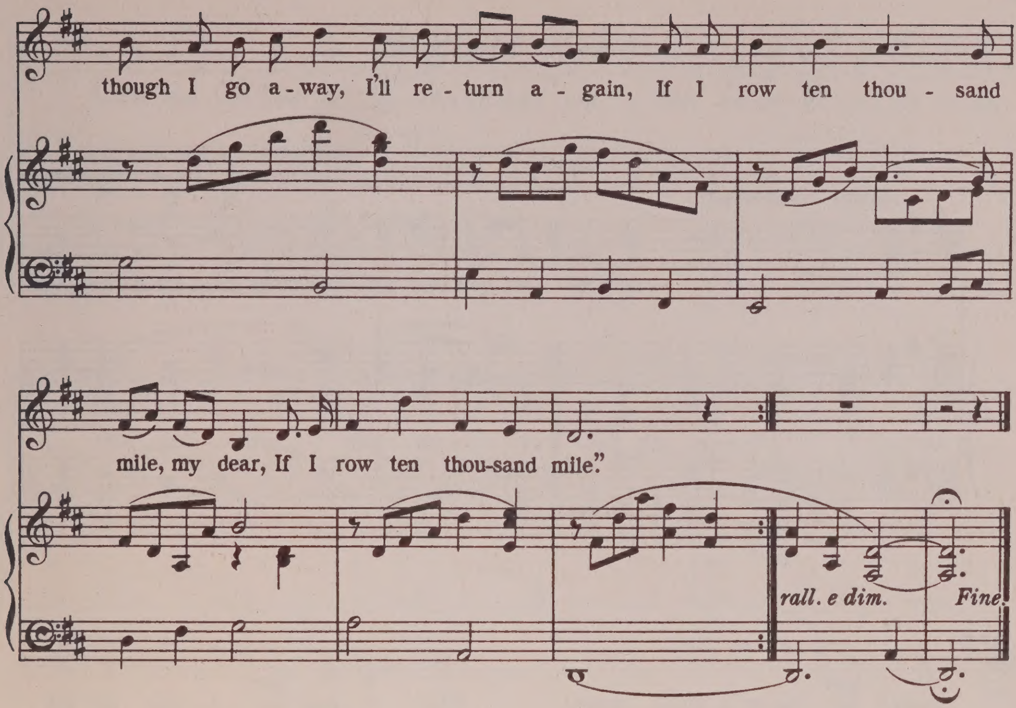
9. But we will give, and give like share,
Of wheat bread and of wine
To deal on this her burial day,
To deal the morn on mine."

10. Fair Marg'ret died to-day, to-day,
Sweet William died the morrow;
Fair Marg'ret died for pure true love,
Sweet William died for sorrow.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

Collected by H.E.D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto grazioso.
p
(1) "Oh! don't you see the tur-tle-dove Sitting
un-der the yon-der tree La-ment-ing for her own true love? And
I will mourn for thee, my dear, And I will mourn for thee."
(2) "If
you must suf-fer grief and pain, 'Tis but for a lit-tle while; For,


though I go a-way, I'll re-turn a-gain, If I row ten thou-sand
mile, my dear, If I row ten thou-sand mile."
rall. e dim.
Fine.

THE TURTLE-DOVE.

1. "Oh! don't you see the turtle-dove
Sitting under the yonder tree
Lamenting for her own true love?
And I will mourn for thee, my dear,
And I will mourn for thee."

2. "If you must suffer grief and pain,
'Tis but for a little while;
For, though I go away, I'll return again,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile."

3. "Ten thousand mile is very far
For me to bide alone
With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry;
No one to hear my moan, my dear,
No one to hear my moan."

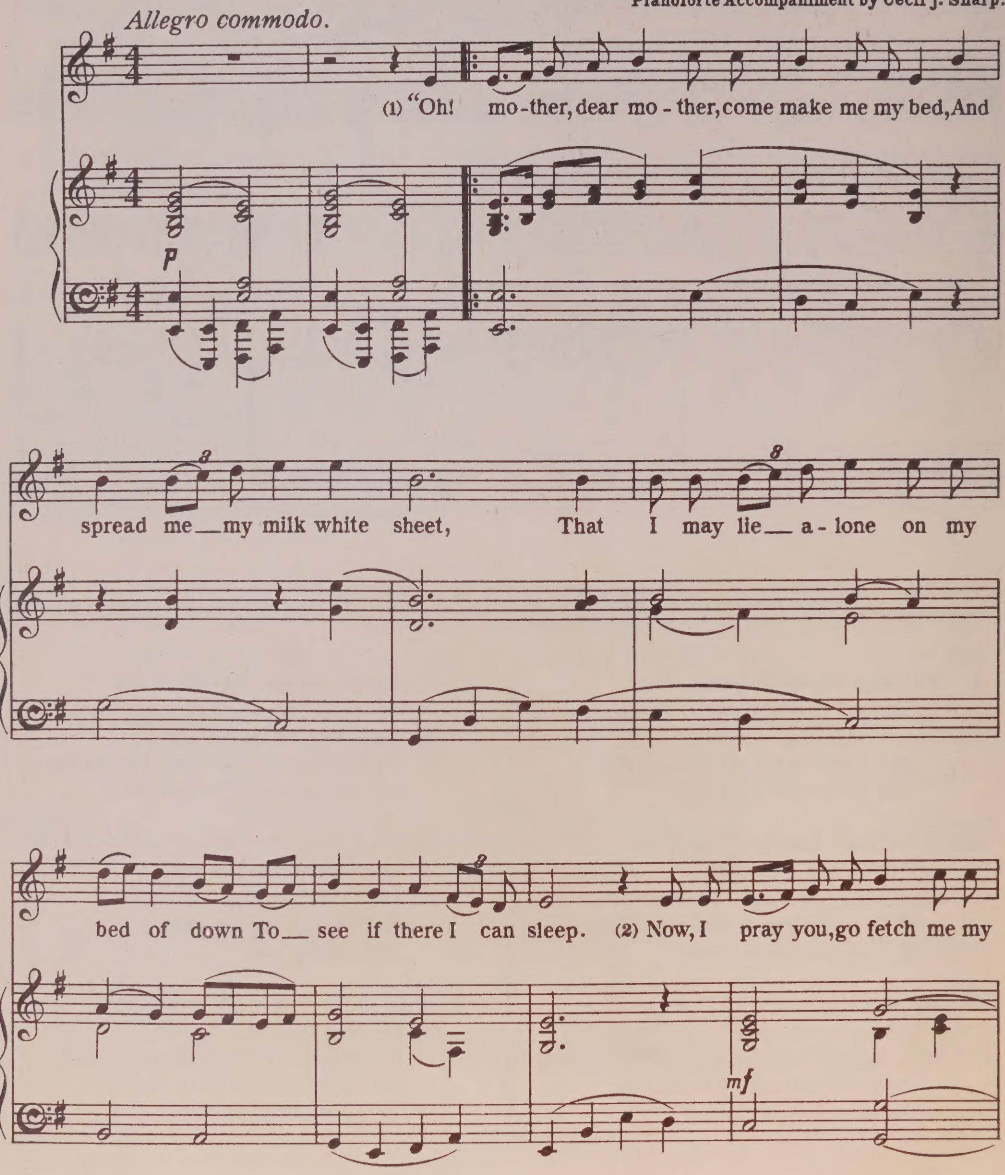
4. "I may not stay your grievous moan,
Your pain I may not ease;
Yet I will love but thee alone;
Till the streams run from the seas, my dear,
Till the streams run from the seas."

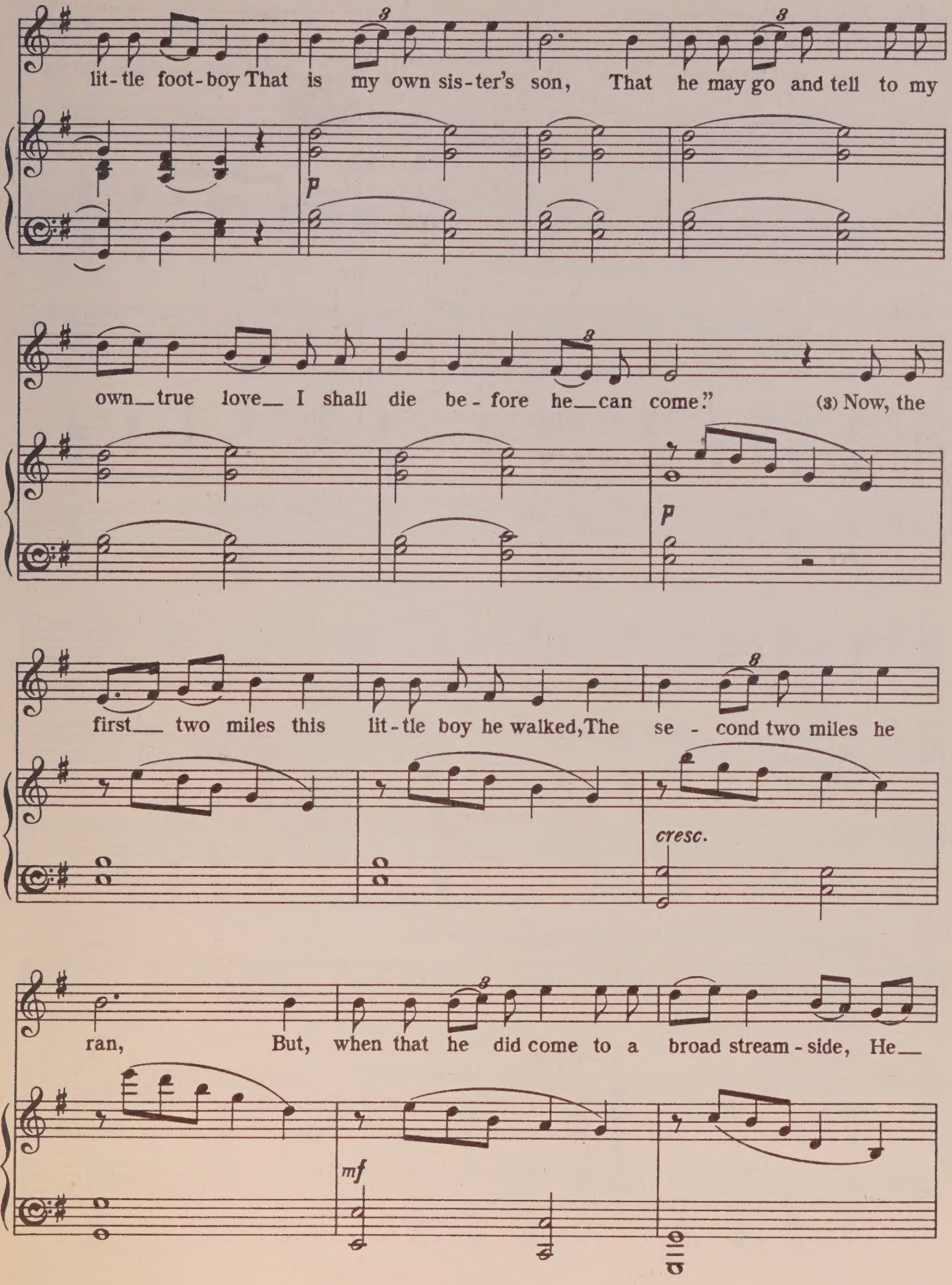
5. "The tides shall cease to beat the shore,
The stars fall from the sky;
Yet I will love thee more and more
Until the day I die, my dear,
Until the day I die."

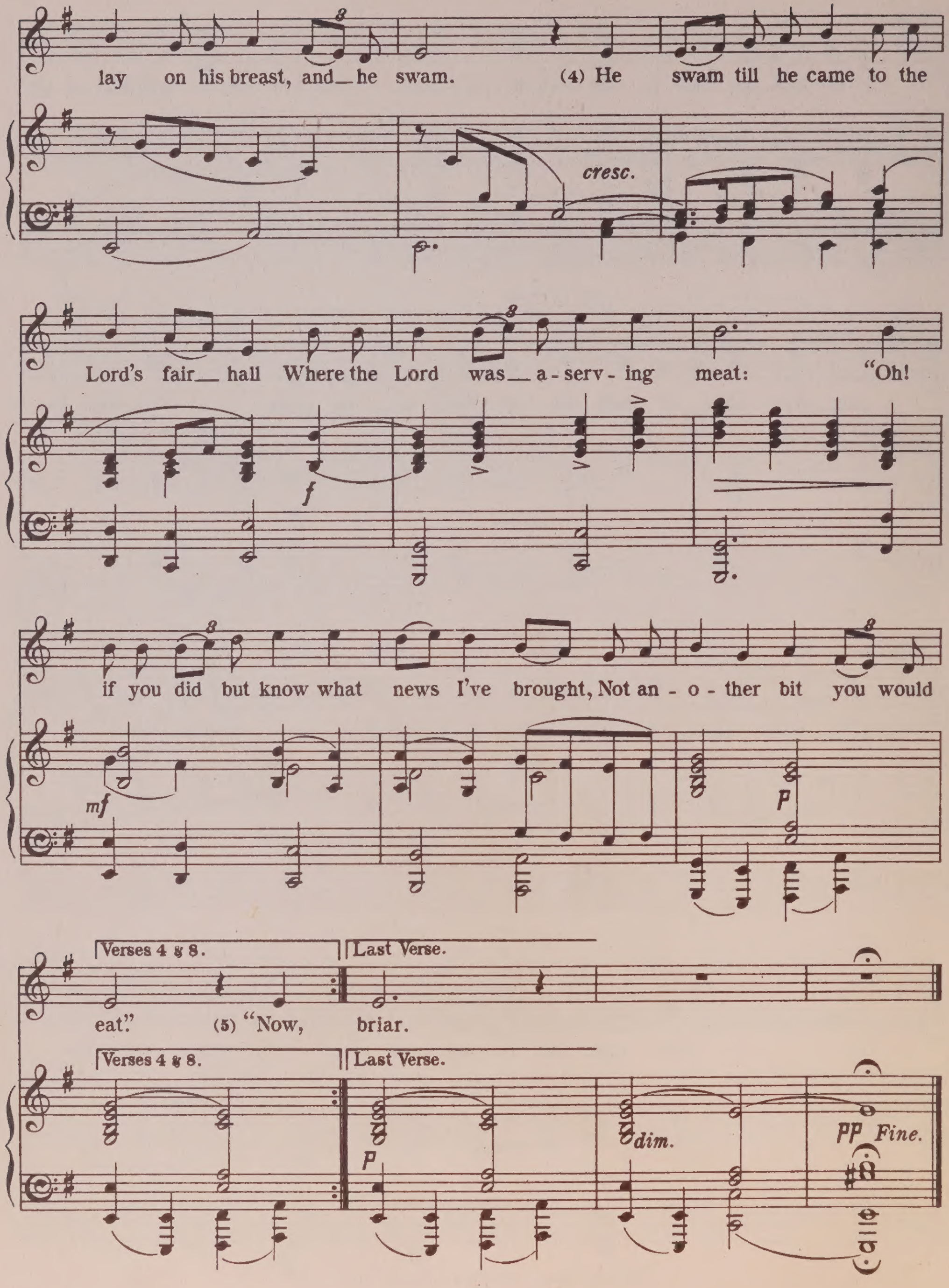
6. "Then let the seas run dry, sweetheart,
The rocks melt with the sun,
Yet here I will stay, nor ever from thee part,
Till all my days are done, my dear,
Till all my days are done."

LADY MAISRY.

Collected by H. E. D. Hammond.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro commodo.
(1) "Oh! mo-ther, dear mo - ther, come make me my bed, And
spread me — my milk white sheet, That I may lie — a - lone on my
bed of down To — see if there I can sleep. (2) Now, I pray you, go fetch me my
p
mf
8


lit-tle foot-boy That is my own sis-ter's son, That he may go and tell to my
own true love I shall die be-fore he can come."
(3) Now, the
first two miles this lit-tle boy he walked, The se-cond two miles he
ran, But, when that he did come to a broad stream-side, He
p
p
cresc.
mf
3


lay on his breast, and — he swam. (4) He swam till he came to the
cresc.
Lord's fair — hall Where the Lord was — a - serv - ing meat: "Oh!
f
if you did but know what news I've brought, Not an - o - ther bit you would
mf
p
Verses 4 & 8.
Last Verse.
eat." (5) "Now, briar.
p
dim.
pp Fine.

LADY MAISRY.

1. "Oh! mother, dear mother, come make me my bed,
And spread me my milkwhite sheet,
That I may lie alone on my bed of down
To see if there I can sleep.

2. Now, I pray you, go fetch me my little foot-boy
That is my own sister's son,
That he may go and tell to my own true love
I shall die before he can come."

3. Now, the first two miles this little boy he walked,
The second two miles he ran,
But, when that he did come to a broad streamside,
He lay on his breast, and he swam.

4. He swam till he came to the Lord's fair hall
Where the Lord was a-serving meat:
"Oh! if you did but know what news I've brought,
Not another bit you would eat."

5. "Now, is the high wall of my castle fallen down,
Or are my new gates o'erthrown,
Or is it some ill news of my fair ladye
That makes you thus for to moan?"

6. "No, it's not the high wall of your castle fallen down,
Nor yet your new gates o'er thrown;
It's your true love is sick, and will surely die
This night before you can come.

7. "Go saddle then and bridle my milkwhite steed,
That fast I may ride away;
That I may go and kiss her cherry cherry cheeks,
Before they are turn-ed to clay."

8. But, when he drew near to his true love's gate,
He heard there a dismal sound,
The ringing of a bell in the high church tower
And the ladies mourning around.

9. But, when he did come to his love's bedside,
He fell on his bended knee:
"Oh! love, since thou art dead, that wast my life,
Would I lay dead now with thee."

10. Now the Lady she died all upon Saturday
At twelve o'clock at noon;
And the Lord then he died all on Sunday
Ere evening prayer it was done.

11. Now the Lady was laid in the old chancel
The Lord in the new church quire;
And out of the Lady there sprung a damask rose,
And out of the Lord a sweet-briar.

12. They grew so stout and they grew so tall,
At last they could grow no higher;
They twilled and they twined in a true love-knot,
And the rose wrapped round the sweet briar.

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FOLK SONGS FROM THE EASTERN COUNTIES

Collected and arranged
with piano accompaniment
by

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

INTRODUCTION

The Fifteen Melodies which are arranged in this section are part of a much larger collection made in the Eastern Counties. It is not to be supposed that they are the exclusive property of the counties to which they are credited; all that is claimed for them is that they certainly are sung in these counties, and that most of the melodies have not as yet been discovered elsewhere. It will be noticed that, while six songs from Essex and seven from Norfolk are given, there are only two from Cambridgeshire and none from Suffolk. This means, not that these two counties are less rich in folk-song than the others, but simply that time and opportunity have not yet been found to explore them. Nor do the songs collected from Essex and Norfolk represent an exhaustive search; all the Norfolk tunes come from Kings Lynn and the neighbourhood, and the Essex songs from a small area near the town of Brentwood. It is to be hoped that an acquaintance with the melodies here given will incite others to explore those parts of East Anglia which are still unsearched.

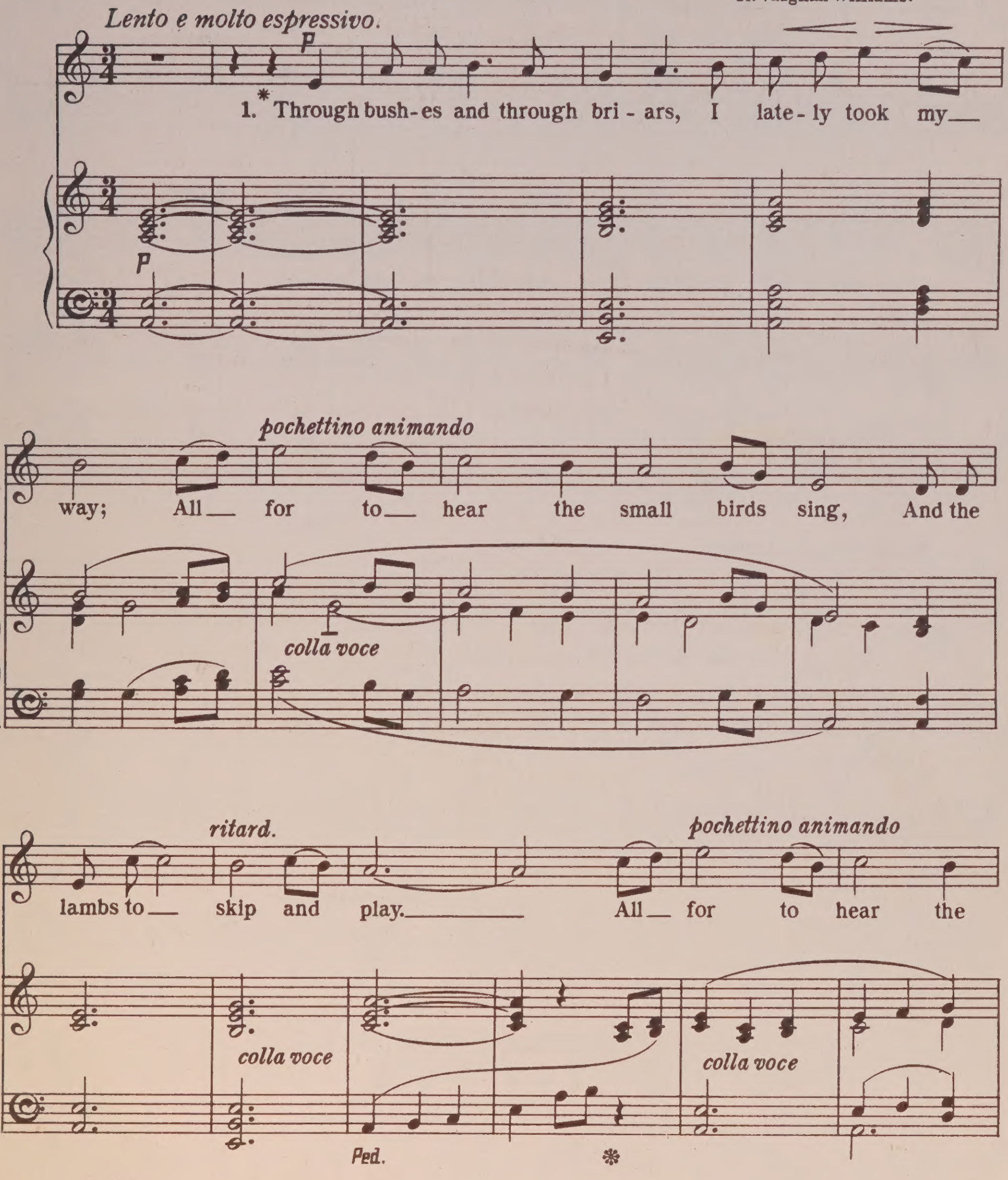
I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my grateful thanks to the singers of these melodies, and to all those who helped in the work of collection.

R. V. W.

BUSHES AND BRIARS.

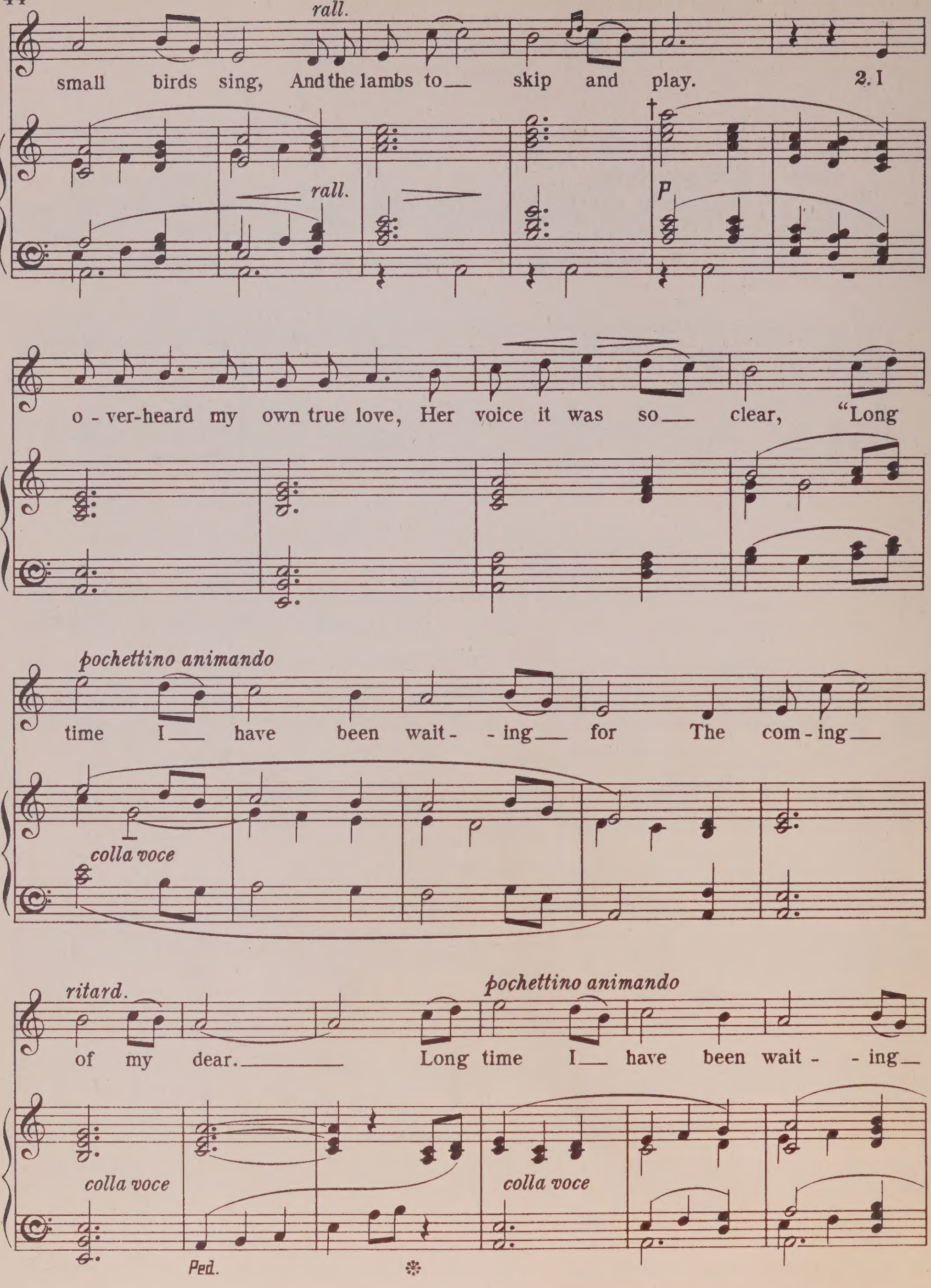
(ESSEX.)

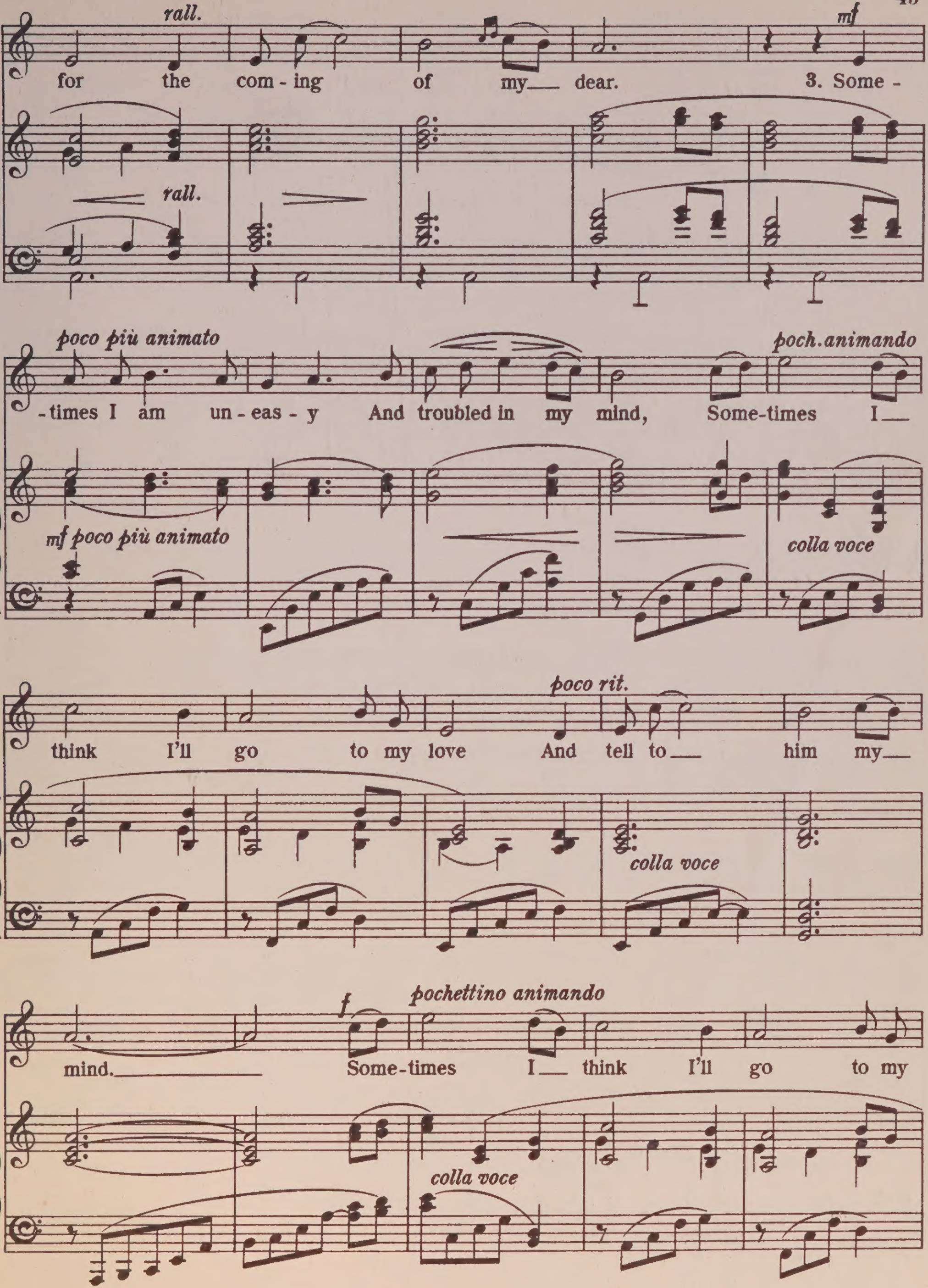
Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.

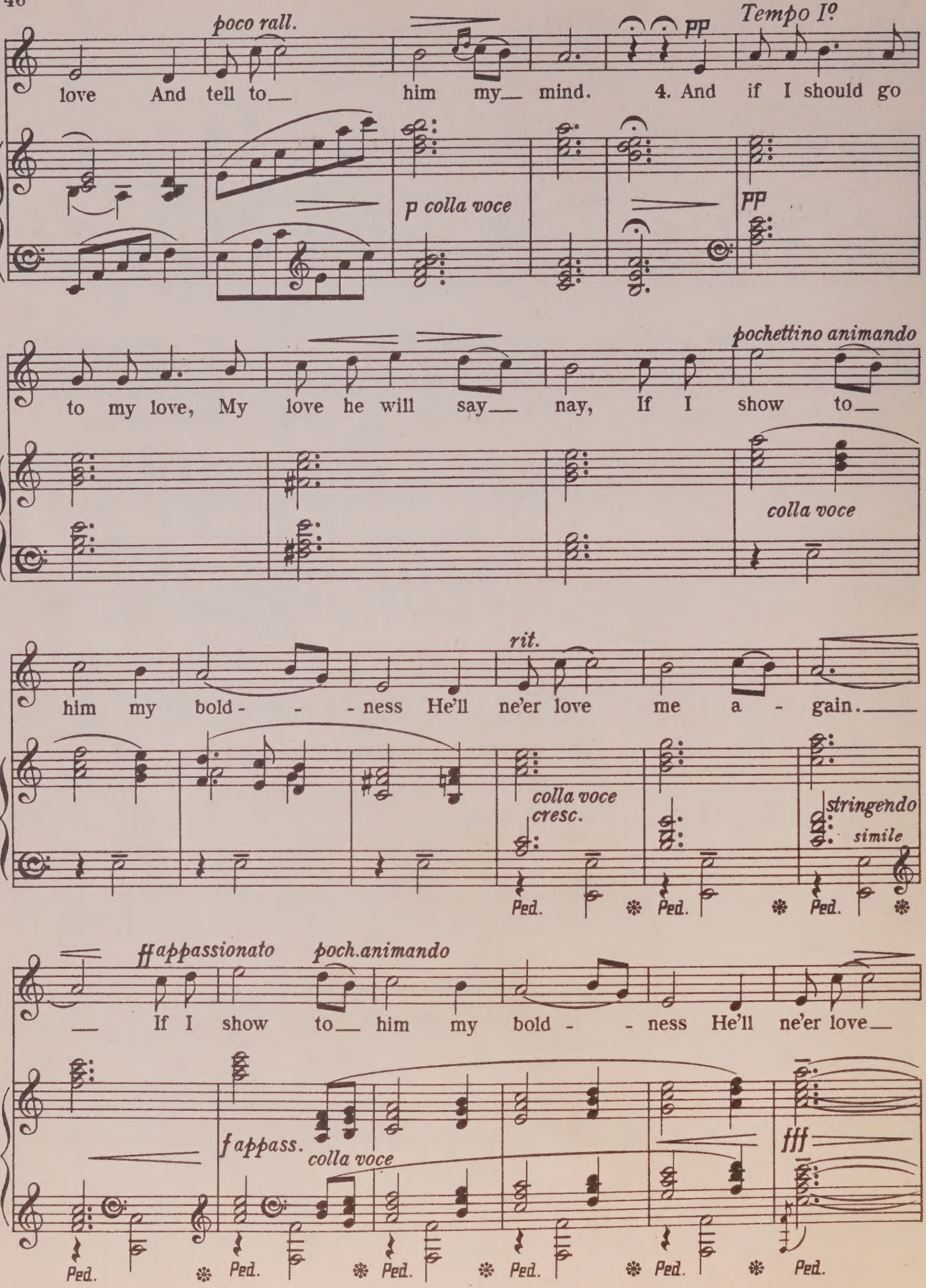

Lento e molto espressivo.
p
1.* Through bush-es and through bri-ars, I late-ly took my way; All for to hear the small birds sing, And the
p
pochettino animando
colla voce
lambs to skip and play. All for to hear the
ritard.
pochettino animando
colla voce
colla voce
Ped.
❄

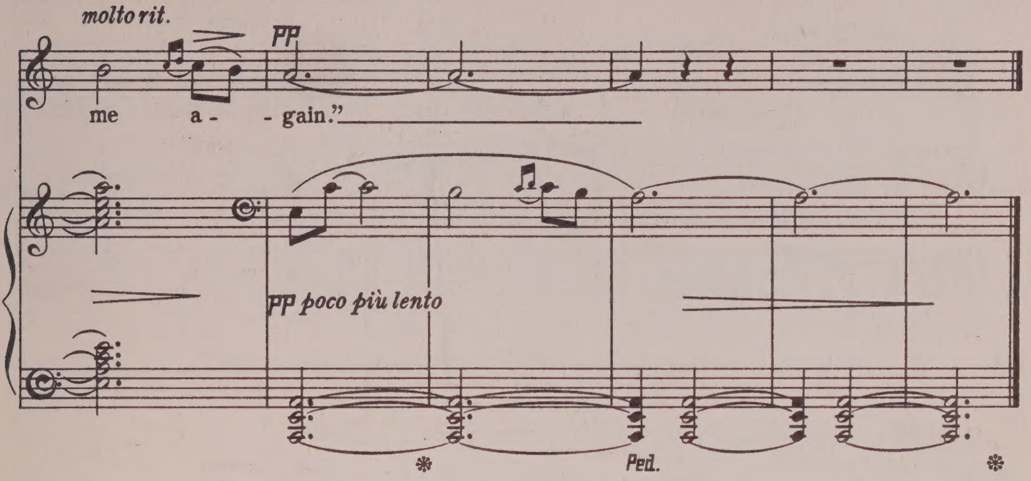
---

* The first verse may, with great advantage, be sung unaccompanied, the accompaniment coming in at the bar marked †


rall.
small birds sing, And the lambs to skip and play.
2. I
rall.
p
o-ver-heard my own true love, Her voice it was so clear, "Long
pochettino animando
time I have been wait-ing for The com-ing
colla voce
ritard.
of my dear.
pochettino animando
Long time I have been wait-ing
colla voce
colla voce
Ped.
✻


rall.
mf
for the com-ing of my dear. 3. Some-
rall.
poco più animato
poch. animando
-times I am un-eas-y And troubled in my mind, Some-times I
mf poco più animato
colla voce
poco rit.
think I'll go to my love And tell to him my
colla voce
pochettino animando
f
mind. Some-times I think I'll go to my
colla voce


poco rall.
Tempo Iº
pp
love And tell to him my mind. 4. And if I should go
p colla voce
pp
pochettino animando
to my love, My love he will say nay, If I show to
colla voce
rit.
him my bold - - ness He'll ne'er love me a - gain.
colla voce
cresc.
stringendo
simile
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻
ff appassionato
poch. animando
If I show to him my bold - - ness He'll ne'er love
f appass.
colla voce
fff
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped.



BUSHES AND BRIARS.

1. Through bushes and through briars,
I lately took my way;
All for to hear the small birds sing,
And the lambs to skip and play.

2. I overheard my own true love,
Her voice it was so clear,
"Long time I have been waiting for
The coming of my dear.

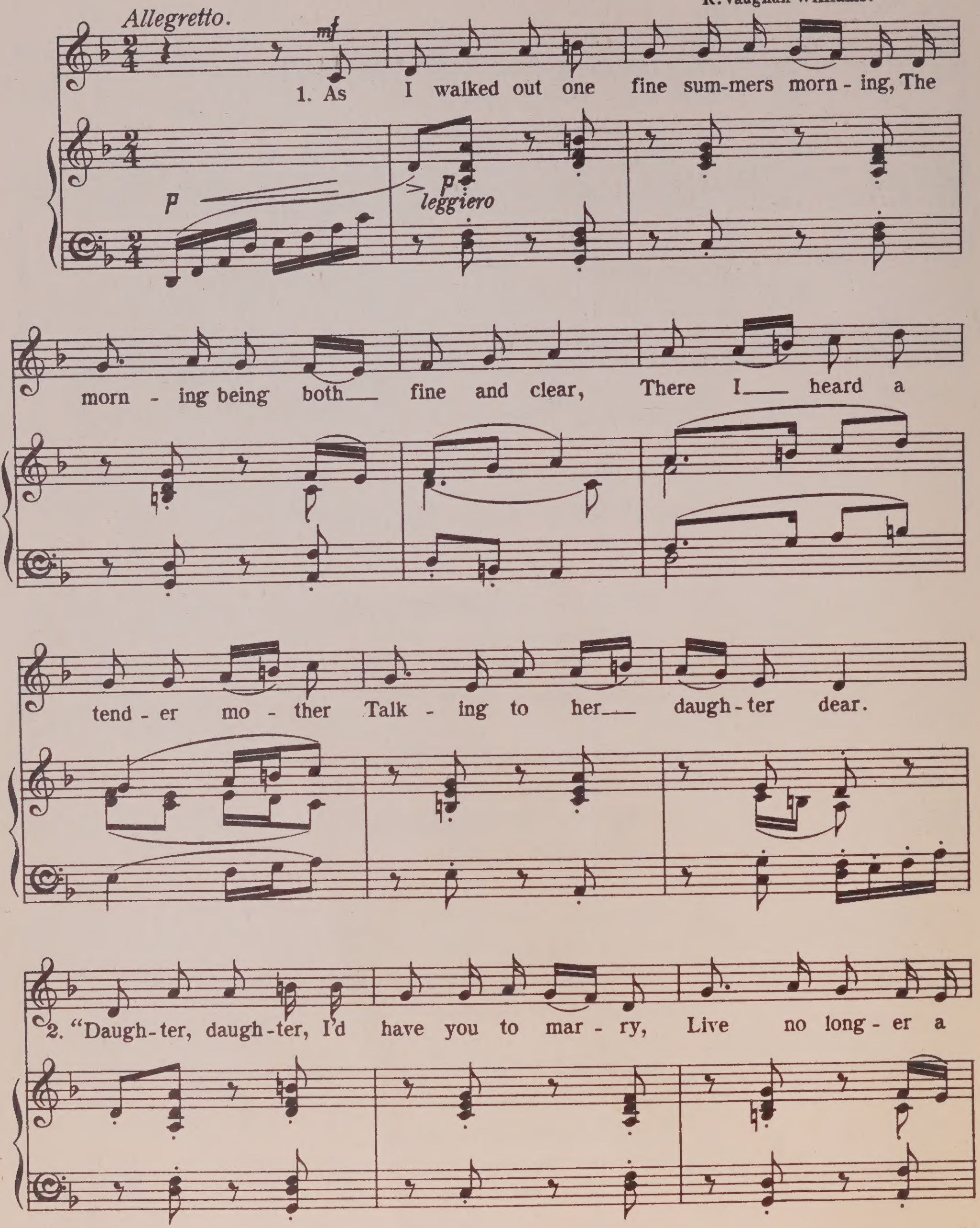
8. Sometimes I am uneasy
And troubled in my mind,
Sometimes I think I'll go to my love
And tell to him my mind.

4. And if I should go to my love,
My love he will say nay,
If I show to him my boldness
He'll ne'er love me again."

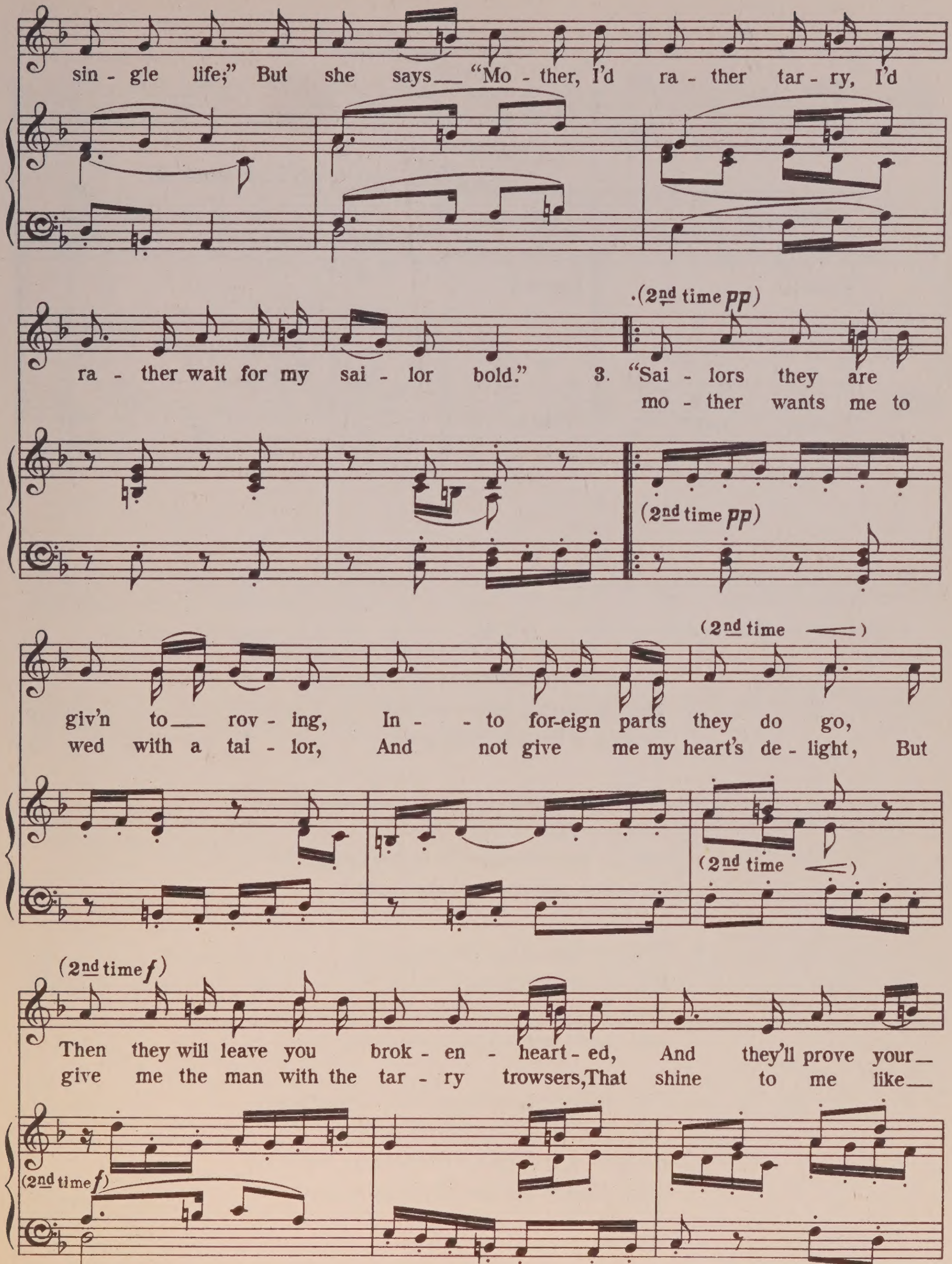
TARRY TROWSERS.

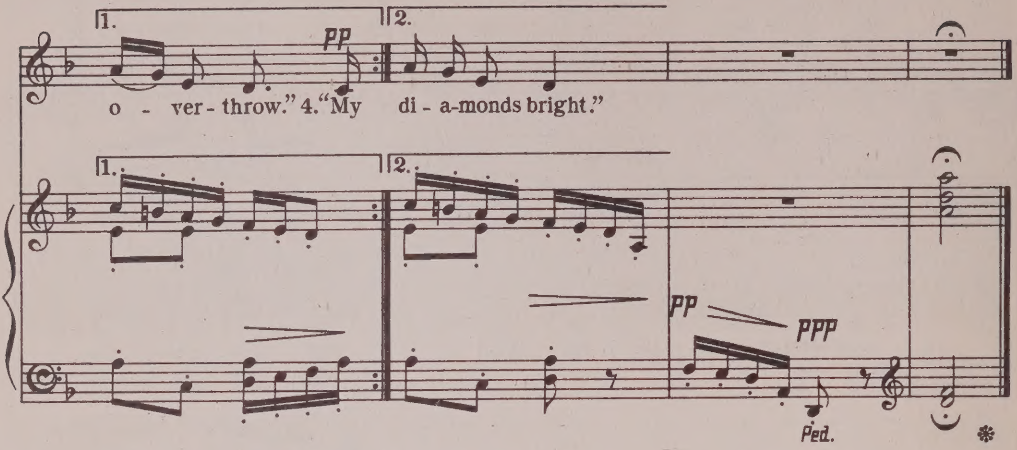
(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegretto.
mf
p
p leggiero
1. As I walked out one fine sum-mers morn - ing, The
morn - ing being both fine and clear, There I heard a
tend - er mo - ther Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.
2. "Daugh - ter, daugh - ter, I'd have you to mar - ry, Live no long - er a

The accompaniment to the first verse may be used throughout if preferred.


sin - gle life;" But she says "Mo - ther, I'd ra - ther tar - ry, I'd
ra - ther wait for my sai - lor bold."
(2nd time pp)
3. "Sai - lors they are
mo - ther wants me to
(2nd time pp)
giv'n to rov - ing, In - - to for-eign parts they do go,
wed with a tai - lor, And not give me my heart's de - light, But
(2nd time)
(2nd time)
(2nd time f)
Then they will leave you brok - en - heart - ed, And they'll prove your
give me the man with the tar - ry trowsers, That shine to me like
(2nd time f)



TARRY TROWSERS.

1. As I walked out one fine summer's morning,
The morning being both fine and clear,
There I heard a tender mother
Talking to her daughter dear.

2. "Daughter, daughter, I'd have you to marry,
Live no longer a single life;"
But she says "Mother, I'd rather tarry,
I'd rather wait for my sailor bold."

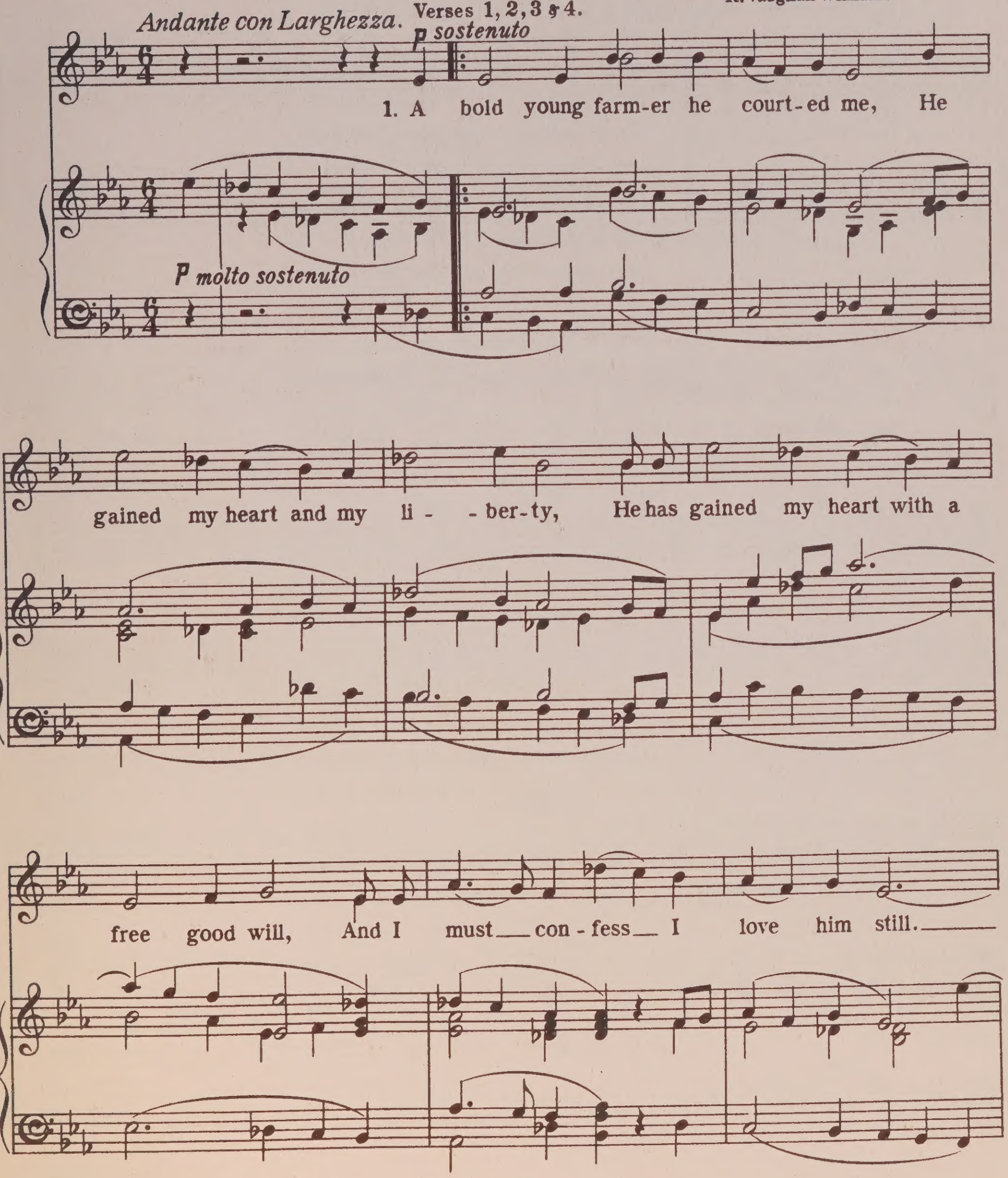
3. "Sailors they are given to roving,
Into foreign parts they do go,
Then they will leave you broken-hearted,
And they'll prove your overthrow."

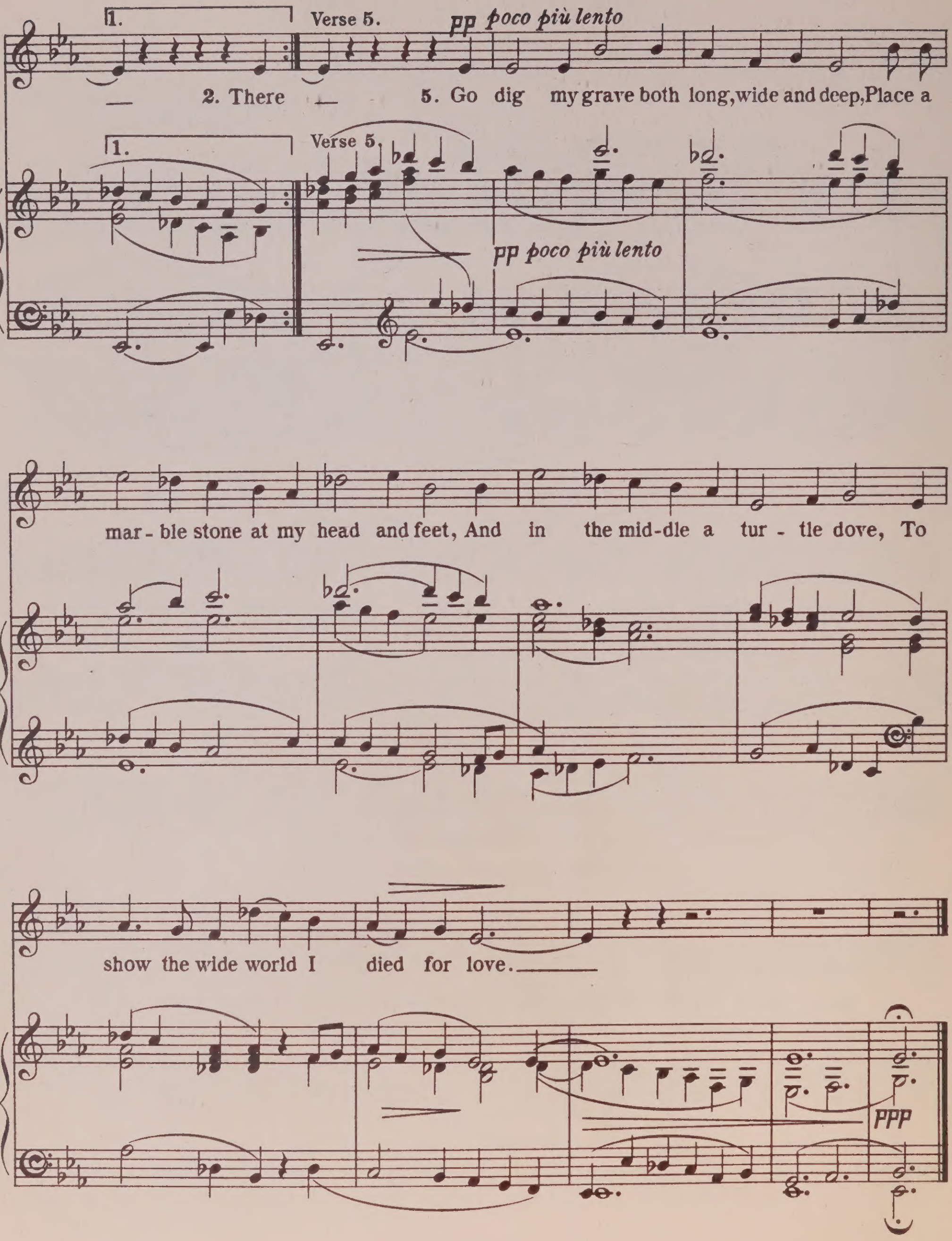
4. "My mother wants me to wed with a tailor,
And not give me my heart's delight,
But give me the man with the tarry trowsers,
That shine to me like diamonds bright."

A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante con Larghezza.
Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4.
p sostenuto
p molto sostenuto
1. A bold young farm-er he court-ed me, He
gained my heart and my li - - ber-ty, He has gained my heart with a
free good will, And I must ___ con - fess ___ I love him still. ______


1.
Verse 5.
pp poco più lento
— 2. There — 5. Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep, Place a
mar - ble stone at my head and feet, And in the mid - dle a tur - tle dove, To
show the wide world I died for love.
ppp

A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.

1. A bold young farmer he courted me,
He gained my heart and my liberty,
He has gained my heart with a free good will,
And I must confess I love him still.

2. There is an inn, in this same town,
Where my love goes and sits him down,
And takes another girl on his knee,
He tells her what he doesn't tell me.

3. It's grief to me, I'll tell you for why,
Because she has more gold than I,
But in needy time her gold shall fly,
And she shall be as poor as I.

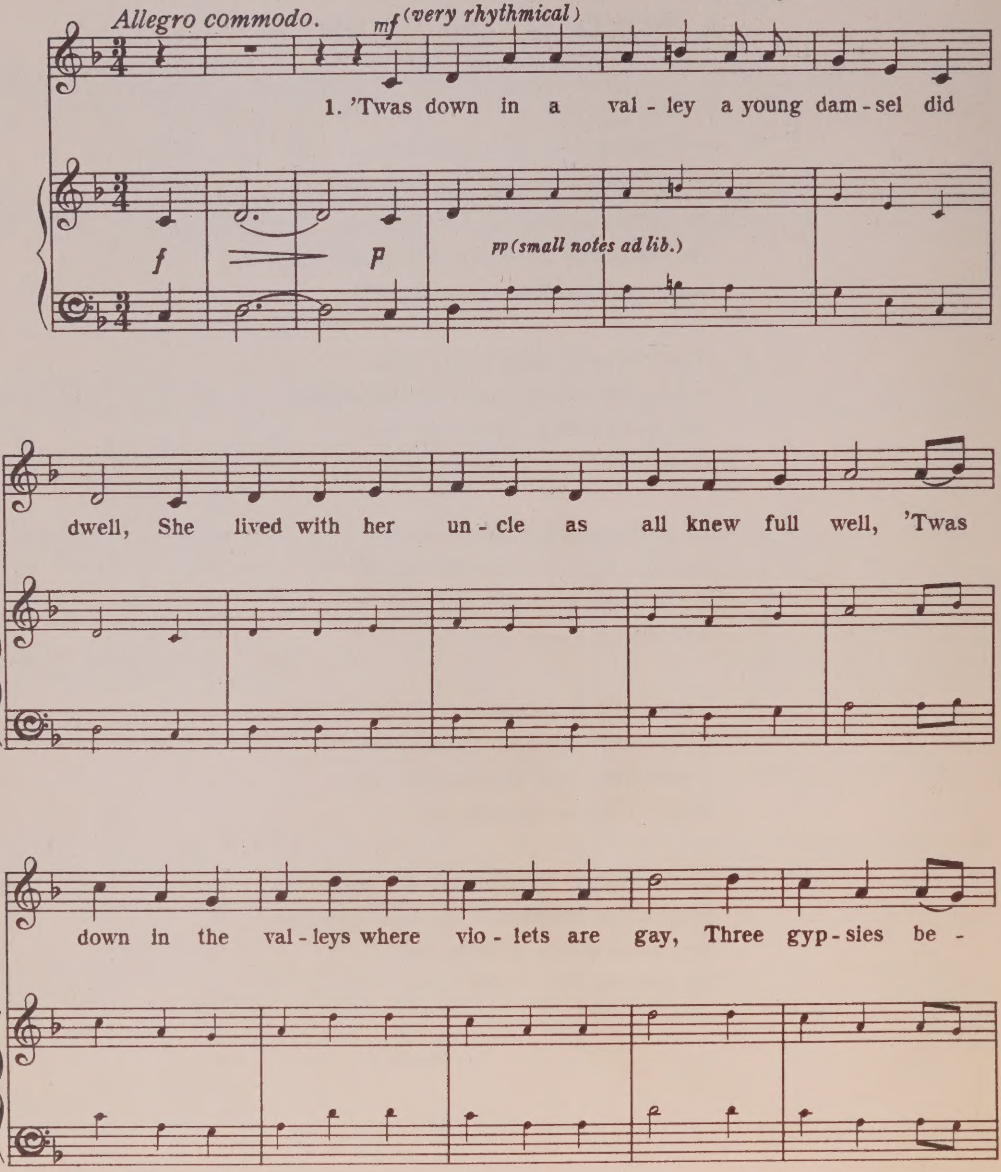
4. There is a bird on yonder tree,
They say it's blind and cannot see;
I wish it had been the same with me,
Before I joined his company.

5. Go dig my grave both long, wide and deep,
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,
And in the middle a turtle dove,
To show the wide world I died for love.

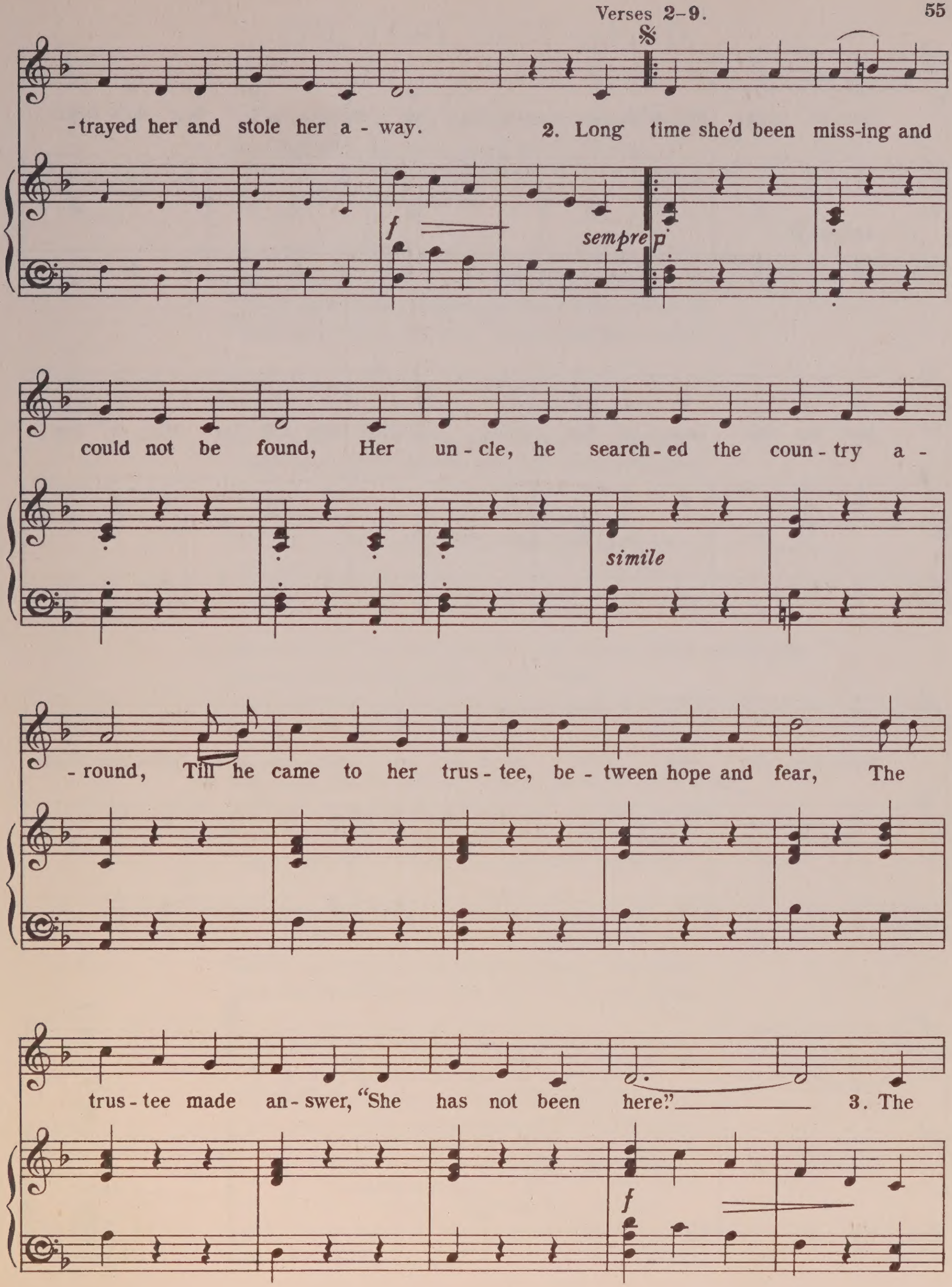
THE LOST LADY FOUND.

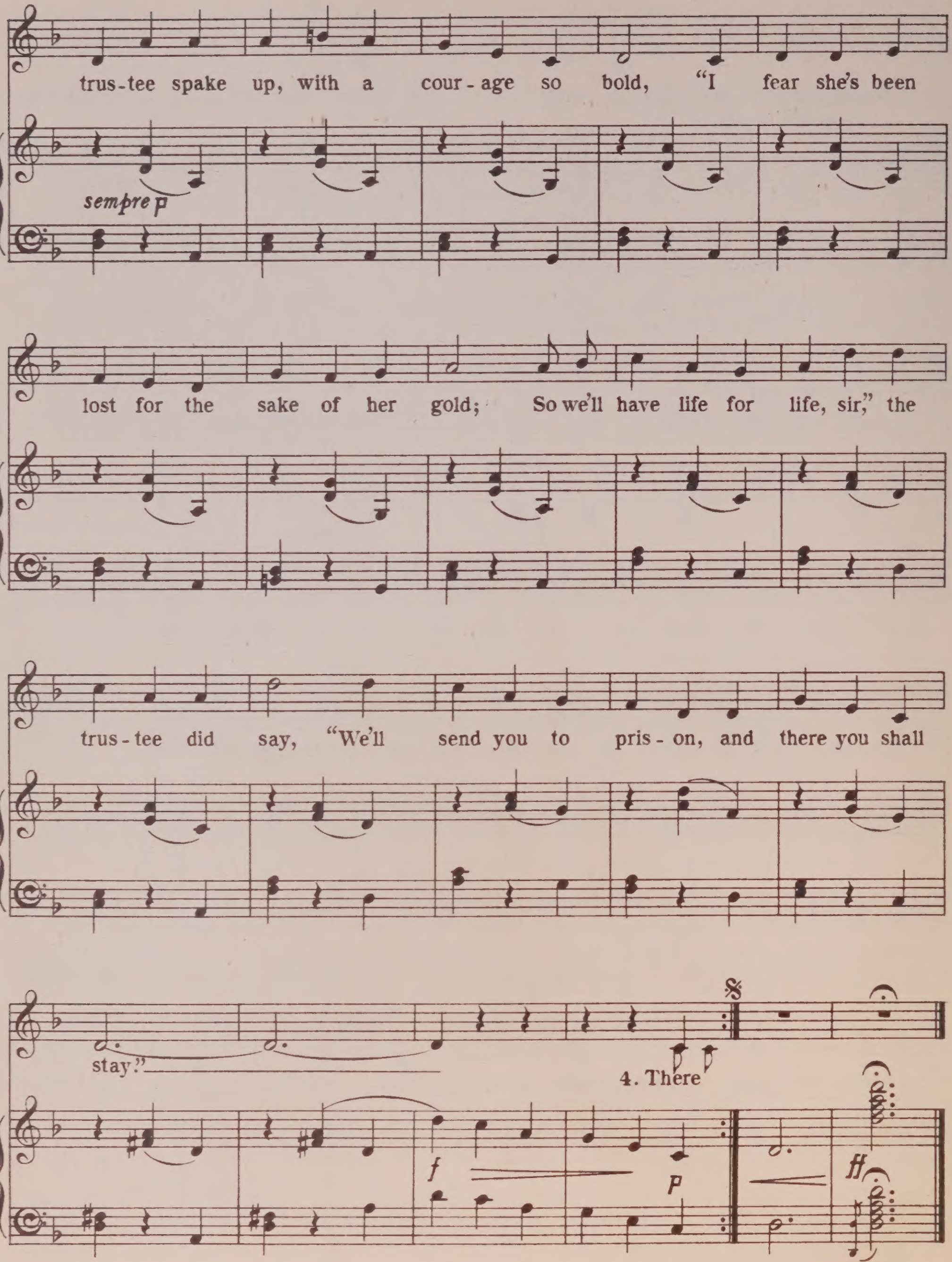
(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro commodo.
mf (very rhythmical)
1. 'Twas down in a val - ley a young dam - sel did
f
p
pp (small notes ad lib.)
dwell, She lived with her un - cle as all knew full well, 'Twas
down in the val - leys where vio - lets are gay, Three gyp - sies be -

12678


Verses 2-9.
-trayed her and stole her a - way. 2. Long time she'd been miss-ing and
f
sempre p
could not be found, Her un - cle, he search - ed the coun - try a -
simile
- round, Till he came to her trus - tee, be - tween hope and fear, The
trus - tee made an - swer, "She has not been here." 3. The
f


trus-tee spake up, with a cour-age so bold, "I fear she's been
sempre p
lost for the sake of her gold; So we'll have life for life, sir," the
trus-tee did say, "We'll send you to pris-on, and there you shall
stay."
4. There
f
p
ff

THE LOST LADY FOUND.

1. 'Twas down in a valley a young damsel did dwell,
She lived with her uncle as all knew full well,
'Twas down in the valleys where violets are gay,
Three gypsies betrayed her and stole her away.

2. Long time she'd been missing and could not be found,
Her uncle, he searchéd the country around,
Till he came to her trustee, between hope and fear,
The trustee made answer, "She has not been here."

3. The trustee spake up, with courage so bold,
"I fear she's been lost for the sake of her gold;
So we'll have life for life, sir," the trustee did say,
"We'll send you to prison, and there you shall stay."

4. There was a young squire that lovéd her so,
Oft times to the schoolhouse together they'd go;
"I'm afraid she is murdered; so great is my fear,
If I'd wings like a dove I would fly to my dear."

5. He travelled through England, through France and through Spain,
He ventured his life on the watery main;
Till he came to a house where he lodged for a night,
And in that same house was his own heart's delight.

6. When she saw him, she knew him and flew to his arms;
She told him her grief while he gazed on her charms.
"How came you to Dublin, my dearest?" said he,
"Three gypsies betrayed me and stole me away."

7. "Your uncle's in England, in prison doth lie,
And for your sweet sake is condemned for to die."
"Carry me to old England, my dearest," she cried;
"One thousand I'll give you, and will be your bride.

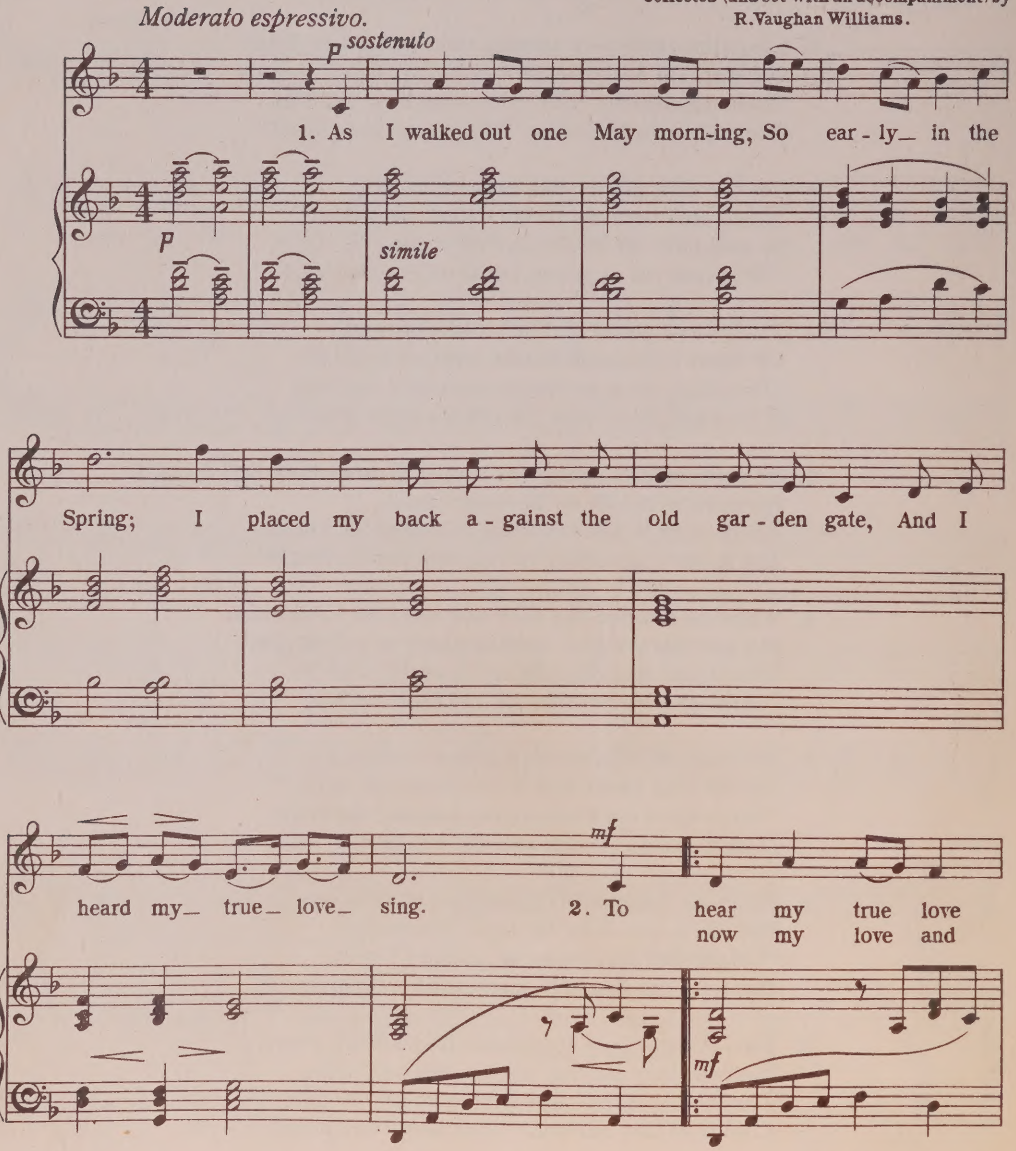
8. When she came to old England, her uncle to see,
The cart it was under the high gallows-tree.
"Oh, pardon! oh, pardon! oh, pardon! I crave!
Don't you see I'm alive, your dear life for to save?"

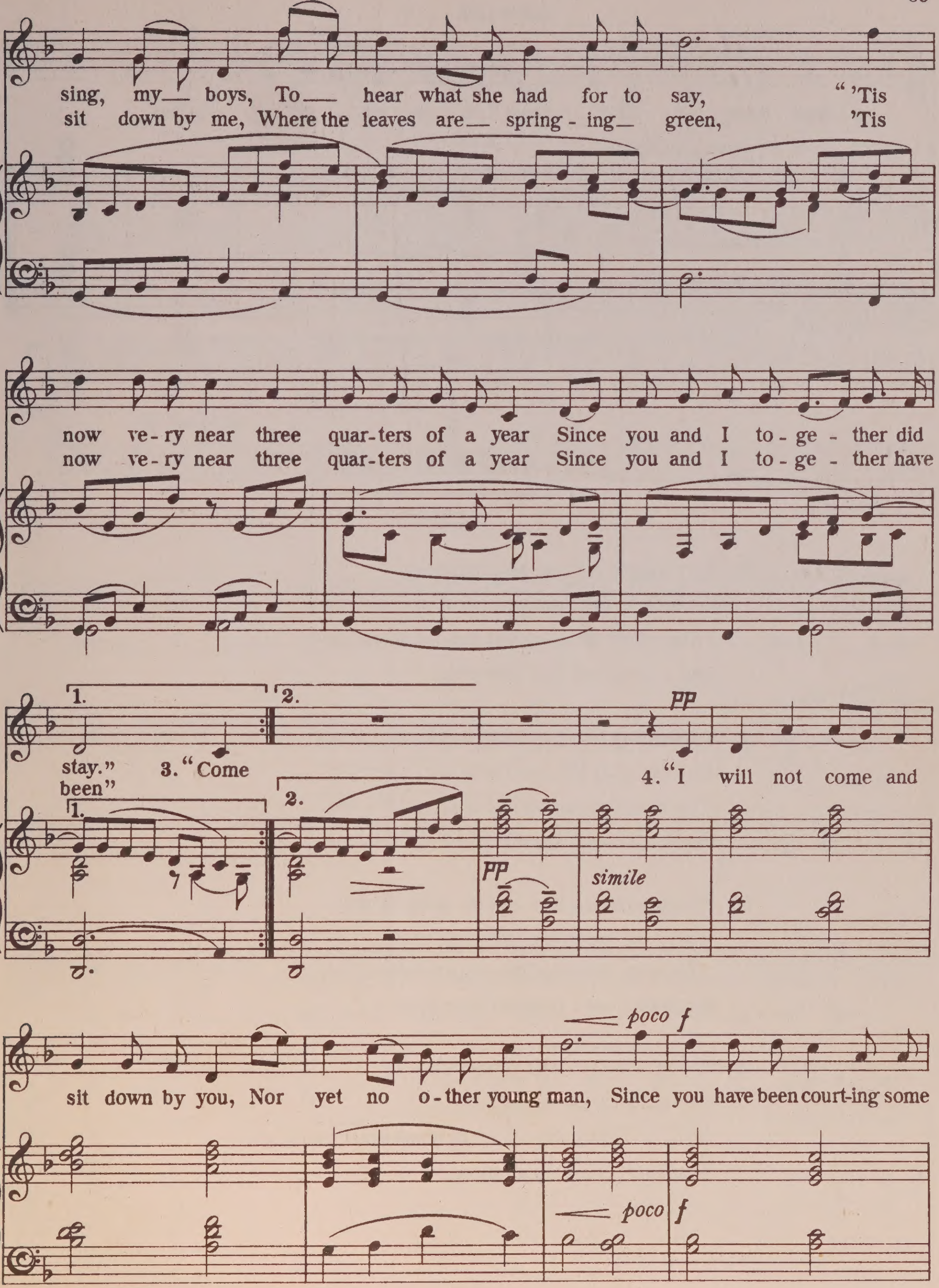
9. Then straight from the gallows they led him away,
The bells they did ring and the music did play;
Ev'ry house in the valley with mirth did resound,
As soon as they heard the "Lost Lady" was found.

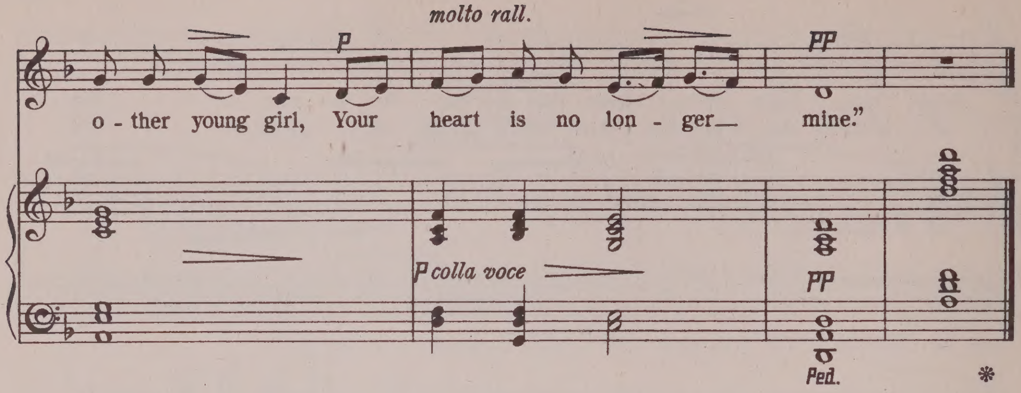
AS I WALKED OUT.

(ESSEX)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato espressivo.
p sostenuto
1. As I walked out one May morn-ing, So ear-ly in the
p
simile
Spring; I placed my back a-gainst the old gar-den gate, And I
heard my true love sing.
mf
2. To hear my true love
now my love and
mf


sing, my— boys, To— hear what she had for to say, "'Tis
sit down by me, Where the leaves are— spring - ing— green, 'Tis
now ve - ry near three quar - ters of a year Since you and I to - ge - ther did
now ve - ry near three quar - ters of a year Since you and I to - ge - ther have
1.
2.
stay." 3. "Come
been"
pp
4. "I will not come and
simile
sit down by you, Nor yet no o - ther young man, Since you have been court-ing some
poco f


molto rall.
p
pp
o - ther young girl, Your heart is no lon - ger— mine."
p colla voce
pp
Ped.
*

AS I WALKED OUT.

1. As I walked out one May morning,
So early in the Spring;
I placed my back against the old garden gate,
And I heard my true love sing.

2. To hear my true love sing, my boys,
To hear what she had for to say,
"'Tis now very near three quarters of a year
Since you and I together did stay."

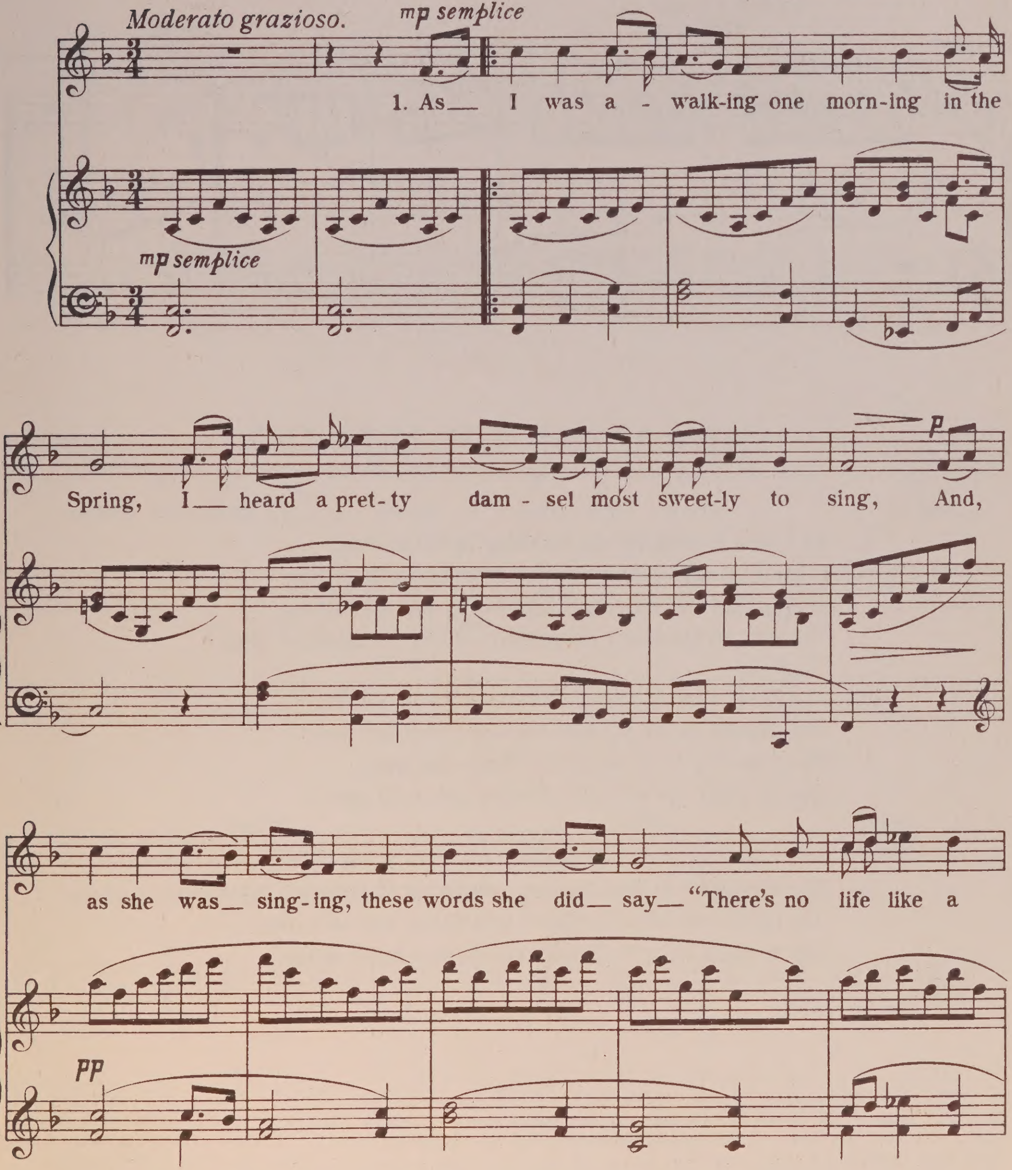
3. "Come now my love and sit down by me,
Where the leaves are springing green,
'Tis now very near three quarters of a year
Since you and I together have been."

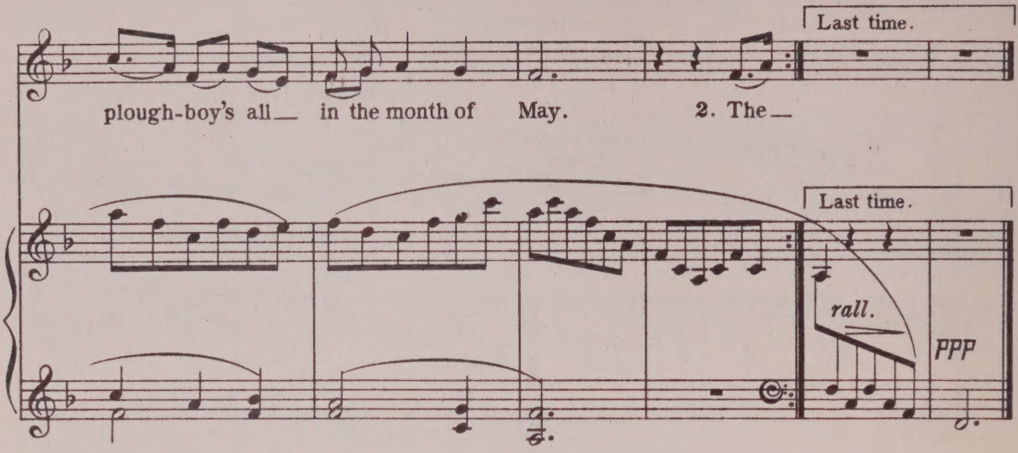
4. "I will not come and sit down by you,
Nor yet no other young man,
Since you have been courting some other young girl,
Your heart is no longer mine."

THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

(ESSEX.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato grazioso.
mp semplice
1. As— I was a - walk-ing one morn-ing in the
mp semplice
Spring, I— heard a pret-ty dam - sel most sweet-ly to sing, And,
p
as she was— sing-ing, these words she did— say—"There's no life like a
pp



THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

1. As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,
I heard a pretty damsel most sweetly to sing;
And, as she was singing, these words she did say—
"There's no life like a ploughboy's all in the month of May.

2. The Lark in the morning doth rise from her nest,
She mounts in the air with the dew round her breast.
It's all the day long she will whistle and sing,
And at night she will return to her own nest again.

* 3. And when the pretty ploughboy his day's work is done,
He trips down to the meadows where the grass is all cut down,
And there with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll sing,
And at night he will return with his lass home again."

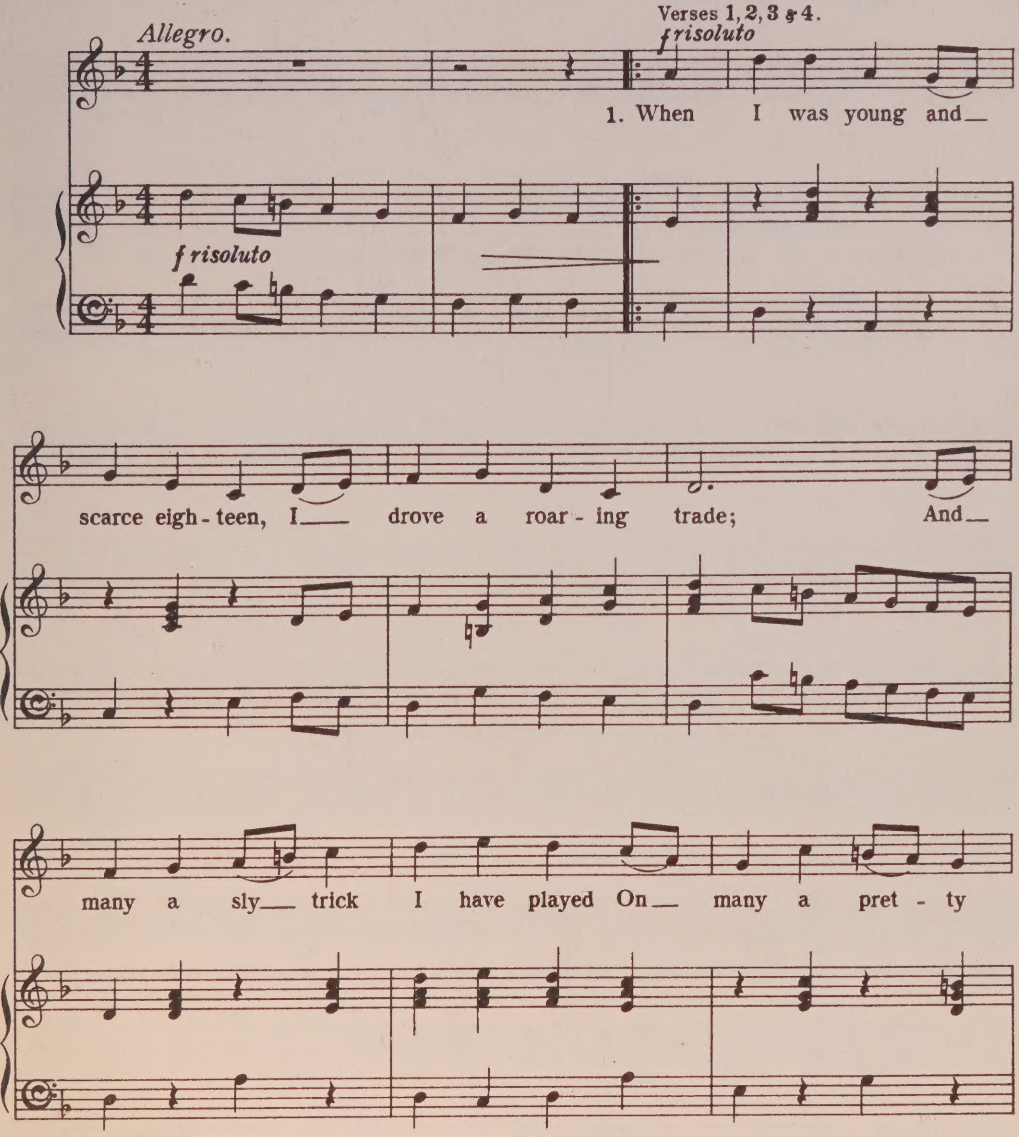
* May be omitted.

Note. The singer of the above tune remembered only fragments of the words. The complete words exist on a broadside, but in that form they were not suitable for this publication. In compiling the above text some of the broadside verses have been omitted and some of the lines transposed from one verse to another; nothing, however, has been added.

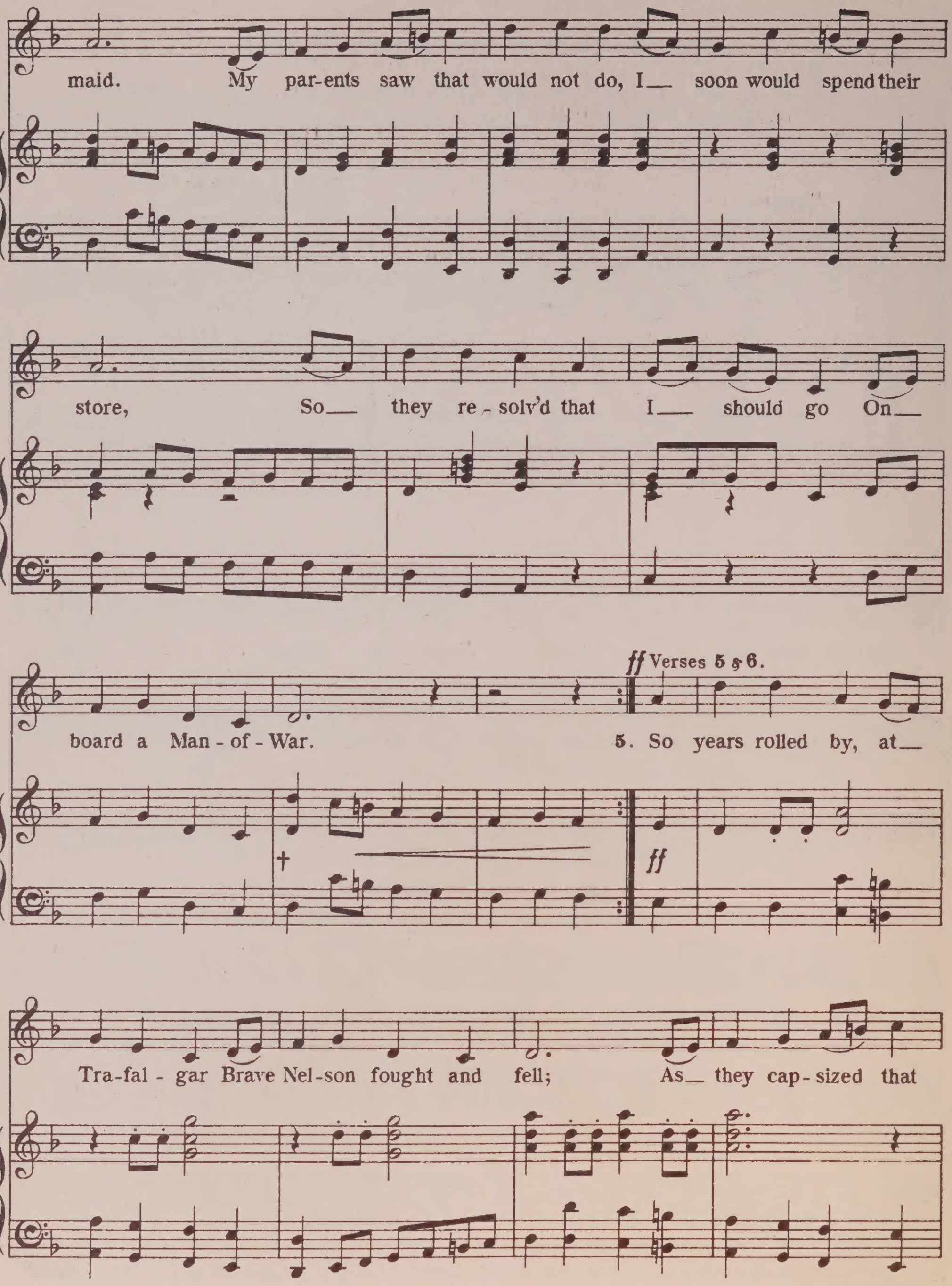
ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT.

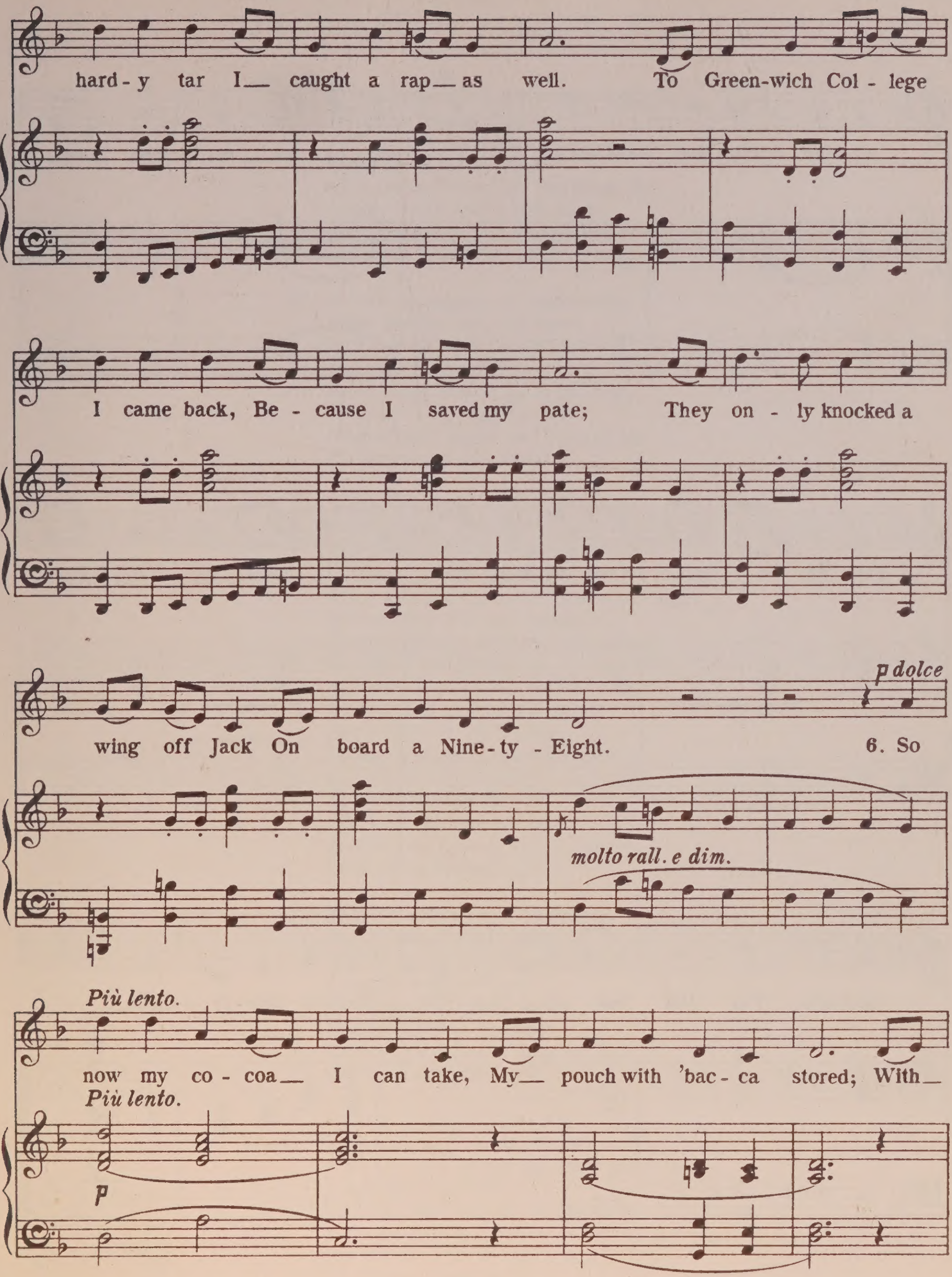
(NORFOLK.)

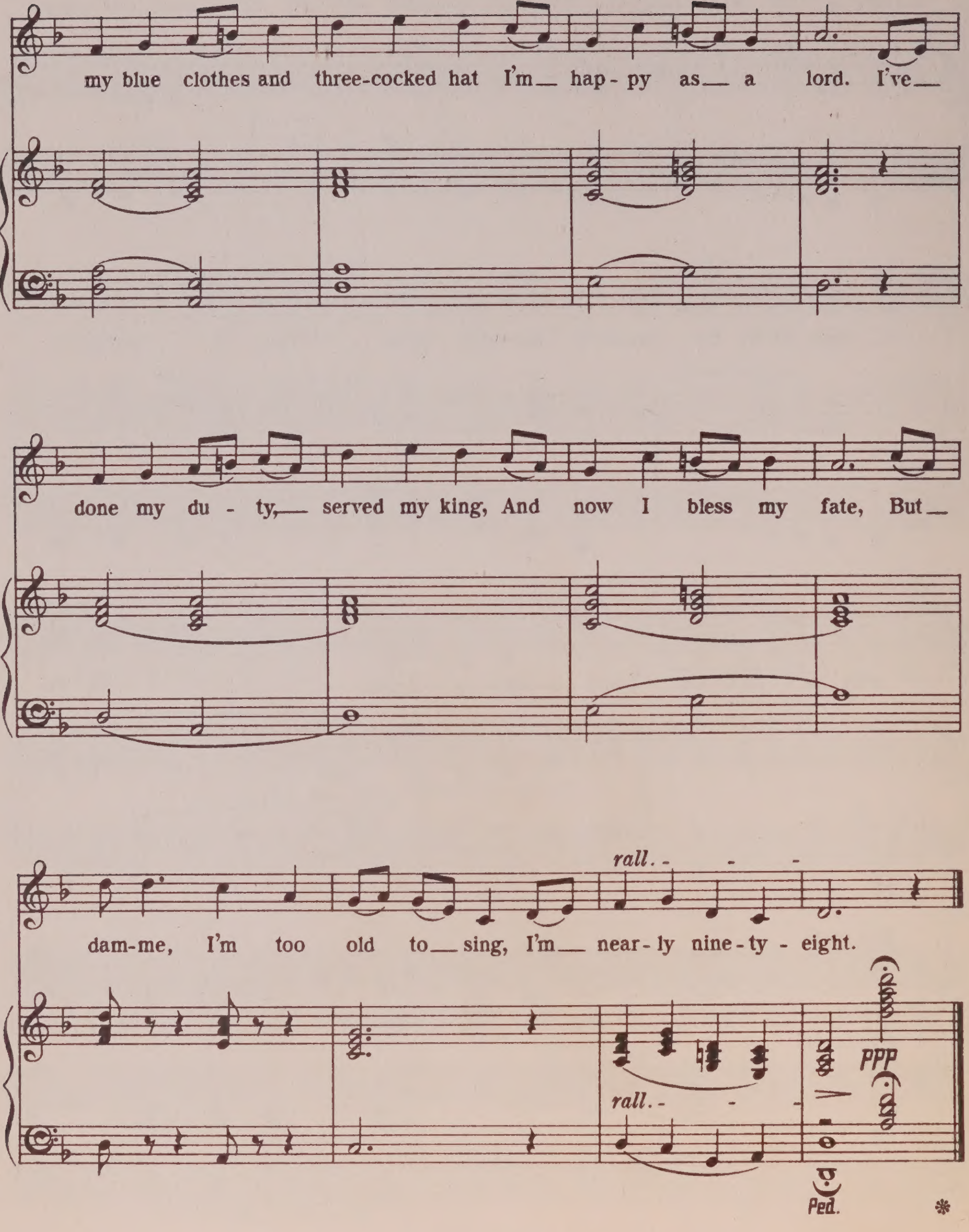
Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro.
Verses 1, 2, 3 & 4.
f risoluto
f risoluto
1. When I was young and scarce eigh-teen, I drove a roar-ing trade; And many a sly trick I have played On many a pret-ty

Note. The first verse may, with advantage, be sung unaccompanied, the accompaniment entering at †. The whole song may, with the exception of the last verse, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.


maid. My par-ents saw that would not do, I— soon would spend their
store, So— they re-solv'd that I— should go On—
board a Man-of-War.
ff Verses 5 & 6.
5. So years rolled by, at—
Tra-fal-gar Brave Nel-son fought and fell; As— they cap-sized that
ff


hard - y tar I — caught a rap — as well. To Green-wich Col - lege
I came back, Be - cause I saved my pate; They on - ly knocked a
wing off Jack On board a Nine - ty - Eight. 6. So
p dolce
molto rall. e dim.
Più lento.
now my co - coa — I can take, My — pouch with 'bac - ca stored; With —
Più lento.
p


my blue clothes and three-cocked hat I'm — hap - py as — a lord. I've —
done my du - ty, — served my king, And now I bless my fate, But —
dam-me, I'm too old to — sing, I'm — near - ly nine - ty - eight.
rall.
rall.
ppp
Ped.
*

ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT.

1. When I was young and scarce eighteen,
I drove a roaring trade;
And many a sly trick I have played
On many a pretty maid.
My parents found that would not do,
I soon would spend their store,
So they resolv'd that I should go
On board a Man-of-War.

2. A bold pressgang surrounded me,
Their warrant they did show,
And swore that I should go to sea,
And face the daring foe.
So off they lugged me to the boat,
O how I cursed my fate,
'Twas then I found that I must float
On board a Ninety-Eight.

3. When first I put my foot on board,
How I began to stare,
Our Admiral he gave the word,
"There is no time to spare."
They weighed their anchor, shook out sail,
And off they bore me straight,
To watch the foe in storm and gale,
On board a Ninety-Eight.

4. Now as time fled I bolder grew,
And hardened was to war;
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew,
And valued not a scar.
So well I did my duty do,
Till I got boatswain's mate,
And damme, soon got boatswain too
On board a Ninety-Eight.

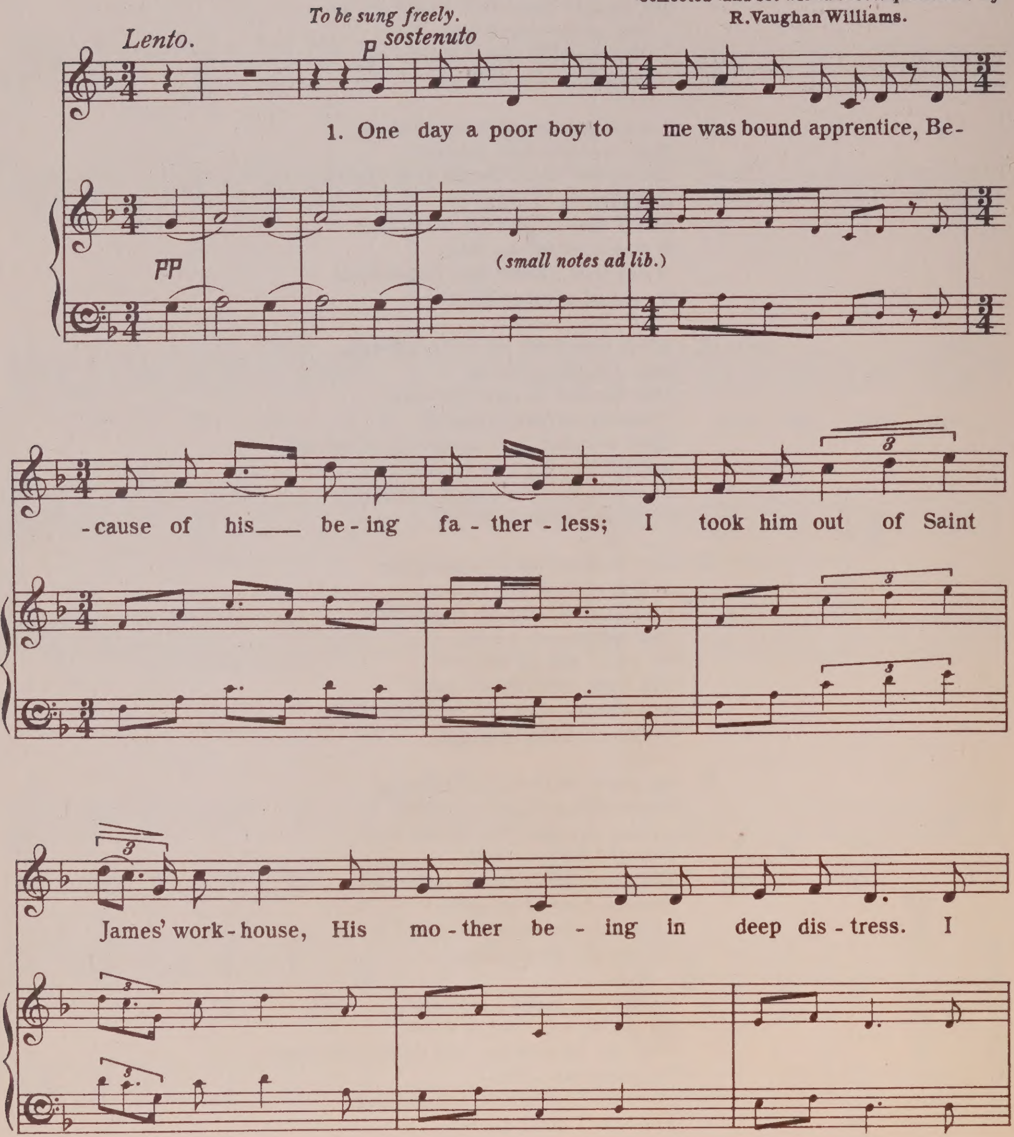
5. So years rolled by, at Trafalgar
Brave Nelson fought and fell;
As they capsized that hardy tar
I caught a rap as well.
To Greenwich College I came back,
Because I saved my pate;
They only knocked a wing off Jack
On board a Ninety-Eight.

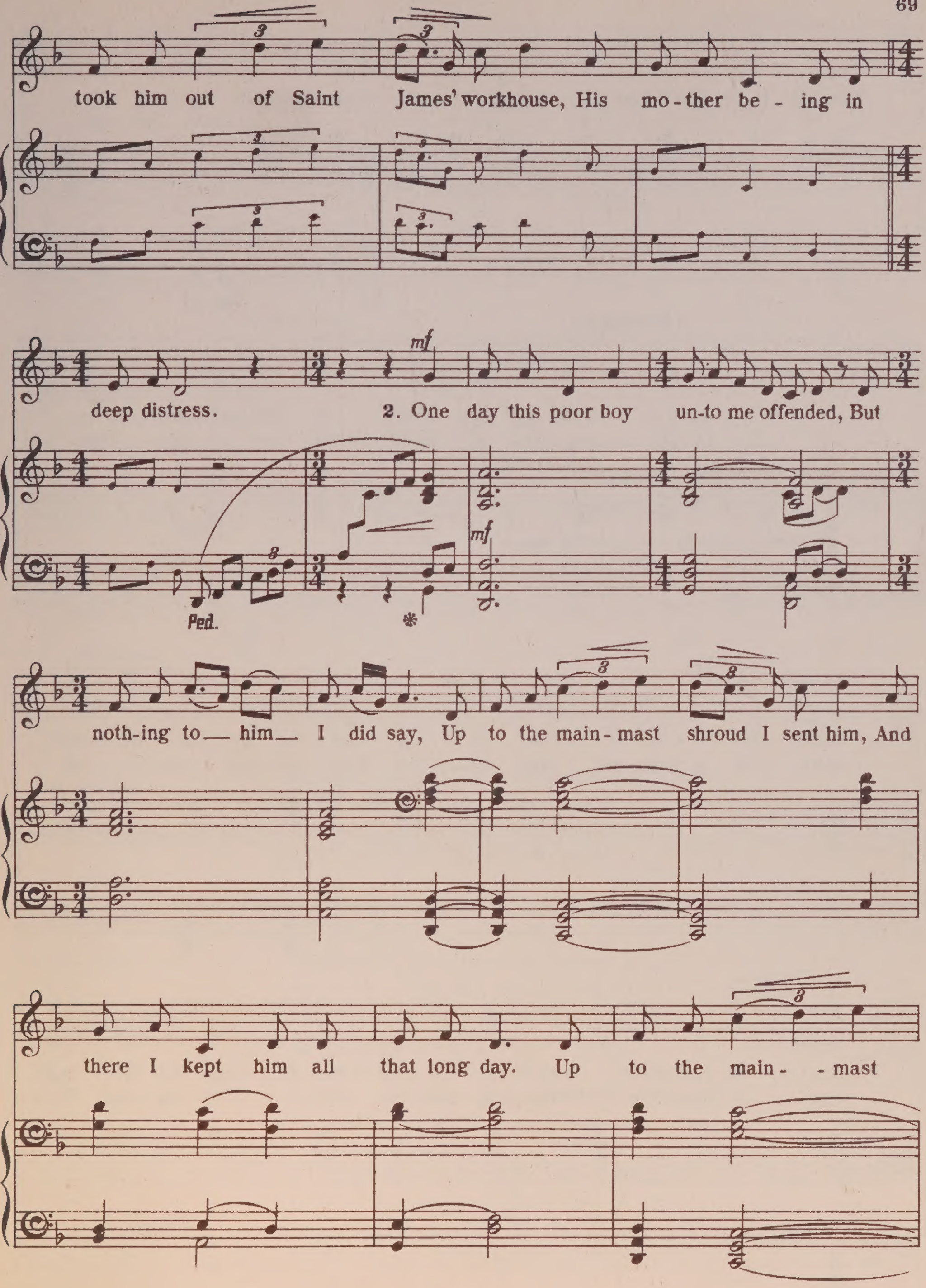
6. So now my cocoa I can take,
My pouch with 'bacca stored;
With my blue clothes and three-cocked hat
I'm happy as a lord.
I've done my duty, served my king,
And now I bless my fate,
But damme, I'm too old to sing,
I'm nearly ninety-eight.

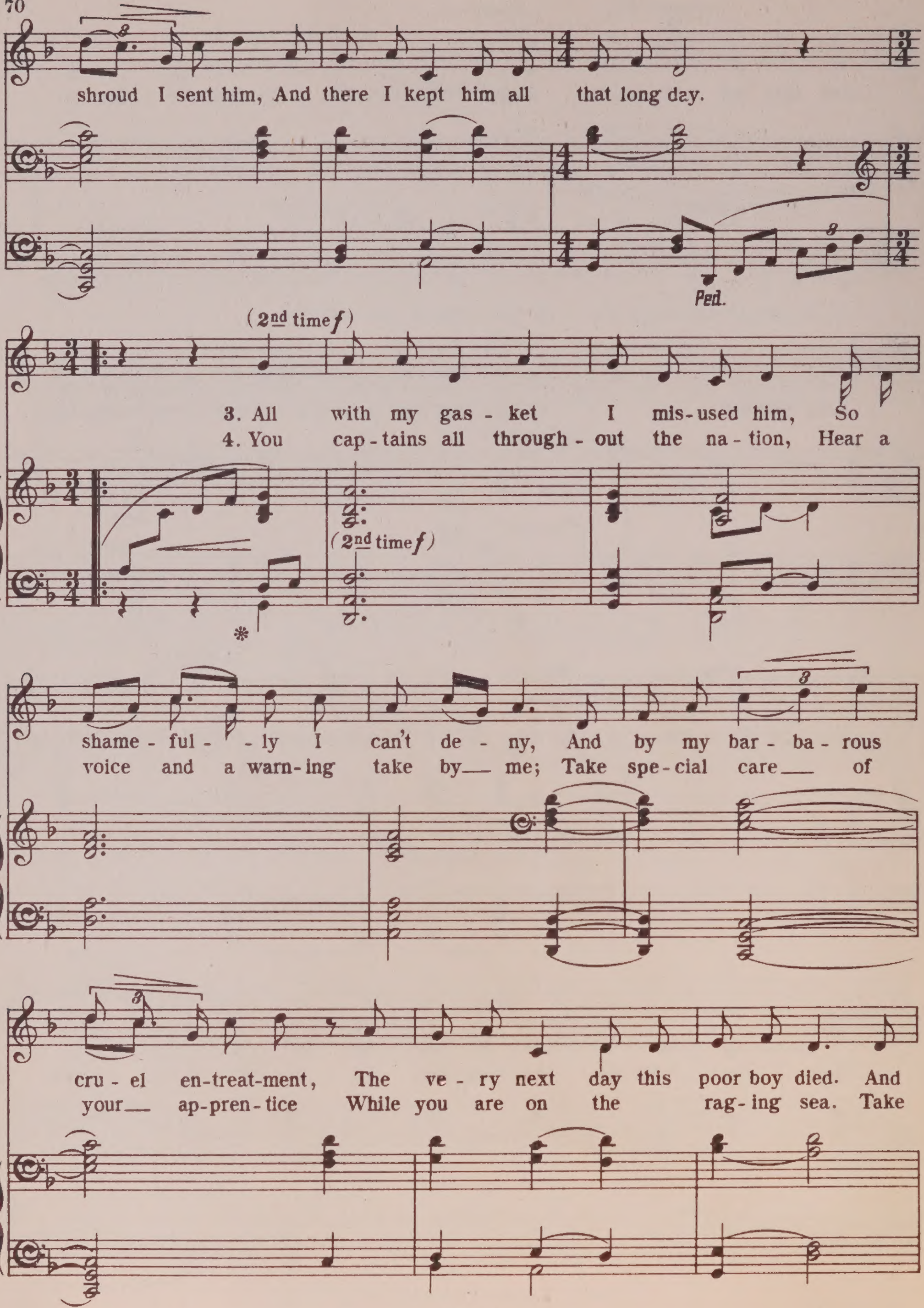
THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

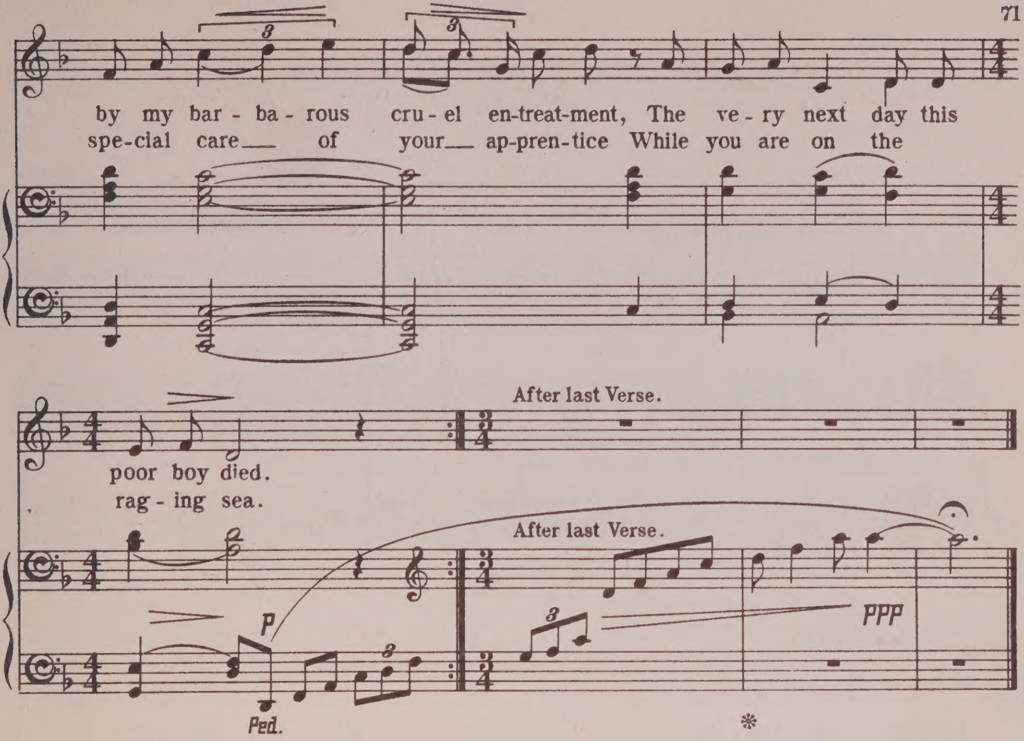
(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R.Vaughan Williams.


To be sung freely.
Lento.
p sostenuto
1. One day a poor boy to me was bound apprentice, Be-
pp
(small notes ad lib.)
-cause of his___ be-ing fa-ther-less; I took him out of Saint
3
James' work-house, His mo-ther be-ing in deep dis-tress. I


took him out of Saint James' workhouse, His mo - ther be - ing in
deep distress.
2. One day this poor boy un-to me offended, But
noth-ing to — him — I did say, Up to the main - mast shroud I sent him, And
there I kept him all that long day. Up to the main - - mast
mf
Ped.
mf


shroud I sent him, And there I kept him all that long day.
Ped.
(2nd time f)
3. All with my gas - ket I mis-used him, So
4. You cap-tains all through - out the na-tion, Hear a
(2nd time f)
shame - ful - - ly I can't de - ny, And by my bar - ba - rous
voice and a warn-ing take by___ me; Take spe-cial care___ of
cru - el en-treat-ment, The ve - ry next day this poor boy died. And
your___ ap-pren-tice While you are on the rag-ing sea. Take


by my bar - ba - rous cru - el en-treat-ment, The ve - ry next day this
spe-cial care of your ap-pren-tice While you are on the
poor boy died.
rag - ing sea.
After last Verse.
After last Verse.
p
ppp
Ped.
*

THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.

1. One day a poor boy to me was bound apprentice,
Because of his being fatherless;
I took him out of S^t James' workhouse,
His mother being in deep distress.

2. One day this poor boy unto me offended,
But nothing to him I did say,
Up to the mainmast shroud I sent him,
And there I kept him all that long day.

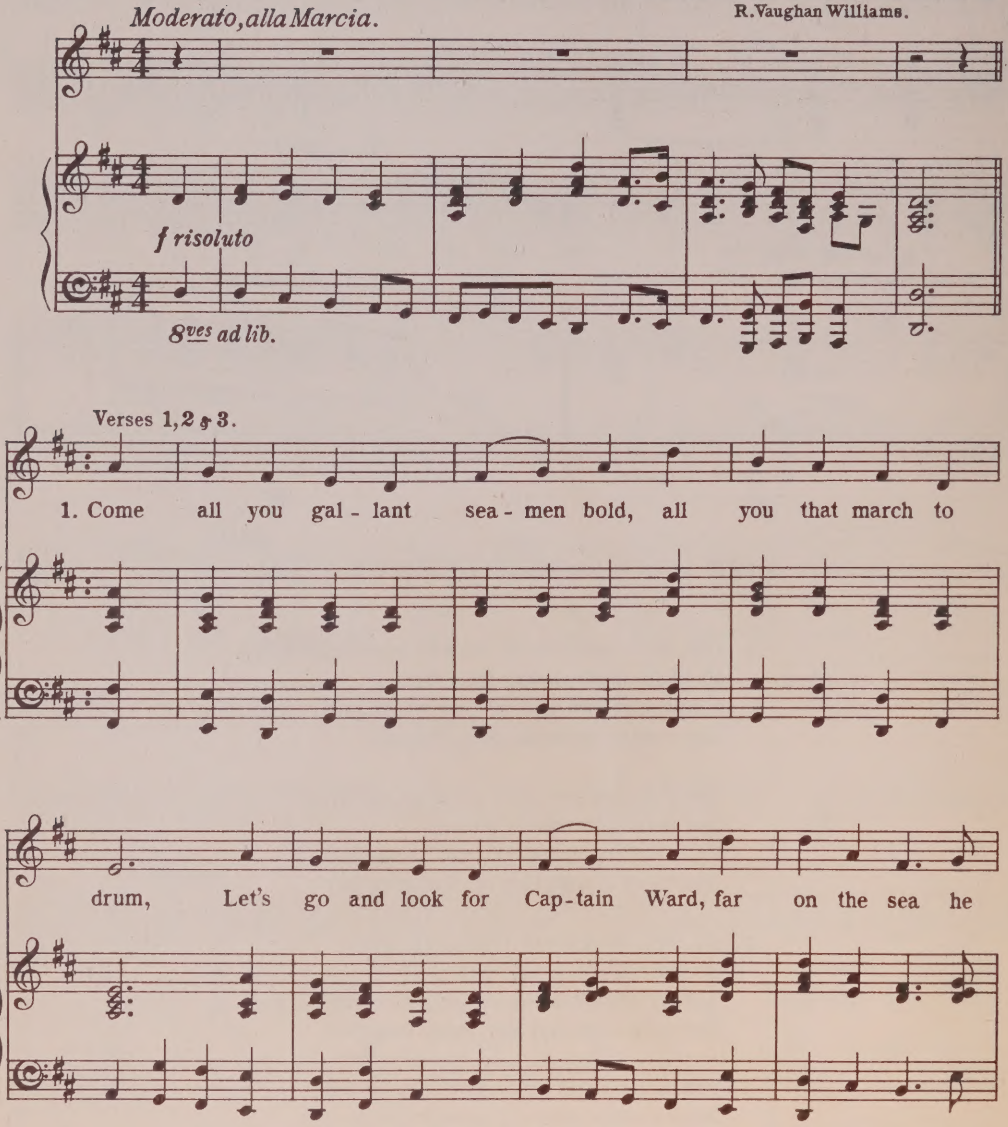
3. All with my gasket I misused him,
So shamefully I can't deny,
And by my barbarous cruel entreatment,
The very next day this poor boy died.

4. You captains all throughout the nation,
Hear a voice and a warning take by me;
Take special care of your apprentice
While you are on the raging sea.

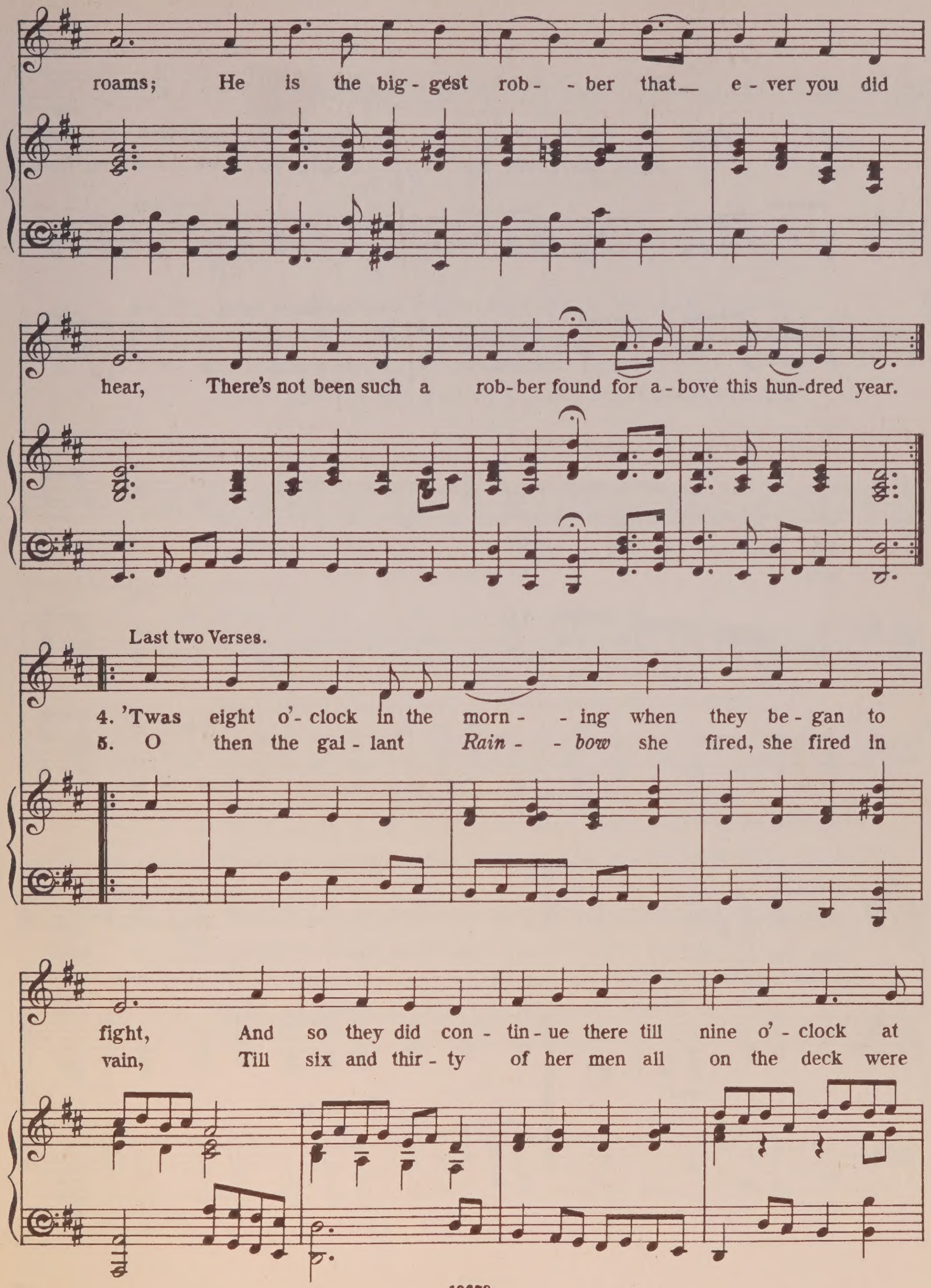
WARD, THE PIRATE.

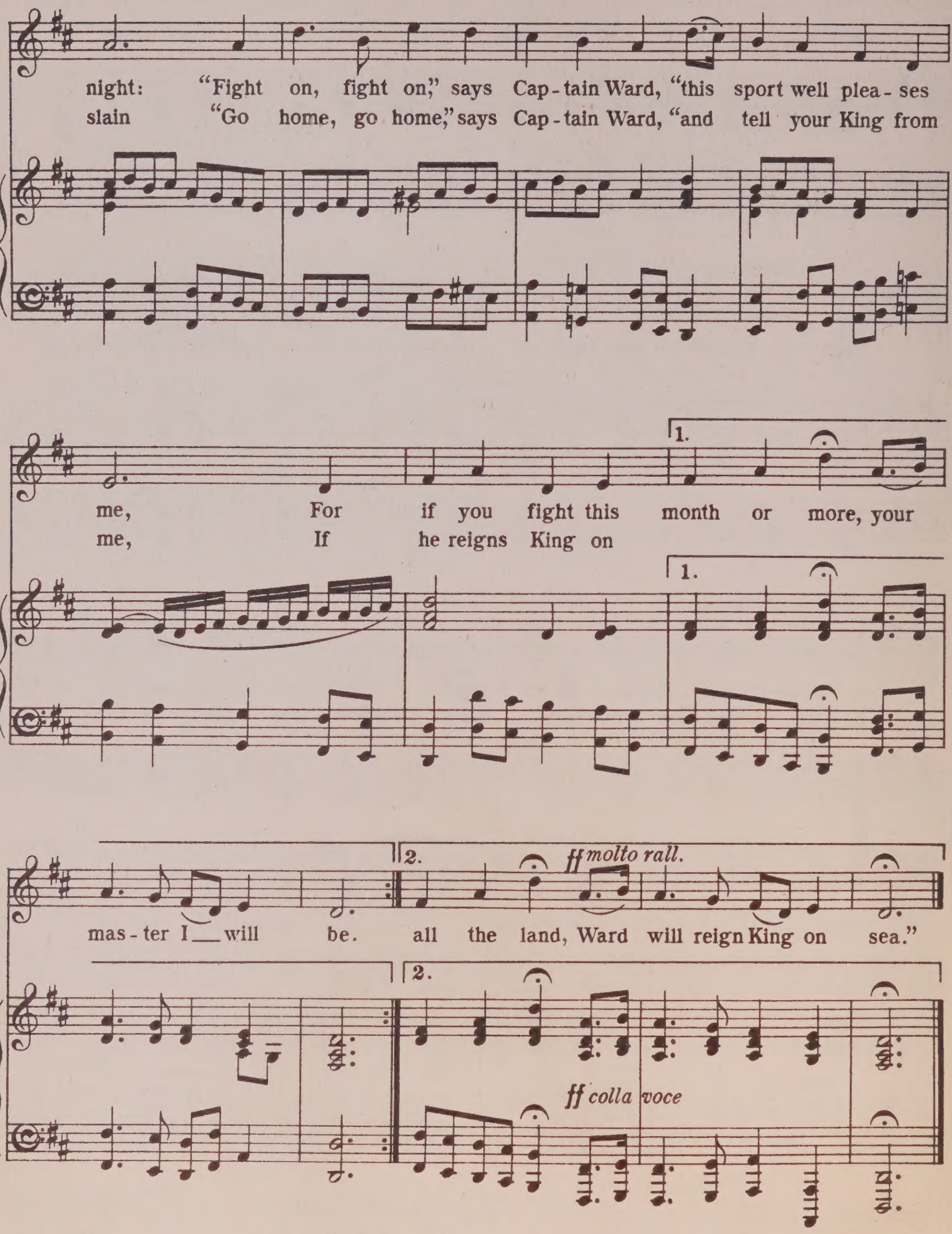
(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato, alla Marcia.
f risoluto
8ves ad lib.
Verses 1, 2 & 3.
1. Come all you gal - lant sea - men bold, all you that march to
drum, Let's go and look for Cap-tain Ward, far on the sea he

Note. The accompaniment to the 1st verse may be used throughout. The last two lines of each verse may be repeated in Chorus if such be available.


roams; He is the big-gest rob-ber that e-ver you did
hear, There's not been such a rob-ber found for a-bove this hun-dred year.
Last two Verses.
4. 'Twas eight o'clock in the morn-ing when they be-gan to
5. O then the gal-lant *Rain-bow* she fired, she fired in
fight, And so they did con-tin-ue there till nine o'clock at
vain, Till six and thir-ty of her men all on the deck were


night: "Fight on, fight on," says Cap-tain Ward, "this sport well plea-ses
slain "Go home, go home," says Cap-tain Ward, "and tell your King from
me, For if you fight this month or more, your
me, If he reigns King on
1.
mas-ter I will be.
2.
ff molto rall.
all the land, Ward will reign King on sea."
ff colla voce

WARD, THE PIRATE.

1. Come all you gallant seamen bold, all you that march to drum,
Let's go and look for Captain Ward, far on the sea he roams;
He is the biggest robber that ever you did hear,
There's not been such a robber found for above this hundred year.

2. A ship was sailing from the east and going to the west,
Loaded with silks and satins and velvets of the best,
But meeting there with Captain Ward, it was a bad meeting;
He robbéd them of all their wealth and bid them tell their King.

3. O then the King provided a ship of noble fame,
She's called the *Royal Rainbow,* if you would know her name;
She was as well provided for as any ship can be,
Full thirteen hundred men on board, to bear her company.

4. 'Twas eight o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,
And so they did continue there till nine o'clock at night:
"Fight on, fight on," says Captain Ward, "this sport well pleases me,
For if you fight this month or more, your master I will be."

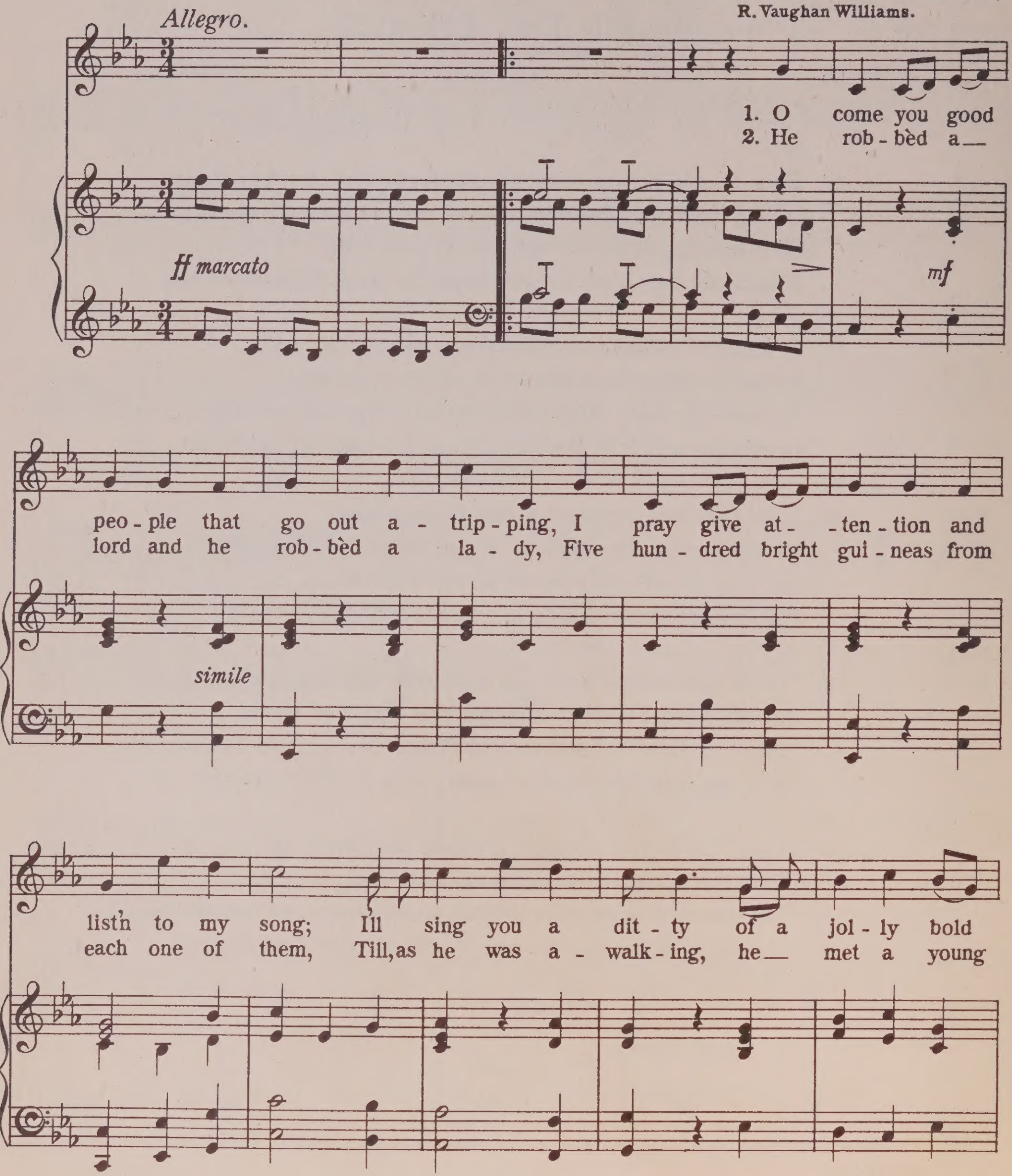
5. O then the gallant *Rainbow* she fired, she fired in vain,
Till six and thirty of her men all on the deck were slain.
"Go home, go home," says Captain Ward, "and tell your King from me,
If he reigns King on all the land, Ward will reign King on sea."

Note. **The above words have been completed partly from a Sussex version (sung to another tune) and partly from a printed copy.**

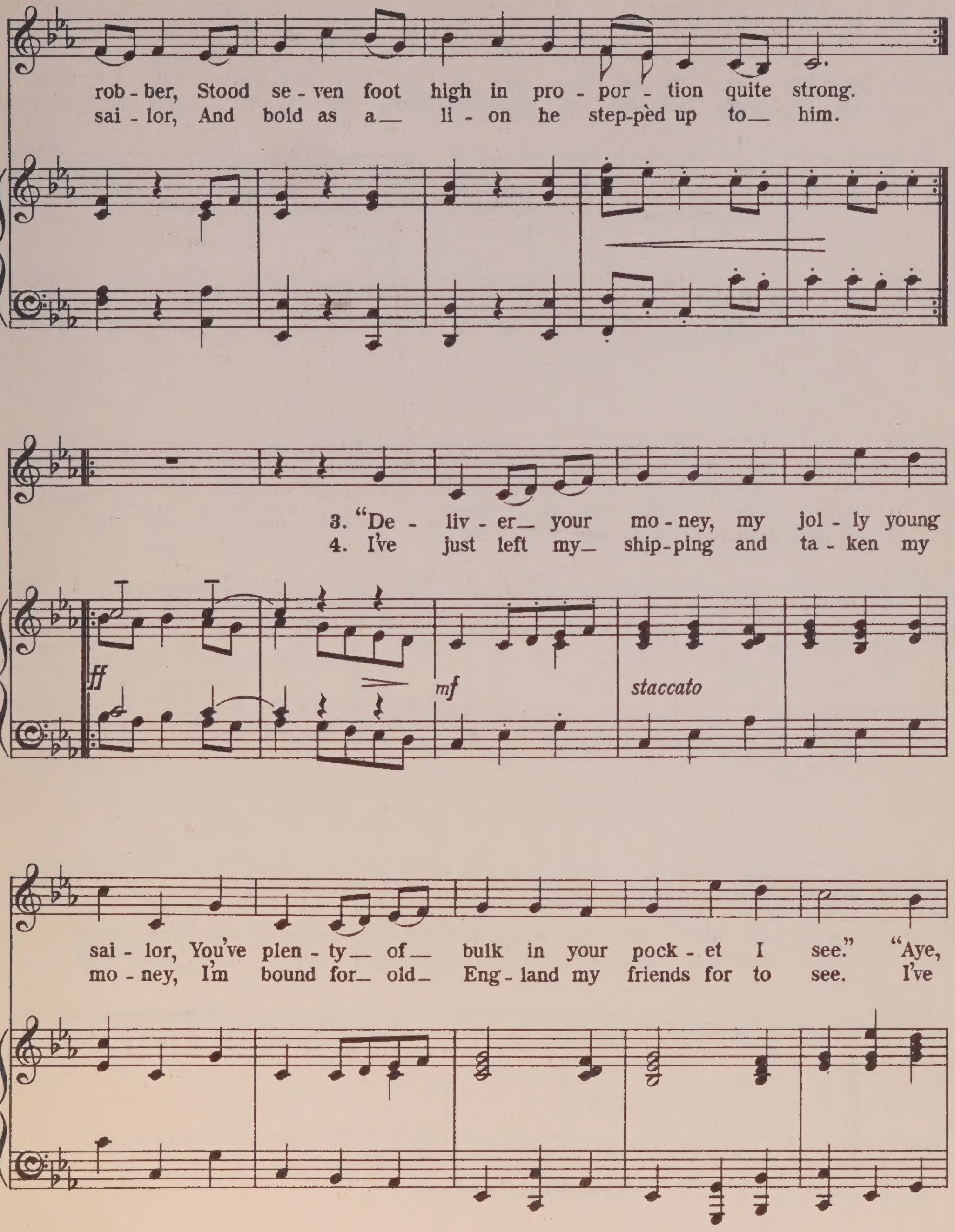
THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER.

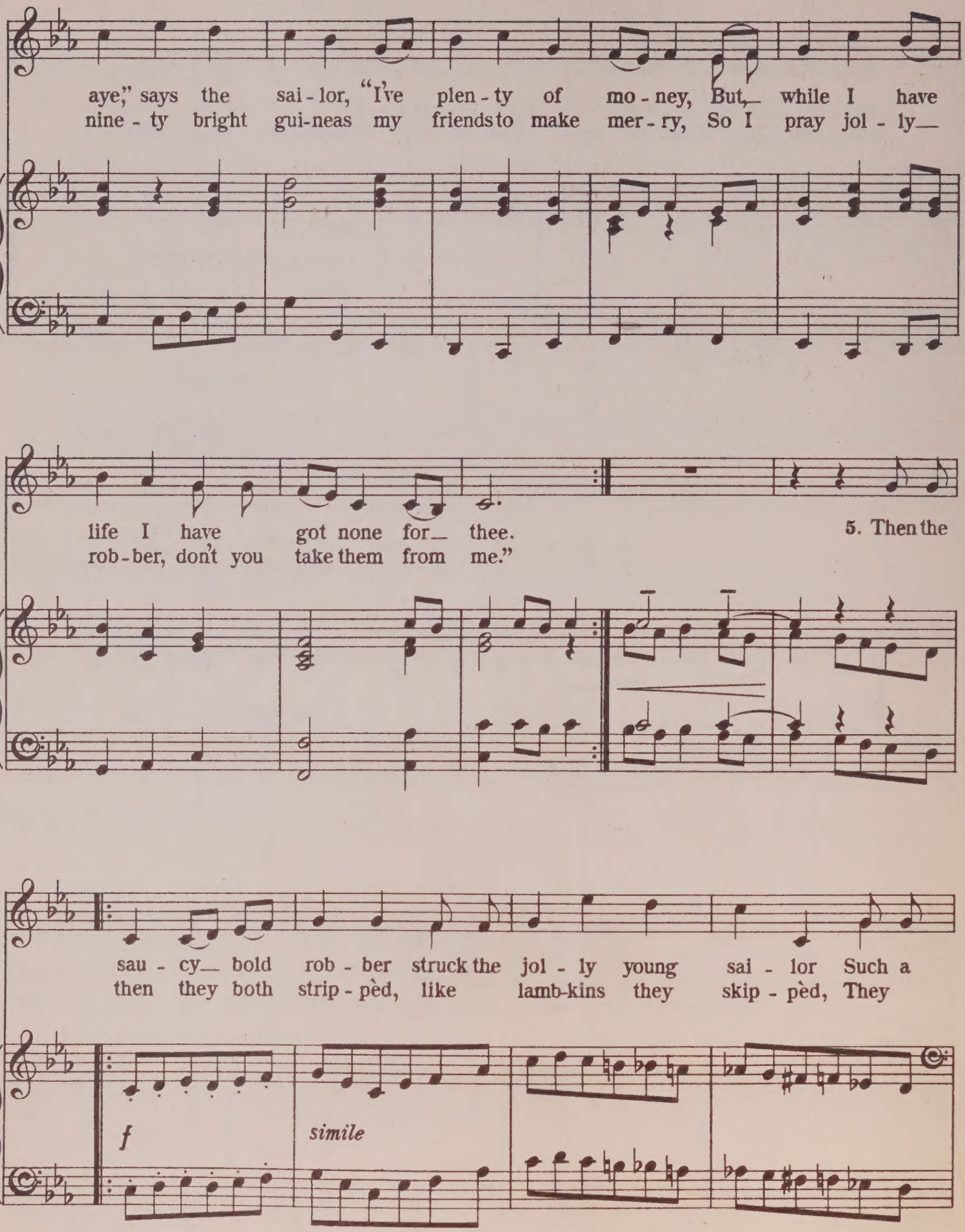
(NORFOLK.)

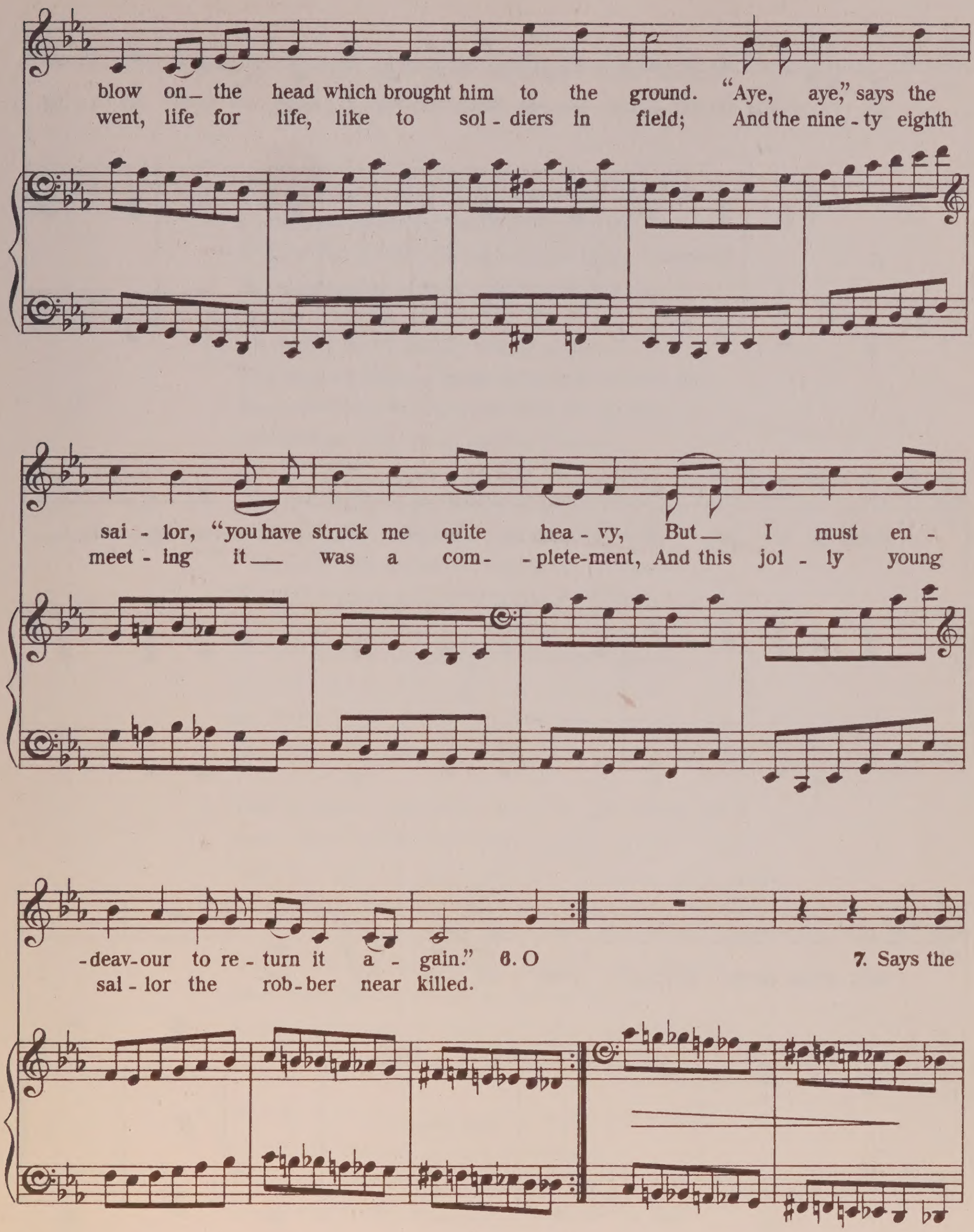
Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.

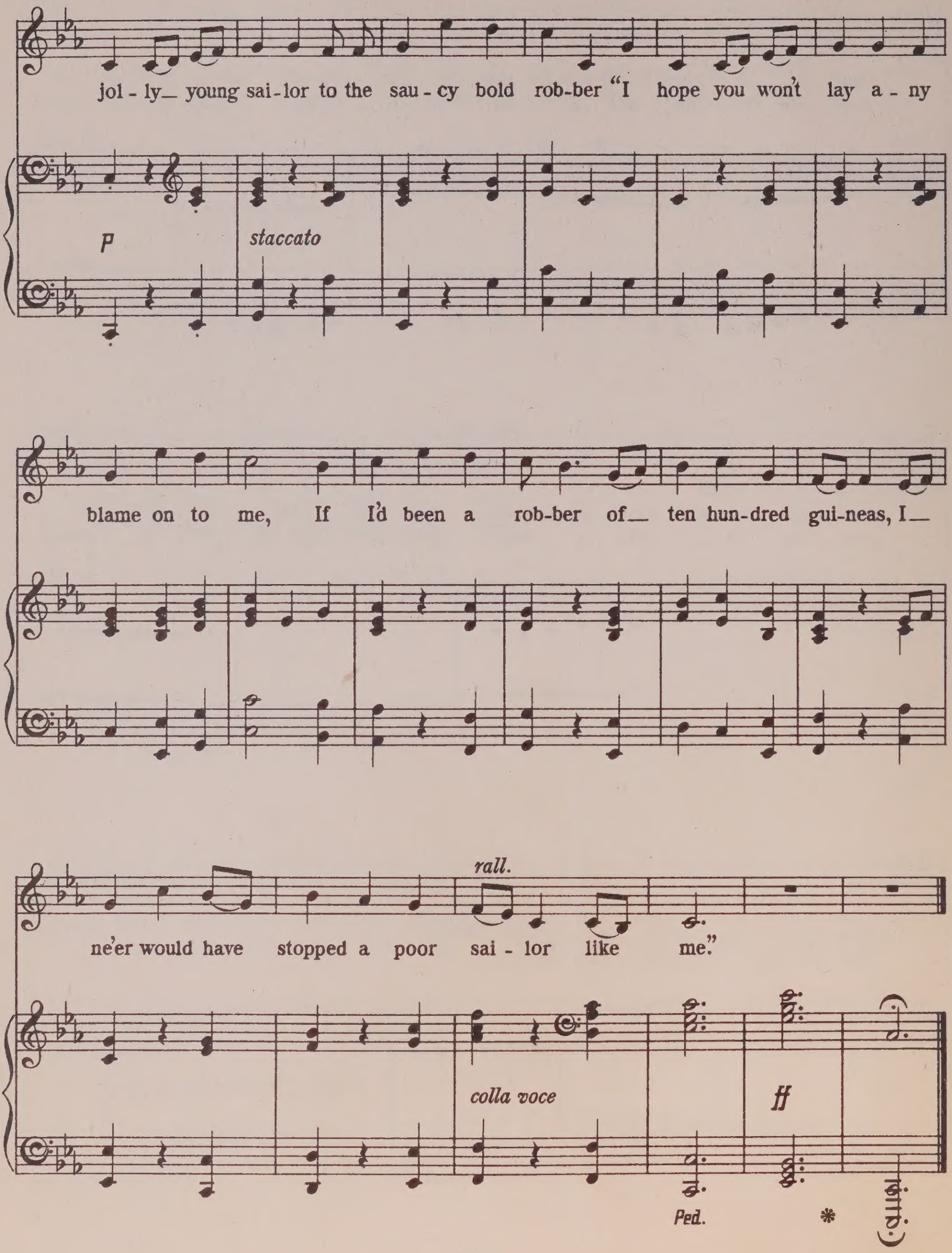

Allegro.
ff marcato
mf
simile
1. O come you good people that go out a - trip - ping, I pray give at - - ten - tion and list'n to my song; I'll sing you a dit - ty of a jol - ly bold
2. He rob - bèd a — lord and he rob - bèd a la - dy, Five hun - dred bright gui - neas from each one of them, Till, as he was a - walk - ing, he — met a young

12678


rob - ber, Stood se - ven foot high in pro - por - tion quite strong.
sai - lor, And bold as a — li - on he step-pèd up to — him.
3. "De - liv - er — your mo - ney, my jol - ly young
4. I've just left my — ship-ping and ta - ken my
ff
mf
staccato
sai - lor, You've plen - ty — of — bulk in your pock - et I see." "Aye,
mo - ney, I'm bound for — old — Eng - land my friends for to see. I've


aye," says the sai-lor, "I've plen-ty of mo-ney, But, while I have
nine-ty bright gui-neas my friends to make mer-ry, So I pray jol-ly
life I have got none for thee.
rob-ber, don't you take them from me."
5. Then the
sau-cy bold rob-ber struck the jol-ly young sai-lor Such a
then they both strip-pèd, like lamb-kins they skip-pèd, They
f
simile


blow on_ the head which brought him to the ground. "Aye, aye," says the
went, life for life, like to sol - diers in field; And the nine - ty eighth
sai - lor, "you have struck me quite hea - vy, But_ I must en -
meet - ing it_ was a com- - plete-ment, And this jol - ly young
-deav-our to re - turn it a - gain." 6. O
sal - lor the rob-ber near killed.
7. Says the


jol - ly_ young sai - lor to the sau - cy bold rob-ber "I hope you won't lay a - ny
p
staccato
blame on to me, If I'd been a rob-ber of_ ten hun-dred gui-neas, I_
rall.
ne'er would have stopped a poor sai - lor like me."
colla voce
ff
Ped.
*
(8va.)

THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER.

1. O come you good people that go out a-tripping,
I pray give attention and list'n to my song;
I'll sing you a ditty of a jolly bold robber,
Stood seven foot high,in proportion quite strong.

2. He robbèd a lord and he robbèd a lady,
Five hundred bright guineas from each one of them,
Till, as he was a-walking, he met a young sailor,
And bold as a lion he steppèd up to him.

3. "Deliver your money, my jolly young sailor,
You've plenty of bulk in your pocket I see."
"Aye, aye," says the sailor, I've plenty of money,
But while I have life I have got none for thee.

4. I've just left my shipping and taken my money,
I'm bound for old England my friends for to see.
I've ninety bright guineas my friends to make merry,
So I pray jolly robber, don't you take them from me."

5. Then the saucy bold robber struck the jolly young sailor
Such a blow on the head which brought him to the ground.
"Aye, aye" says the sailor, "you have struck me quite heavy,
But I must endeavour to return it again."

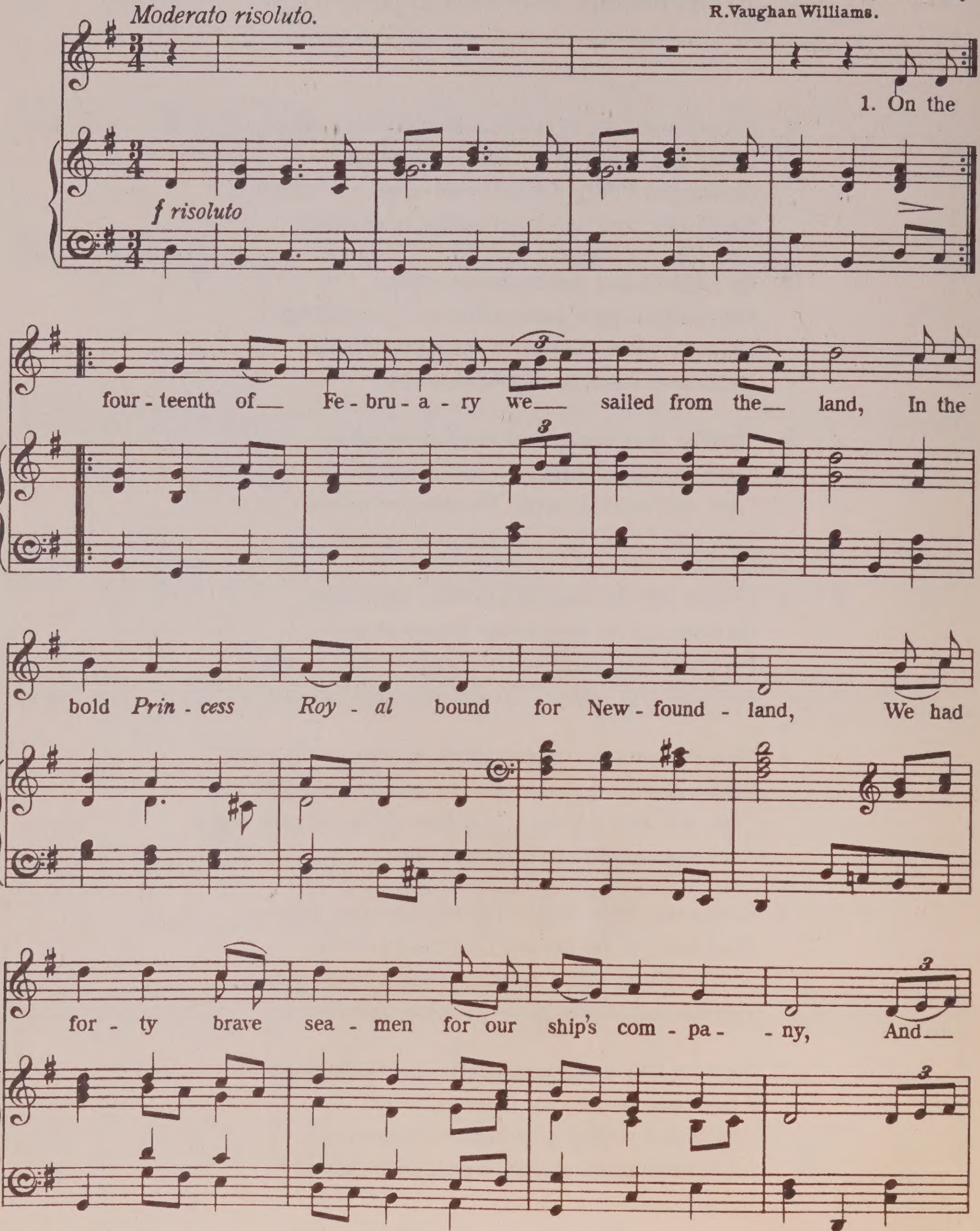
6. O then they both strippèd,like lambkins they skippèd,
They went,life for life like to soldiers in field;
And the ninety eighth meeting it was a completement,
And this jolly young sailor the robber near killed.

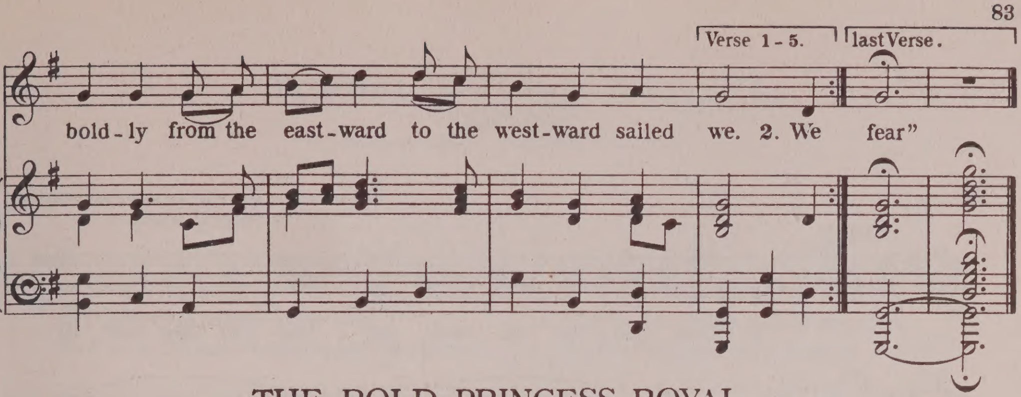
7. Says the jolly young sailor to the saucy bold robber
"I hope you won't lay any blame on to me,
If I'd been a robber of ten hundred guineas,
I ne'er would have stopped a poor sailor like me."

THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato risoluto.
f risoluto
1. On the
four - teenth of__ Fe - bru - a - ry we__ sailed from the__ land, In the
bold Prin - cess Roy - al bound for New - found - land, We had
for - ty brave sea - men for our ship's com - pa - - ny, And__
3


Verse 1-5.
last Verse.
bold-ly from the east-ward to the west-ward sailed we. 2. We
fear"

THE BOLD PRINCESS ROYAL.

1. On the fourteenth of February we sailed from the land,
In the bold *Princess Royal* bound for Newfoundland,
We had forty brave seamen for our ship's company,
And boldly from the eastward to the westward sailed we.

2. We had not been sailing past days two or three,
When a man from our foremast a sail he did see,
She hove down upon us to see what we were,
And under her foremast black colours she wore.

3. Now when this bold pirate she hove alongside,
With a large speaking trumpet "whence come you" they cried.
Our captain being aft, boys, he answered him so; –
"We come from fair London and we're bound for Cairo."

4. "Come haul down your topsails, your sternsails also,
For I have a letter to send home by you."
"I'll not haul down my topsail nor heave my sails to,
But shall be in some harbour, not alongside of you."

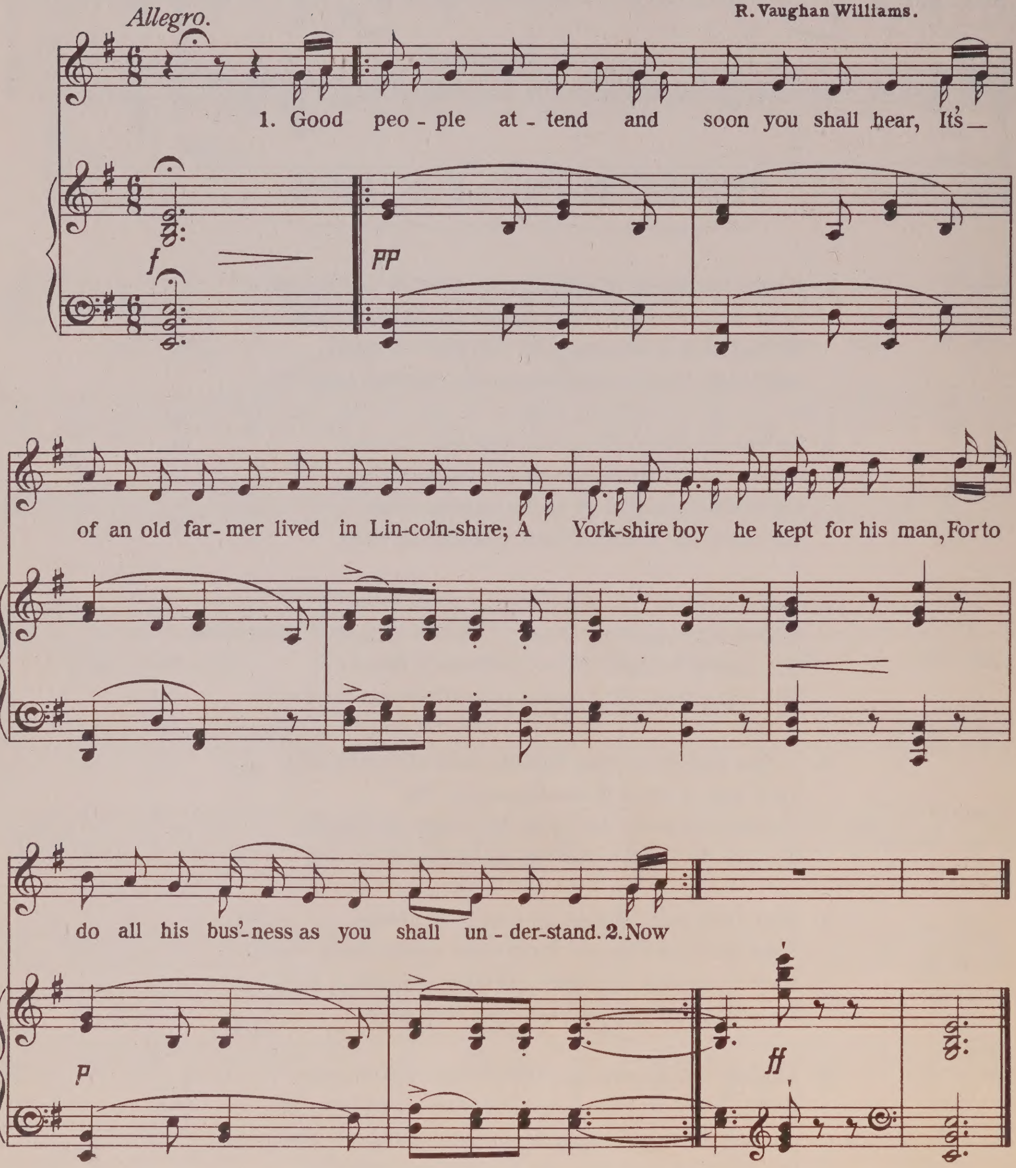
5. They firèd shot after us but could not prevail,
When the bold *Princess Royal* soon shewed them her tail,
They drove us to windward, but couldn't make us stay,
We hoisted our mainsail and then bore away.

6. "Thank God," cries our captain, "the pirate is gone.
Come down to your grog boys, come down everyone,
Come down to your grog boys and be of good cheer,
For while we have sea-room, brave boys, never fear."

THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

(NORFOLK.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro.
1. Good peo - ple at - tend and soon you shall hear, It's —
of an old far - mer lived in Lin-coln-shire; A York-shire boy he kept for his man, For to
do all his bus'-ness as you shall un - der-stand. 2. Now
f
pp
p
ff

THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

1. Good people attend and soon you shall hear,
It's of an old farmer lived in Lincolnshire;
A Yorkshire boy he kept for his man,
For to do all his business, as you shall understand.

2. Now early one morning he called for his man,
For to go to the fair, as you shall understand,
Saying "Boy, th'old cow you shall take to the fair,
For she is in good order and her I can spare."

3. Away the boy went with the cow in a band,
To go to the fair, as you shall understand,
As he was going he met with three men,
And he sold his old cow for six pound ten.

4. Away then they went to an ale-house to drink
And there the three men paid the boy down his clink,
There sat an old highwayman drinking of wine,
Said he to himself "all that money is mine."

* 5. The boy then unto the landlady did say,
"What am I to do with my money I pray,"
"I'll sew it within your coat-lining," said she
"For fear on the highway you robbèd should be."

6. The boy took his leave and home he did go,
The highwayman he followed after also,
And soon o'ertook him upon the highway;
"O well overtaken young man" he did say.

7. "Will you get up behind me" the highwayman said,
"How far are you going? the poor boy replied
"Four miles, and further, for ought that I know,"
So it's "jump up behind" and away they did go.

8. They rode till they came to a green shaded lane _
"O now my young man I must tell it you plain,
Deliver your money, without any strife,
Or else I will soon make an end of your life."

9. When he found that he had no time to dispute,
He quickly alighted without fear or doubt.
He tore his coat-lining, the money pulled out,
And all in the long grass he strewed it about.

10. The highwayman he jumped off from his horse,
But little he thought that it was to his loss,
For while he was gath'ring the money from the grass,
To make him amends he rode off with his horse.

* 11. He holloed and shouted and bid him to stand;
The boy would not hear him but still galloped on
Unto his own master, and to him did bring
A saddle and bridle and many a fine thing.

12. Now as the boy John he was riding home,
The servant was standing all in the front room,
She runs to her master, says she "here's a loss"
Says she "the old cow has turned into a hoss."

13. The saddlebag was opened, within was a hole,
They took sixty pounds out in silver and gold,
Says the boy to his master "I hope you'll allow
That master, dear master, I've well sold your cow."

* 14. The boy with his valour and courage so rare,
Three parts of the money he got for his share,
So now the highwayman he's lost a great store,
And he may go robbing until he gets more.

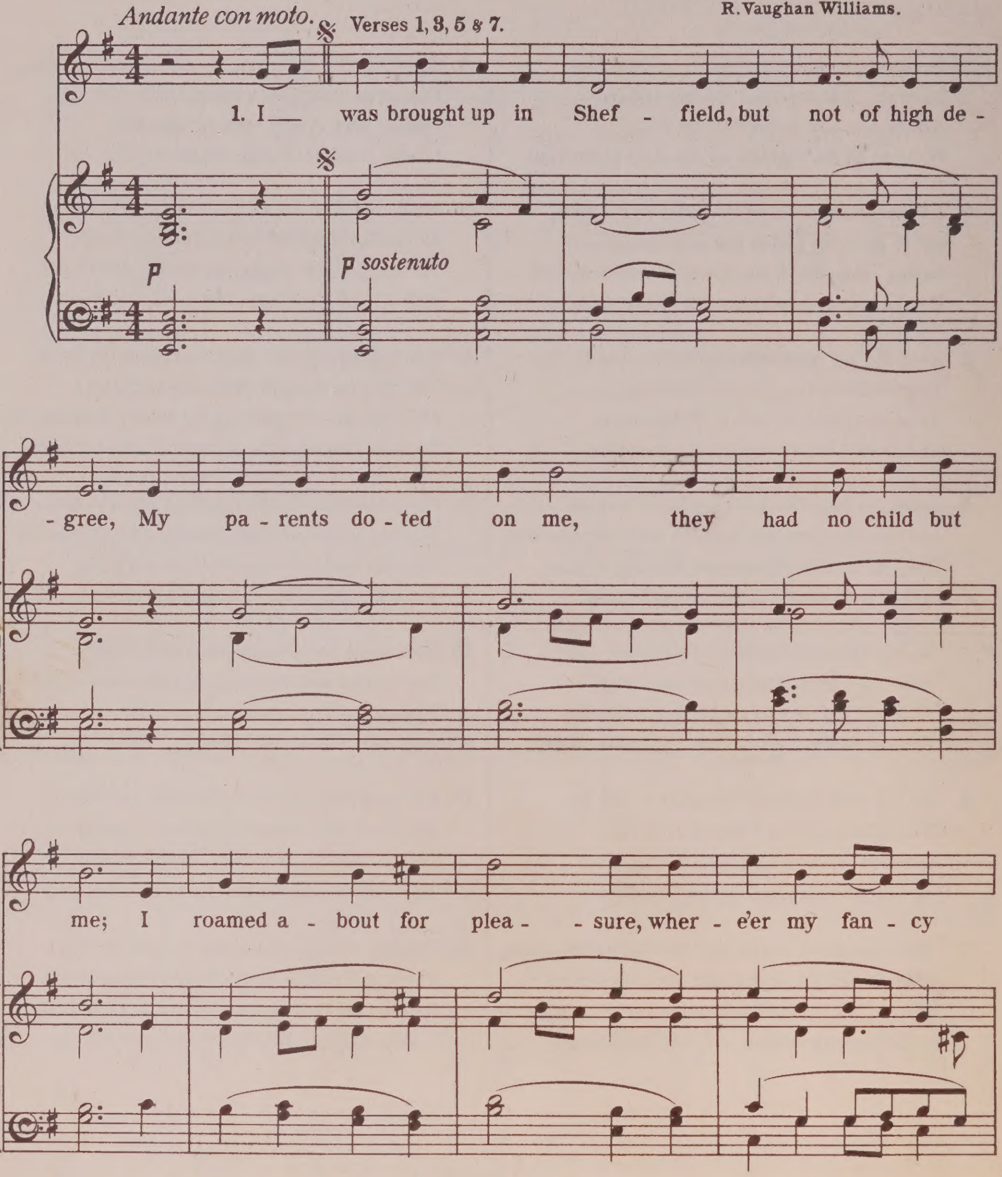
Note. A few lines have had to be supplied from a printed version and elsewhere.

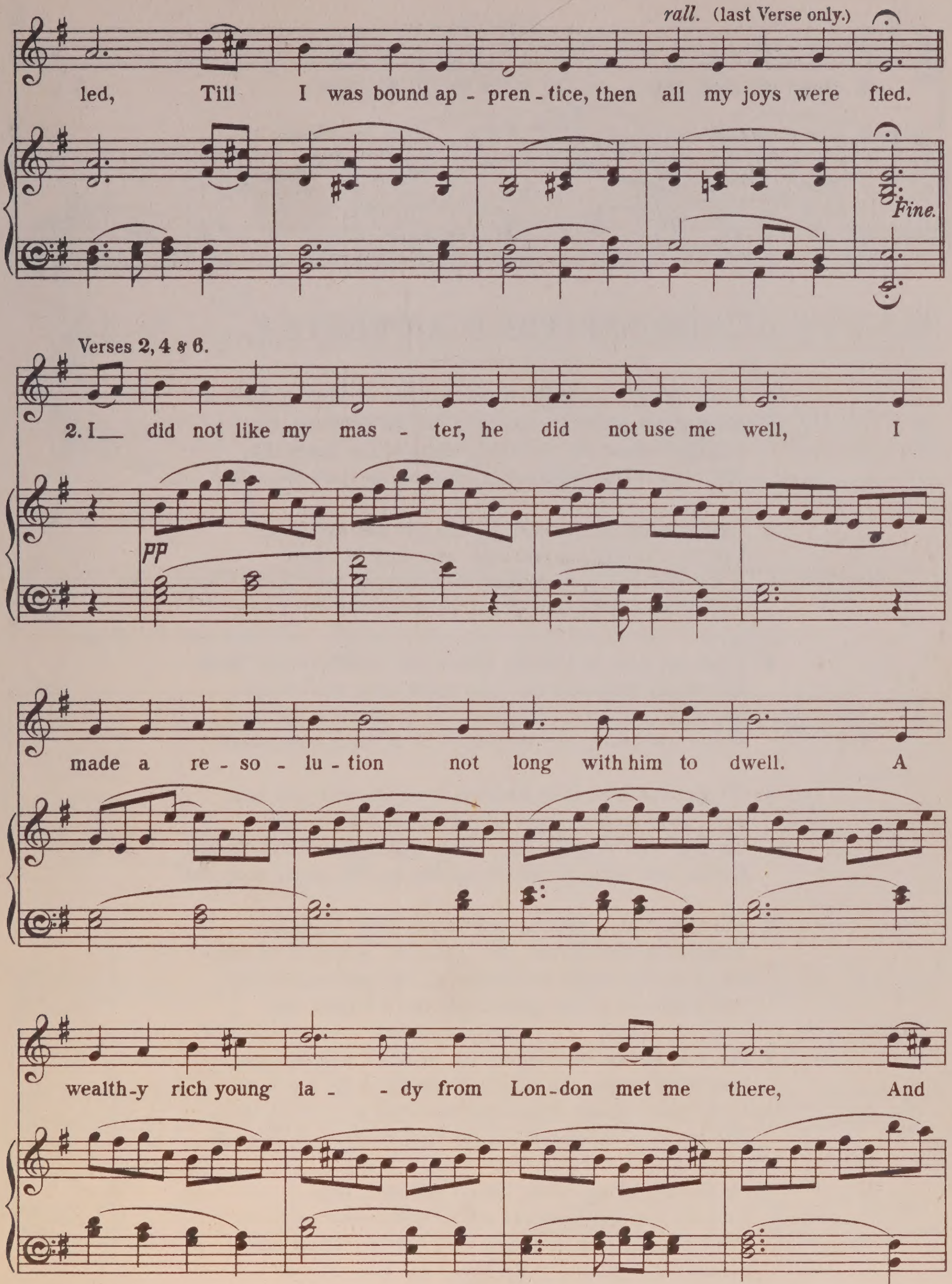
* Verses 5, 11 and 14 may be omitted.

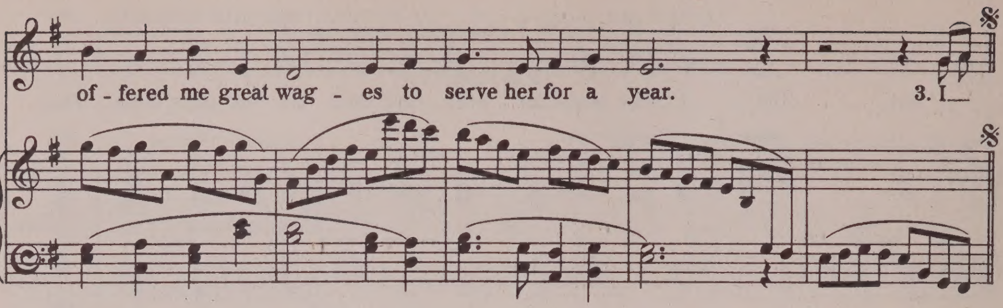
THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

(NORFOLK)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante con moto.
Verses 1, 3, 5 & 7.
1. I___ was brought up in Shef - field, but not of high de - gree, My pa - rents do - ted on me, they had no child but me; I roamed a - bout for plea - sure, wher - e'er my fan - cy
p
p sostenuto


rall. (last Verse only.)
led, Till I was bound ap - pren - tice, then all my joys were fled.
Fine.
Verses 2, 4 & 6.
2. I did not like my mas - ter, he did not use me well, I
pp
made a re - so - lu - tion not long with him to dwell. A
wealth - y rich young la - - dy from Lon - don met me there, And



THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

1. I was brought up in Sheffield, but not of high degree;
My parents doted on me, they had no child but me;
I roamed about for pleasure, where'er my fancy led,
Till I was bound apprentice, then all my joys were fled.

2. I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
I made a resolution not long with him to dwell.
A wealthy rich young lady from London met me there,
And offered me great wages to serve her for a year.

3. I had not been in London scarce one month, two or three,
Before my honoured mistress grew very fond of me,
She said "I've gold, I've silver, I've houses and I've land,
If you will marry me they shall be at your command."

4. "O no, dear honoured mistress I cannot wed you now,
For I have lately promised likewise a solemn vow,
To wed with dearest Polly your handsome chambermaid,
Excuse me honoured mistress, she has my heart betrayed."

5. She flew into a passion and turned away from me,
Resolved within herself she would be revenged on me;
Her gold ring from her finger, as she was passing by,
She slipped it in my pocket, and for it I must die.

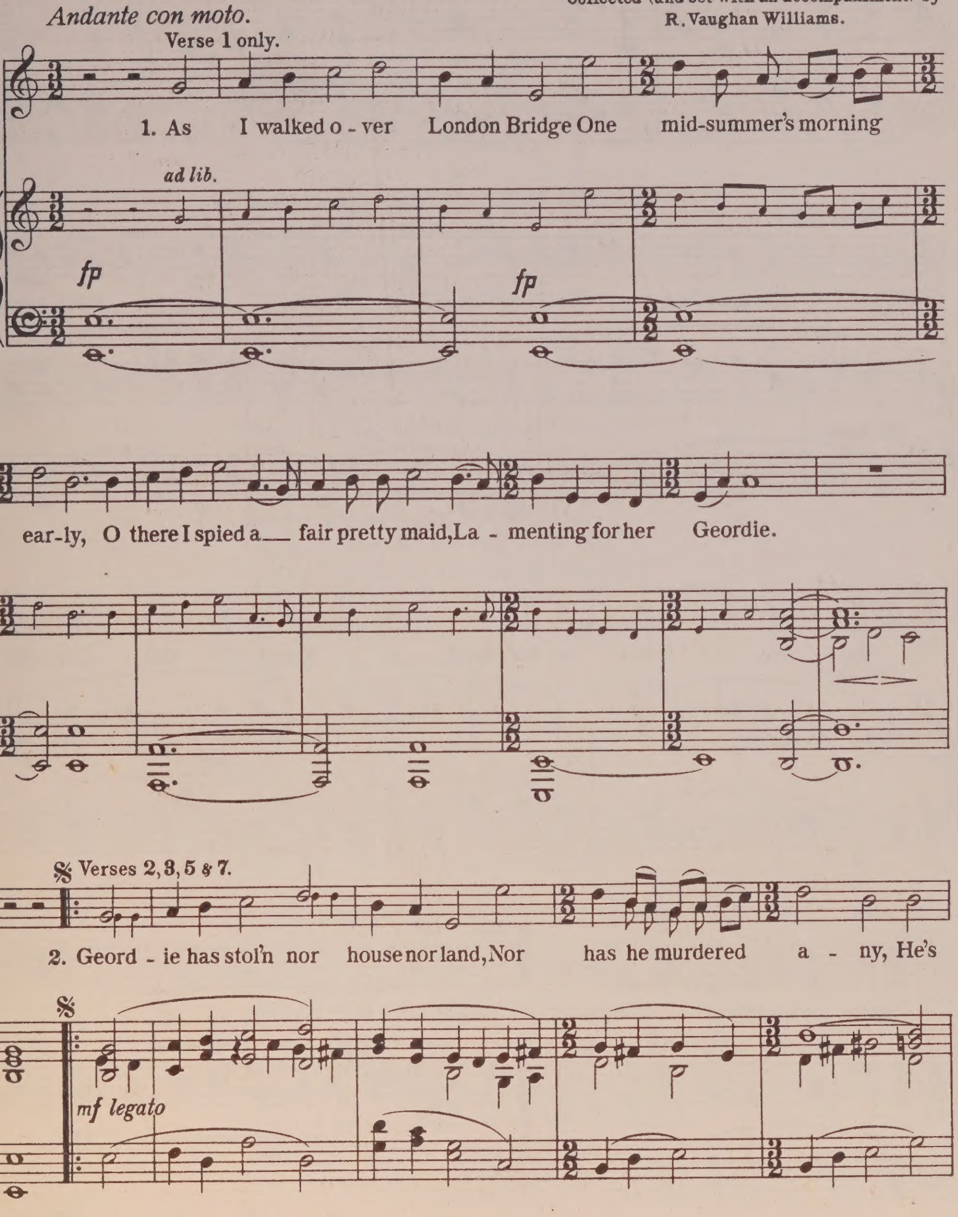
6. For that before the justice, the justice I was brought,
And there before the justice I answered for my fault;
Long time I pleaded innocent but that was all in vain,
She swore so false against me that I was sent to gaol.

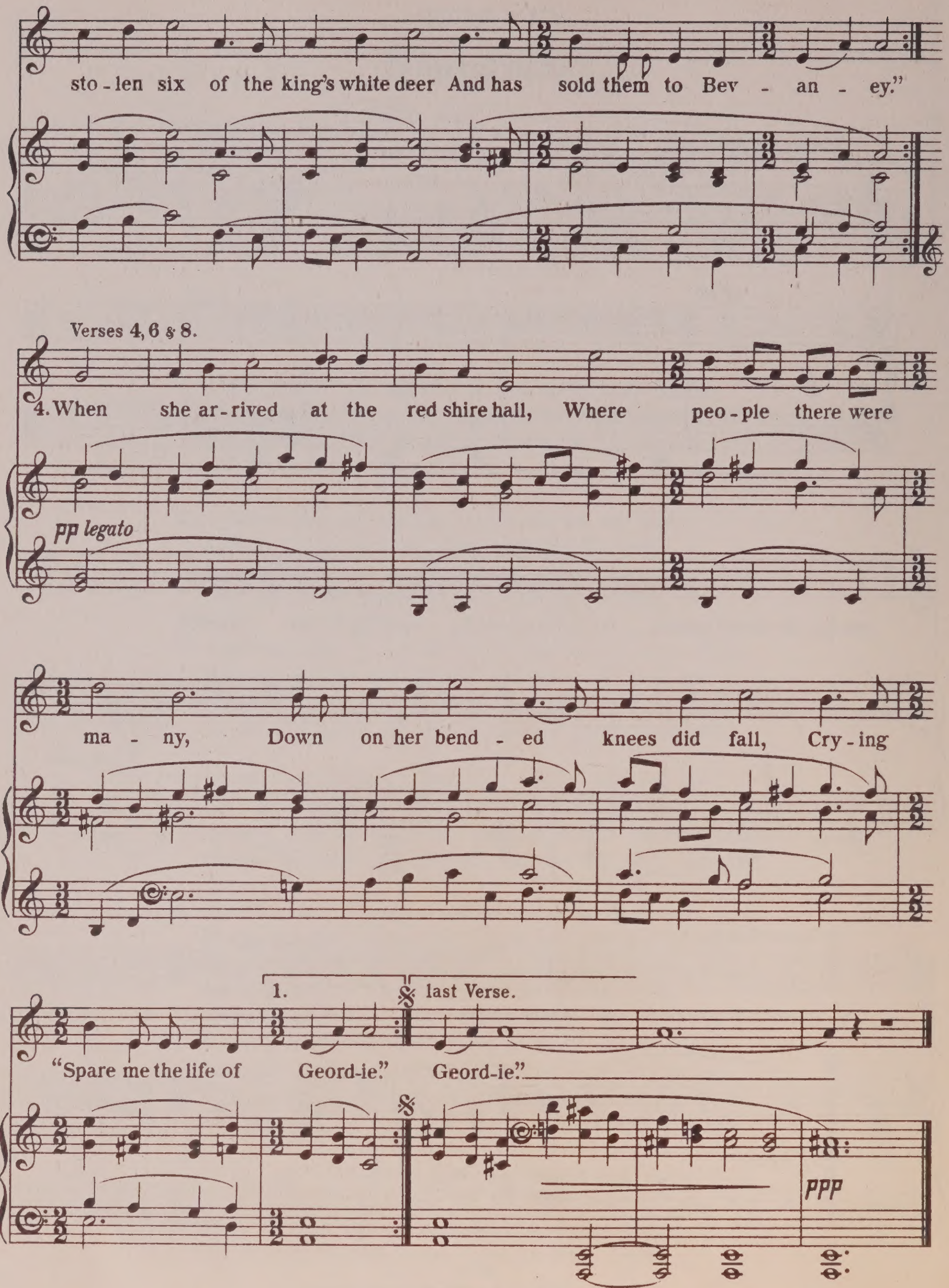
7. On the day of execution, all on that fatal day,
I prayed the people round me "O pray come pity me.
Don't laugh at my downfall, for I bid this world adieu;
Farewell my dearest Polly, I died for love of you."

GEORDIE.

(CAMBRIDGESHIRE.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante con moto.
Verse 1 only.
1. As I walked o - ver London Bridge One mid-summer's morning
ad lib.
fp
fp
ear-ly, O there I spied a fair pretty maid, La - menting for her Geordie.
Verses 2, 3, 5 & 7.
2. Geord - ie has stol'n nor house nor land, Nor has he murdered a - ny, He's
mf legato


sto-len six of the king's white deer And has sold them to Bev-an-ey."
Verses 4, 6 & 8.
4. When she ar-rived at the red shire hall, Where peo-ple there were
pp legato
ma-ny, Down on her bend-ed knees did fall, Cry-ing
"Spare me the life of Geord-ie."
1.
last Verse.
Geord-ie."
ppp

GEORDIE.

1. As I walked over London Bridge
One midsummer's morning early,
O there I spied a fair pretty maid,
Lamenting for her Geordie.

2. "Geordie has stol'n nor house nor land,
Nor has he murdered any,
He's stolen six of the king's white deer
And has sold them to Bevaney."

3. "Come bridle me my milk white steed,
Come saddle me my pony,
That I may ride to the good lord judge,
There I'll beg for the life of Geordie."

4. When she arrived at the red shire hall,
Where people there were many,
Down on her bended knees did fall,
Crying "Spare me the life of Geordie."

5. The judge looked over his left shoulder,
And he was very sorry;
He said "Young woman, you are too late,
For he is condemned already."

6. She turned her heavy eyes around
And fixed them on poor Geordie;
"It's your own confession, and die you must,
May the Lord have mercy on ye!"

7. "Geordie shall be hung in chains of gold,
Such chains as there never were any,
For he is one of the royal blood,
And he courted a royal lady."

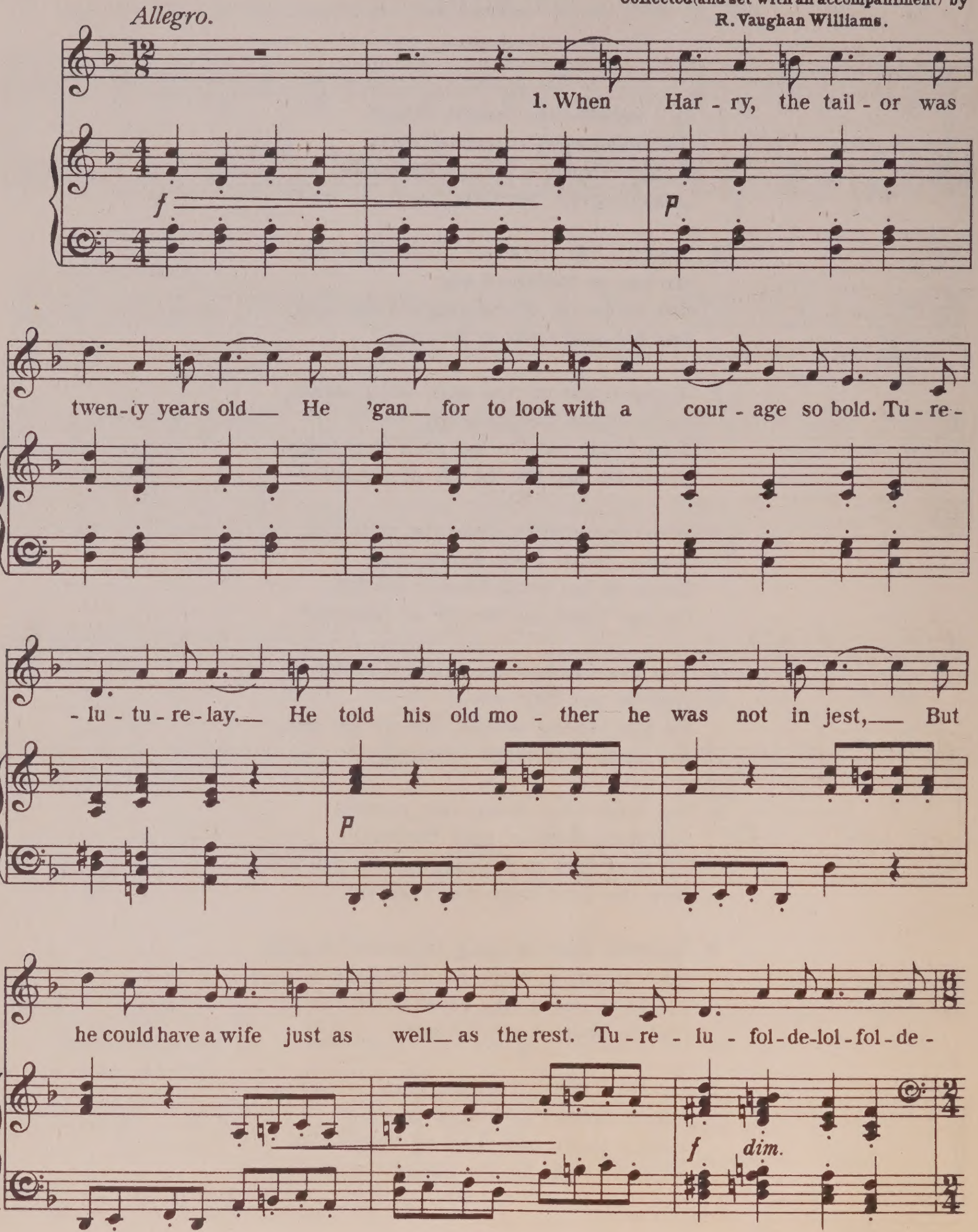
8. "I wish I were on yonder hill,
Where times I have been many,
With a sword and pistol all by my side,
There I'd fight for the life of Geordie."

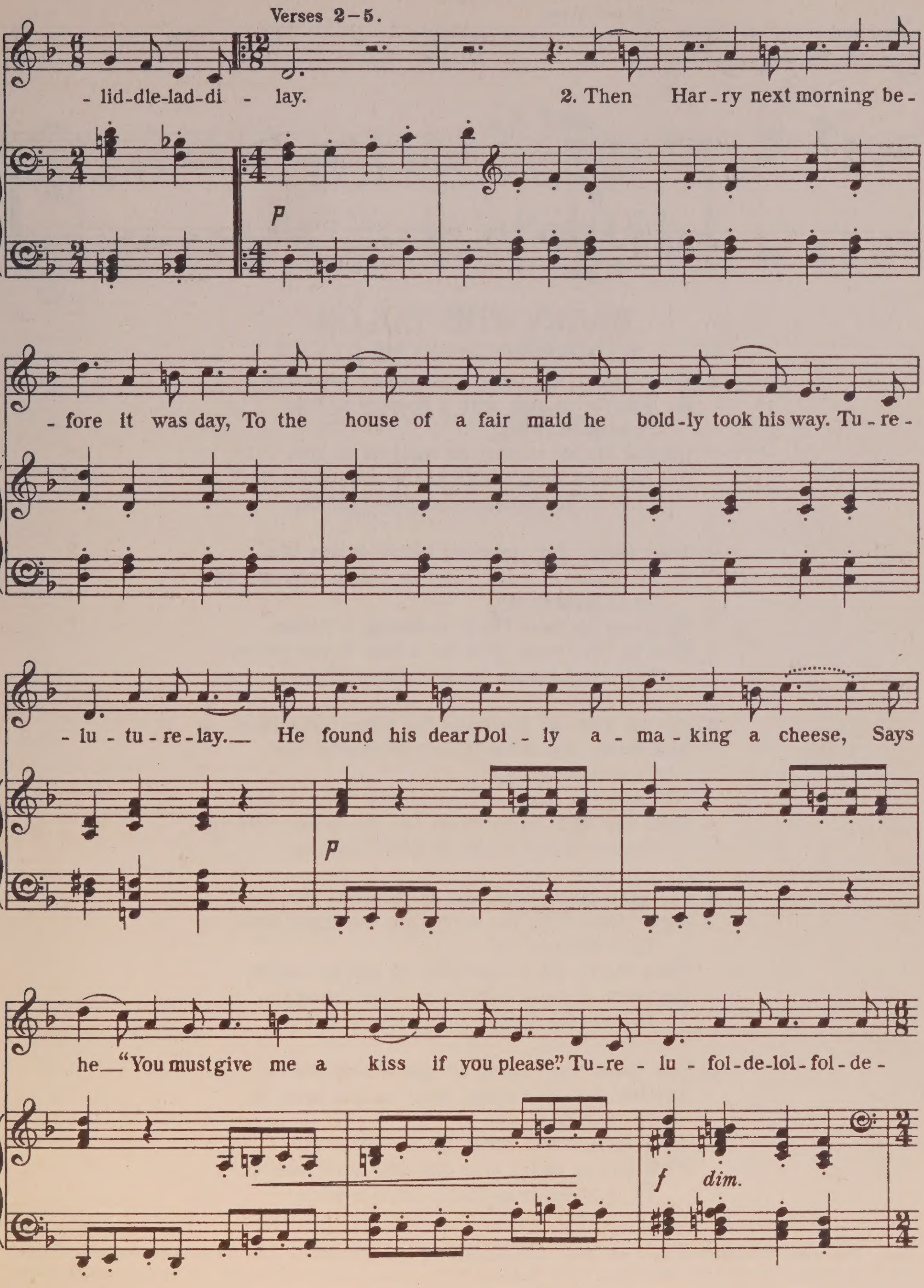
HARRY, THE TAILOR.

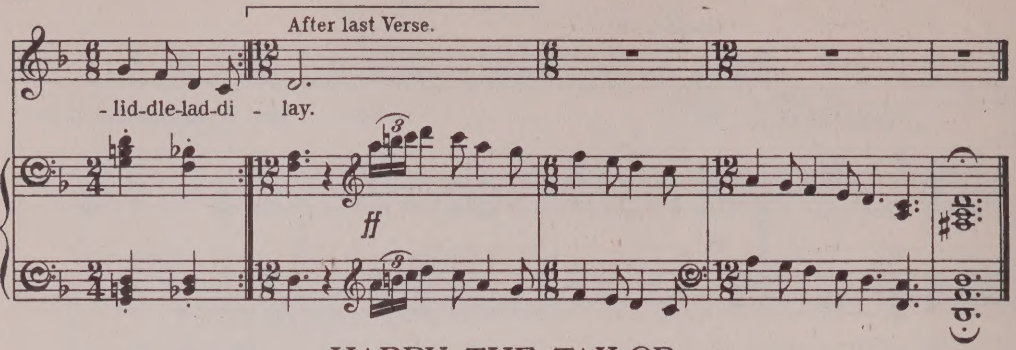
to the tune of "THE TAILOR."

(CAMBRIDGESHIRE.)

Collected (and set with an accompaniment) by
R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro.
1. When Har - ry, the tail - or was
twen - ty years old — He 'gan — for to look with a cour - age so bold. Tu - re -
- lu - tu - re - lay. — He told his old mo - ther he was not in jest, — But
he could have a wife just as well — as the rest. Tu - re - lu - fol - de - lol - fol - de -
f
p
f dim.


Verses 2-5.
-lid-dle-lad-di - lay. 2. Then Har-ry next morning be-
p
-fore it was day, To the house of a fair maid he bold-ly took his way. Tu-re-
-lu - tu - re - lay.— He found his dear Dol - ly a - ma - king a cheese, Says
p
he—"You must give me a kiss if you please." Tu-re - lu - fol-de-lol-fol-de -
f dim.



HARRY, THE TAILOR.

1. When Harry, the tailor was twenty years old,
He 'gan for to look with a courage so bold
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
He told his old mother he was not in jest,
But he could have a wife just as well as the rest.
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

2. Then Harry next morning before it was day,
To the house of a fair maid he boldly took his way.
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
He found his dear Dolly a-making a cheese,
Says he "You must give me a kiss if you please."
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

3. She up with the bowl and the butter-milk flew,
And Harry the tailor looked wonderful blue,
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
"O Dolly my dearest, O what hast thou done?
From my back to my heels has the butter-milk run."
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

4. She gave him a push, and he stumbled and fell
Right down from the dairy into the draw well,
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
Then Harry the plough-boy he ran up amain,
And soon brought him up in a bucket again.
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

5. The tailor went home all like a drowned rat,
And told his old mother what he had been at,
Tu-re-lu-tu-re-lay.
With butter-milk, bowl, and a terrible fall,
"O, if this be called love may the devil take all."
Tu-re-lu-fol-de-lol-fol-de-liddle-laddi-lay.

Note. The words to which this tune was sung are unsuitable for this publication; other words, therefore, (also traditional) have been substituted; they are taken from Bells "Songs of the Peasantry." The burden proper to the tune has, however, been retained.

Novello & Company, Ltd. Engravers & Printers.

FOLK SONGS FROM HAMPSHIRE

Collected by

GEORGE B. GARDINER

with piano accompaniment

by

GUSTAV HOLST

INTRODUCTION

In the summer of 1905, at the suggestion of Miss Lucy Broadwood, a distinguished leader of the folk-song movement, I undertook the systematic collection of folk-songs in Hampshire. The opinion which she then expressed, that Hampshire was a most promising field of research, has been amply justified by the results of my quest during the last three years. Of the hundreds of songs I have recorded, many of the texts are of great legendary interest, while many of the melodies are remarkable for their quaintness or beauty.

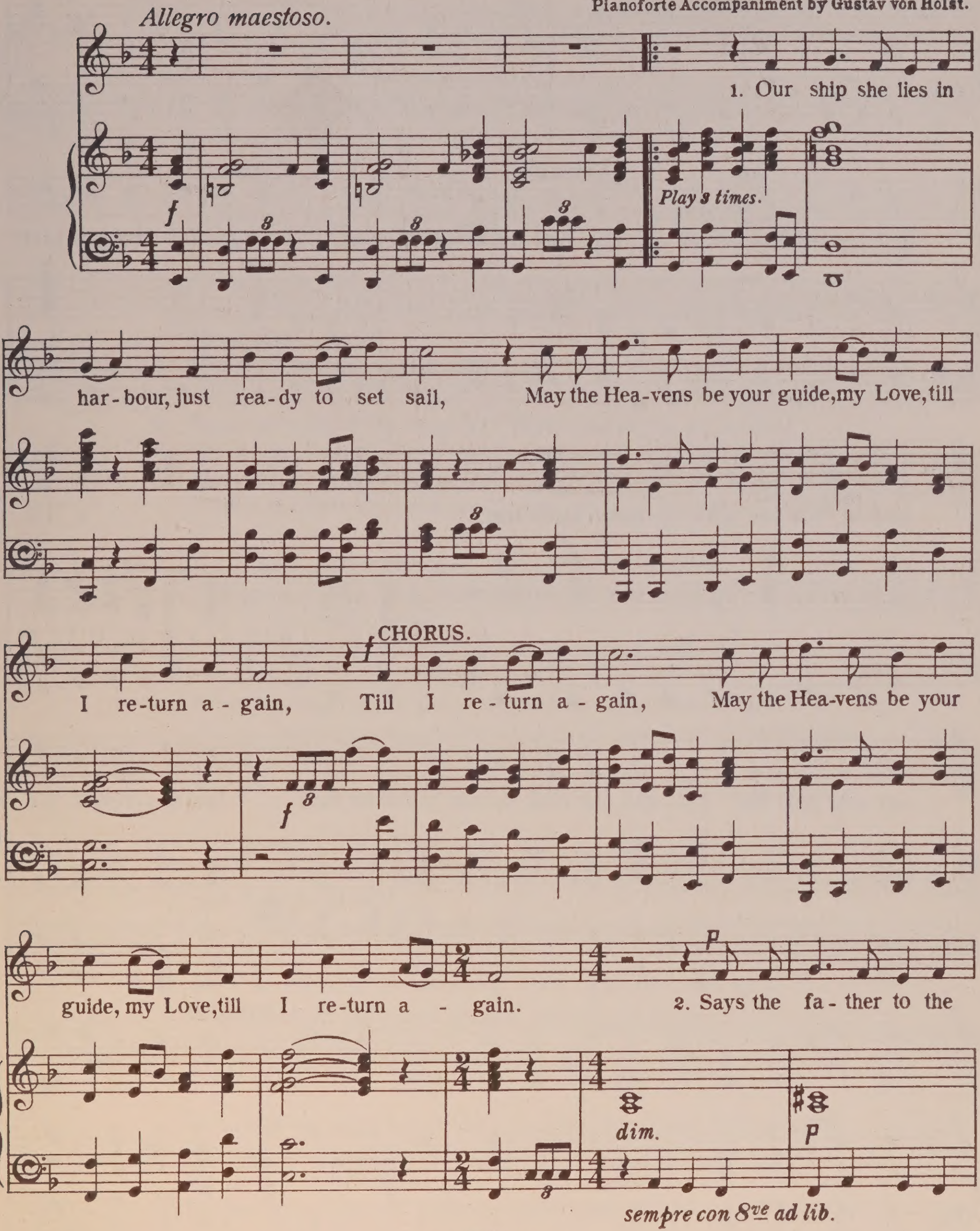
Most of the original texts have been retained with slight modifications; a few that were unsuitable have been replaced by others from traditional sources. Nearly all the melodies have been harmonized more than once. In most cases the simplest harmony accompanies the first verse, and this may be played with the other verses if it is found more convenient. The melody of "The Willow Tree" has suggested special harmonic treatment, as it presents features not usually found in English folk-song.

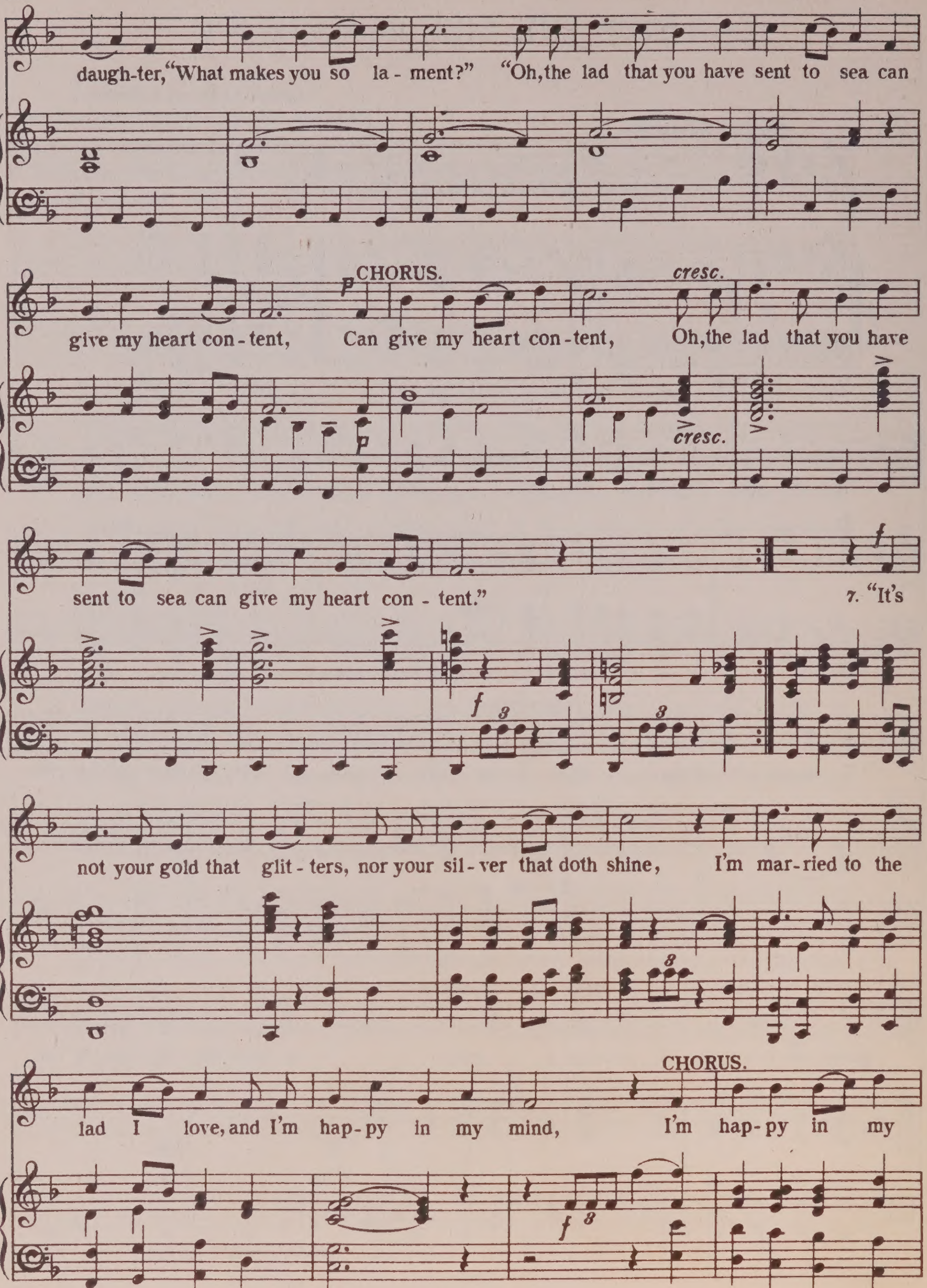
But for the kindness and patience of my singers my large collection could not have been committed to writing, and to them I offer my best thanks. I also desire to acknowledge my great obligations to my musical colleagues—Mr. Gamblin, of Winchester, Mr. Balfour Gardiner, and Mr. Guyer, of Southampton—for the extreme care and fidelity with which they noted the melodies.

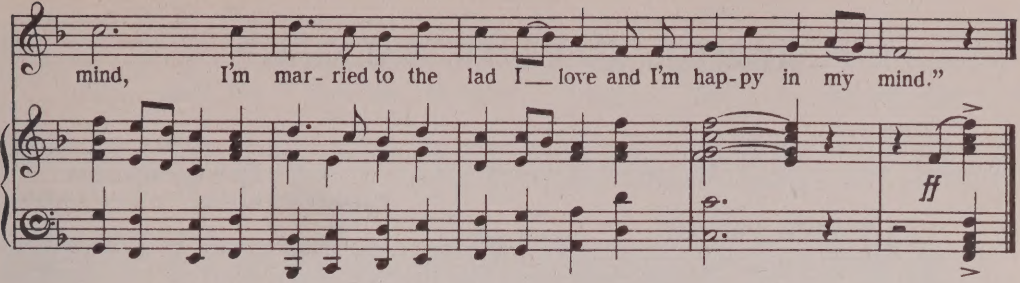
G. B. G.

OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegro maestoso.
f
Play 3 times.
1. Our ship she lies in
har-bour, just rea-dy to set sail, May the Hea-vens be your guide, my Love, till
CHORUS.
I re-turn a-gain, Till I re-turn a-gain, May the Hea-vens be your
guide, my Love, till I re-turn a - gain.
2. Says the fa-ther to the
dim.
p
sempre con 8ve ad lib.


daugh-ter, "What makes you so la - ment?" "Oh, the lad that you have sent to sea can
give my heart con - tent,
CHORUS.
Can give my heart con - tent,
cresc.
Oh, the lad that you have
sent to sea can give my heart con - tent."
7. "It's
not your gold that glit - ters, nor your sil - ver that doth shine,
I'm mar - ried to the
lad I love, and I'm hap - py in my mind,
CHORUS.
I'm hap - py in my


mind, I'm mar-ried to the lad I love and I'm hap-py in my mind."
ff

OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.

1. Our ship she lies in harbour, just ready to set sail,
May the Heavens be your guide, my Love, till I return again,
Till I return again,
May the Heavens be your guide, my Love, till I return again.

2. Says the father to the daughter, "What makes you so lament?"
"Oh, the lad that you have sent to sea can give my heart content,
Can give my heart content,
Oh, the lad that you have sent to sea can give my heart content."

3. "So if that's your inclination," the old man did reply,
"I hope he will continue there, and on the seas may die,
And on the seas may die,
I hope he will continue there, and on the seas may die."

4. When ten long weeks were over, and ten long tedious days,
She saw the ship come sailing in with her true Love from the seas,
With her true Love from the seas,
She saw the ship come sailing in with her true Love from the seas.

5. "Oh, yonder sits my angel, she's waiting there for me,
And tomorrow to the church we'll go, and married we will be,
And married we will be,
And tomorrow to the church we'll go, and married we will be."

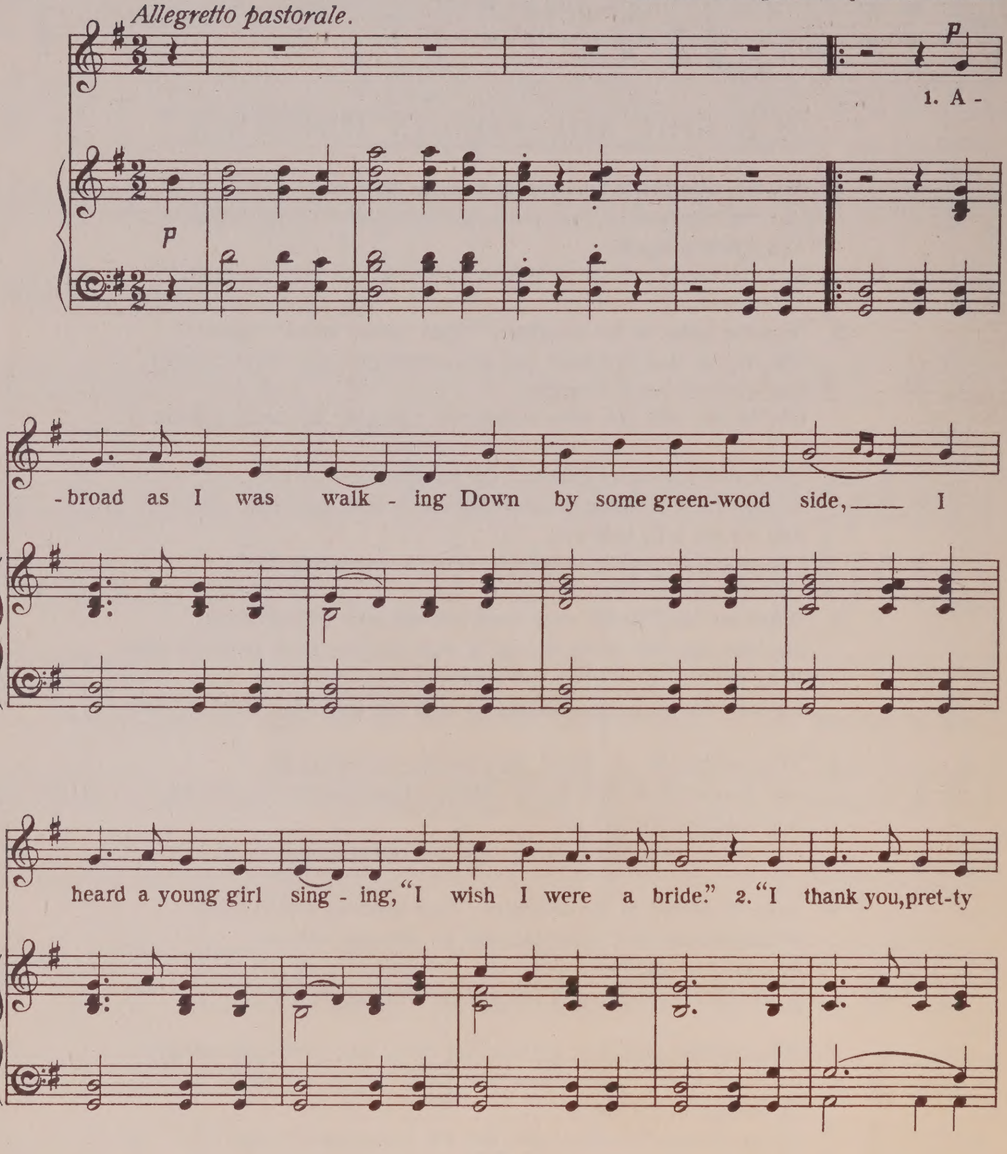
6. Says the father to the daughter, "Five hundred I will give,
If you forsake that sailor lad, and go with me to live,
And go with me to live,
If you forsake that sailor lad, and go with me to live."

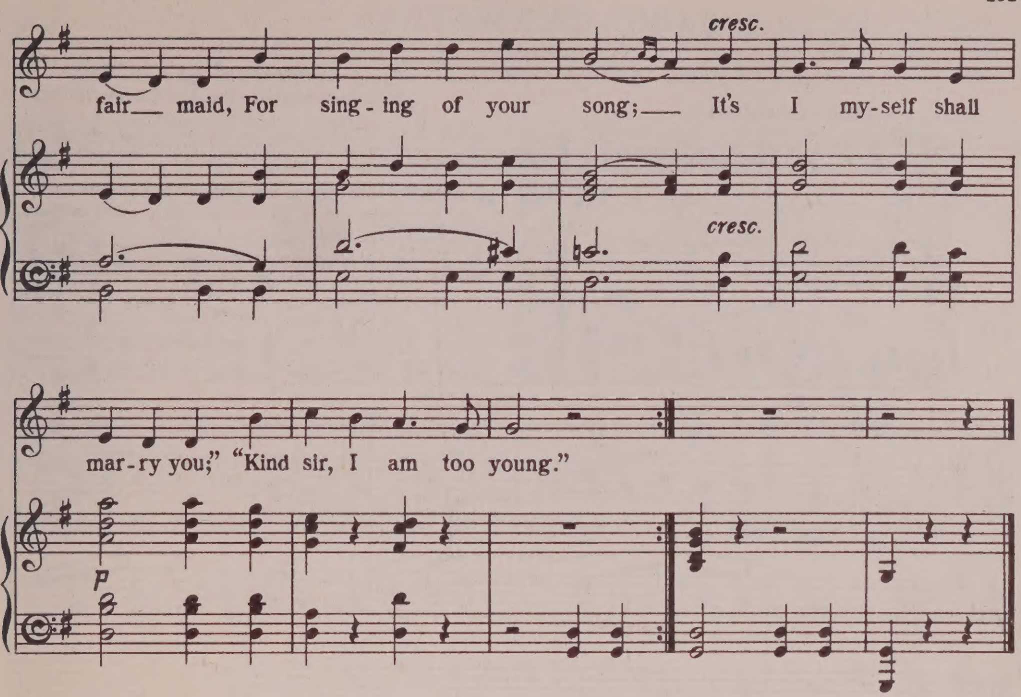
7. "It's not your gold that glitters, nor your silver that doth shine,
I'm married to the lad I love, and I'm happy in my mind,
I'm happy in my mind,
I'm married to the lad I love, and I'm happy in my mind."

Novello & Company, Ltd. Engravers & Printers.

ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto pastorale.
p
p
1. A - broad as I was walk - ing Down by some green-wood side, I
heard a young girl sing - ing, "I wish I were a bride." 2. "I thank you, pret-ty


cresc.
fair__ maid, For sing - ing of your song;___ It's I my-self shall
cresc.
mar-ry you;" "Kind sir, I am too young."
p

ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.

1. Abroad as I was walking
Down by some greenwood side,
I heard a young girl singing,
"I wish I were a bride."

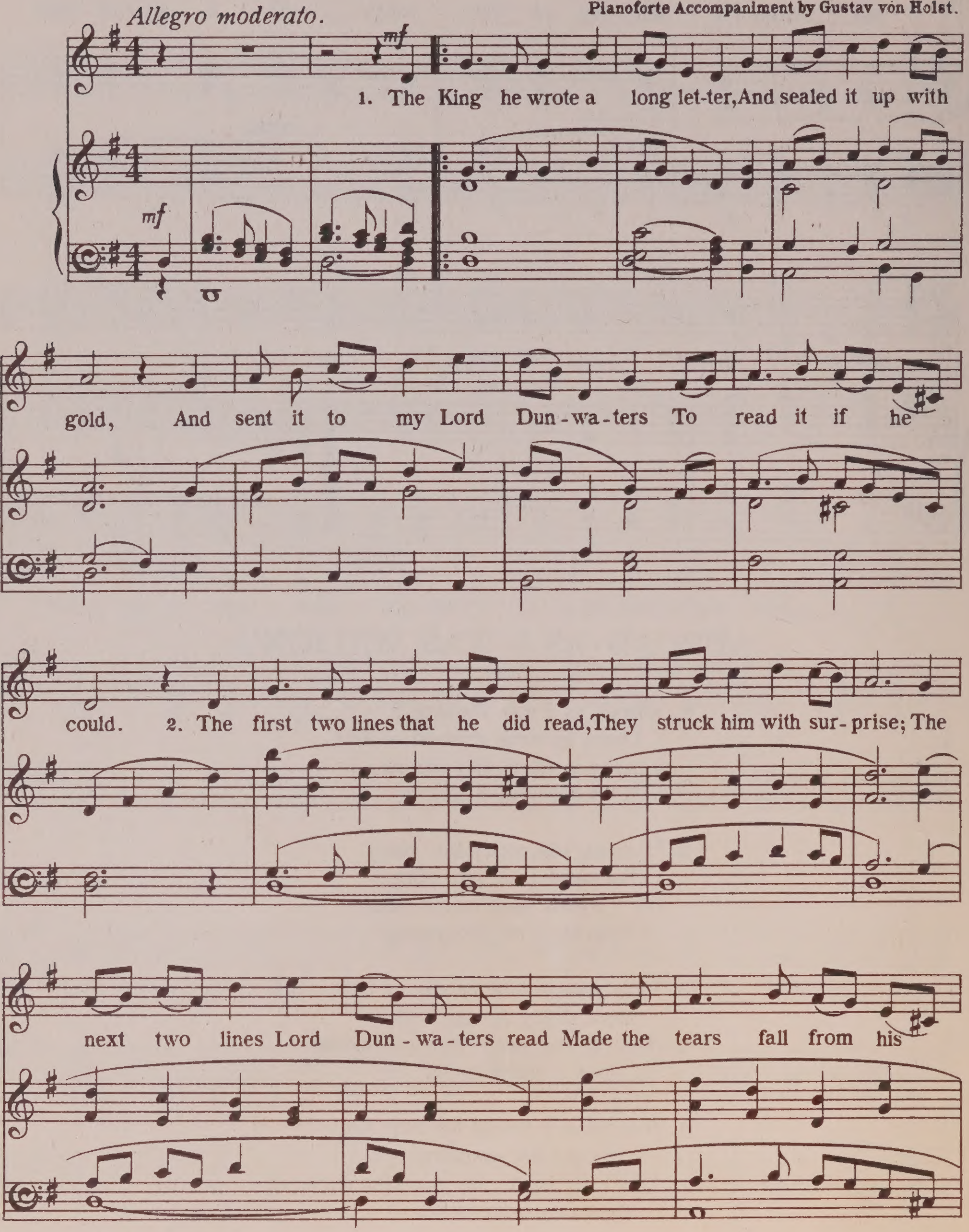
2. "I thank you, pretty fair maid,
For singing of your song;
It's I myself shall marry you;"
"Kind sir, I am too young."

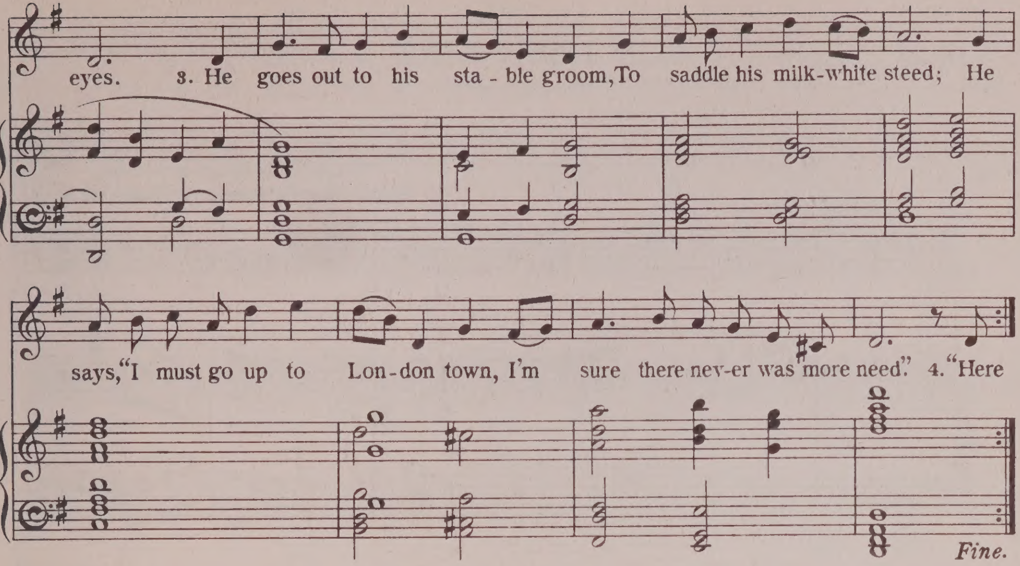
3. "The younger, the better,
More fitting for my bride,
That all the world may plainly see
I won a pretty maid."

4. Nine times I kissed her ruby lips,
I viewed her sparkling eye;
I took her by the lily-white hand,
My lovely bride to be.

LORD DUNWATERS.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegro moderato.
mf
1. The King he wrote a long let-ter, And sealed it up with gold, And sent it to my Lord Dun-wa-ters To read it if he could.
2. The first two lines that he did read, They struck him with sur-prise; The next two lines Lord Dun-wa-ters read Made the tears fall from his


eyes. 3. He goes out to his sta - ble groom, To saddle his milk-white steed; He
says, "I must go up to Lon-don town, I'm sure there nev-er was more need." 4. "Here
Fine.

LORD DUNWATERS.

1. The King he wrote a long letter,
   And sealed it up with gold,
 And sent it to my Lord Dunwaters
   To read it if he could.

2. The first two lines that he did read,
   They struck him with surprise;
 The next two lines Lord Dunwaters read
   Made the tears fall from his eyes.

3. He goes out to his stable groom,
   To saddle his milk-white steed;
 He says, "I must go to London town,
   I'm sure there never was more need."

4. "Here is unto my only son
   My houses and my land;
 Here is unto my wedded wife
   Forty thousand pounds in hand."

5. He put his foot into the stirrup
   And leaned across his steed;
 His gay gold ring from his finger burst
   And his nose began to bleed.

6. As he was riding on the road,
   His horse tripped against a stone;
 He says, "There's signs and tokens I have seen,
   And I fear I never shall return."

7. As he rode up fair London street,
   It was near by Whitehall,
 The lords and ladies they looked hard,
   And a traitor he was called.

8. "No traitor at all," Lord Dunwaters said,
   "No traitor at all," said he;
 "I vow I can find ye three score men
   That will fight for King Georgie."

9. Then up bespoke a grey old man,
   With a broad axe in his hand,
 Said he, "Hold your tongue Lord Dunwaters,
   For your life's at my command."

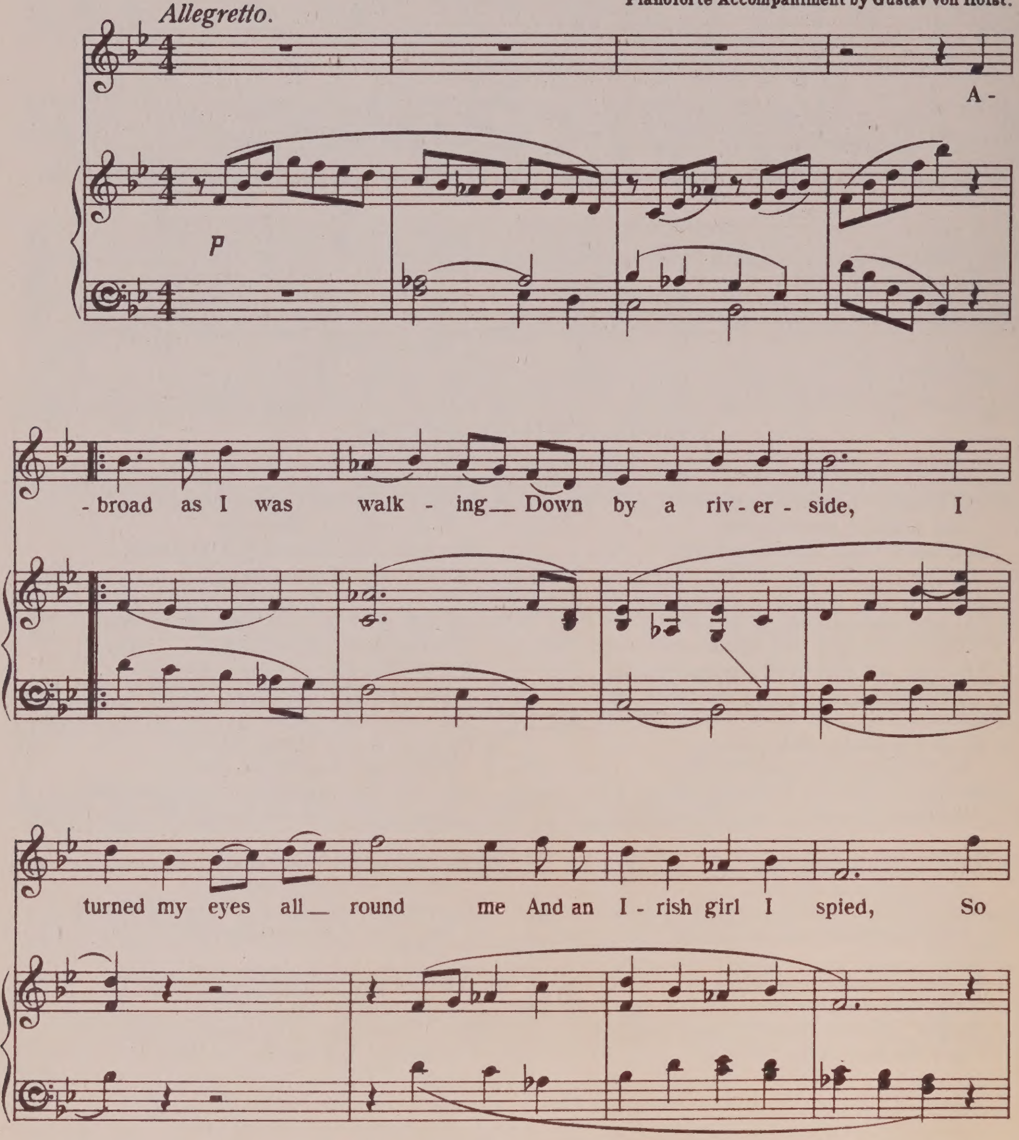
10. "My life, my life I value not,
   My life I will give unto thee,
 The black velvet coat I have on my back –
   You may take it for your fee."

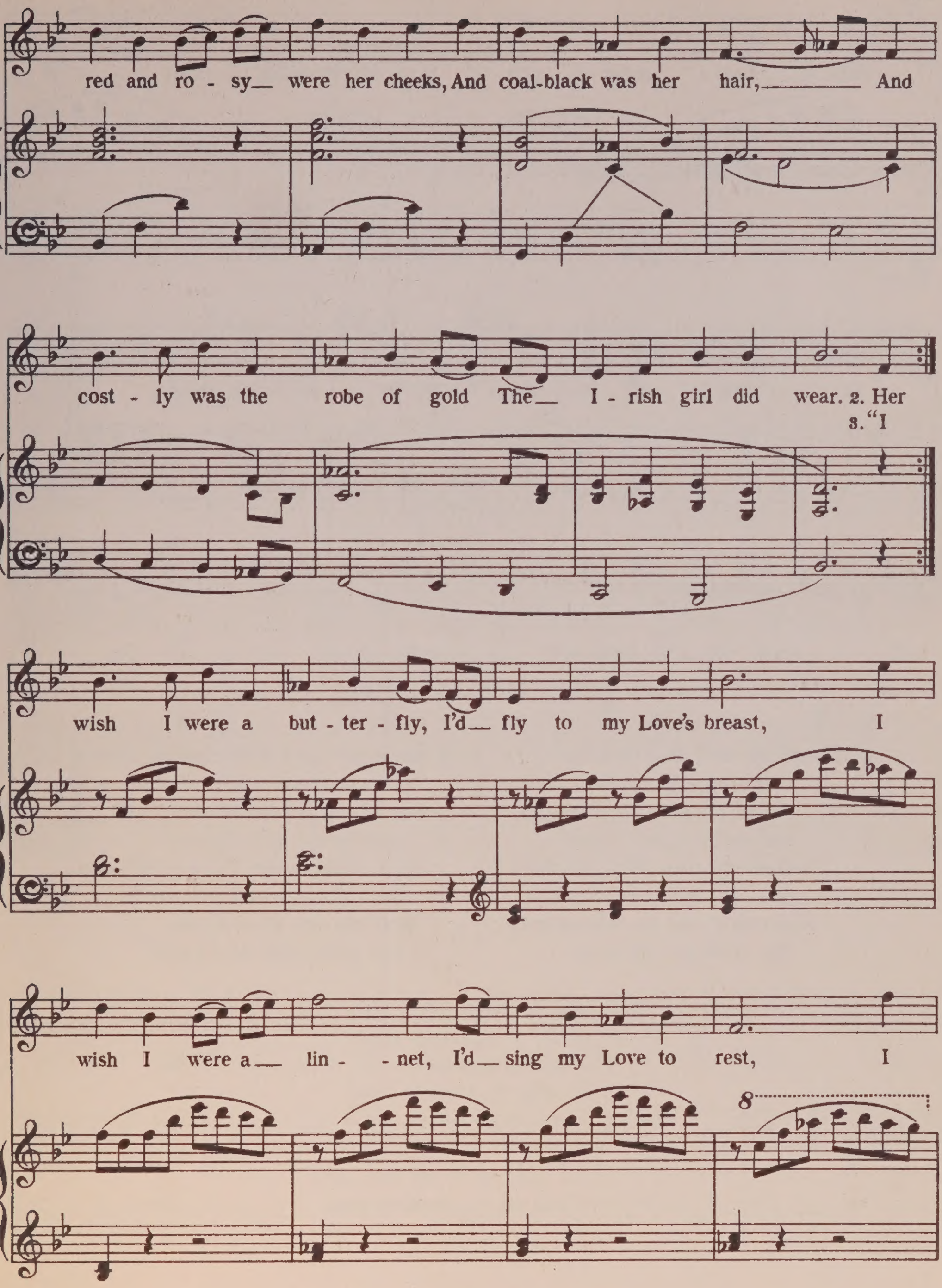
11. "There is forty pounds in one pocket,
   Pray give it to the poor;
 There's forty-five in the other pocket,
   Pray give it from door to door."

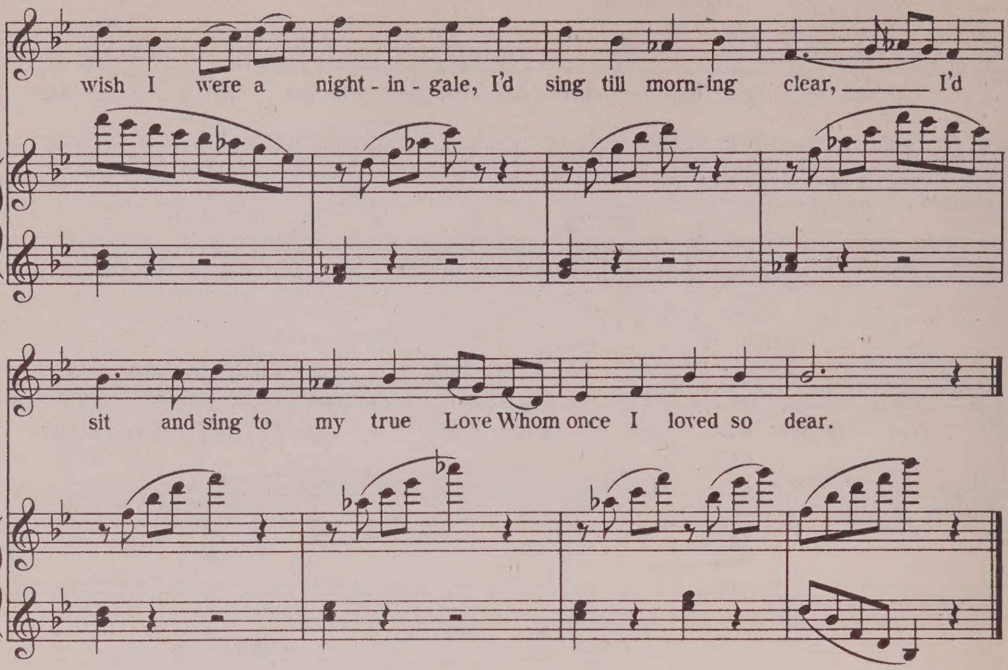
12. He laid his head upon the block;
   The man gave a mighty blow;
 "Now there lies the head of a traitor," he said,
   And it answered and said "No!"

THE IRISH GIRL.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto.
p
A -
-broad as I was walk - ing Down by a riv - er - side, I
turned my eyes all round me And an I - rish girl I spied, So


red and ro - sy__ were her cheeks, And coal-black was her hair,________ And
cost - ly was the robe of gold The__ I - rish girl did wear. 2. Her
3. "I
wish I were a but - ter - fly, I'd__ fly to my Love's breast, I
wish I were a__ lin - - net, I'd__ sing my Love to rest, I
8


wish I were a night - in - gale, I'd sing till morn-ing clear, I'd
sit and sing to my true Love Whom once I loved so dear.

THE IRISH GIRL.

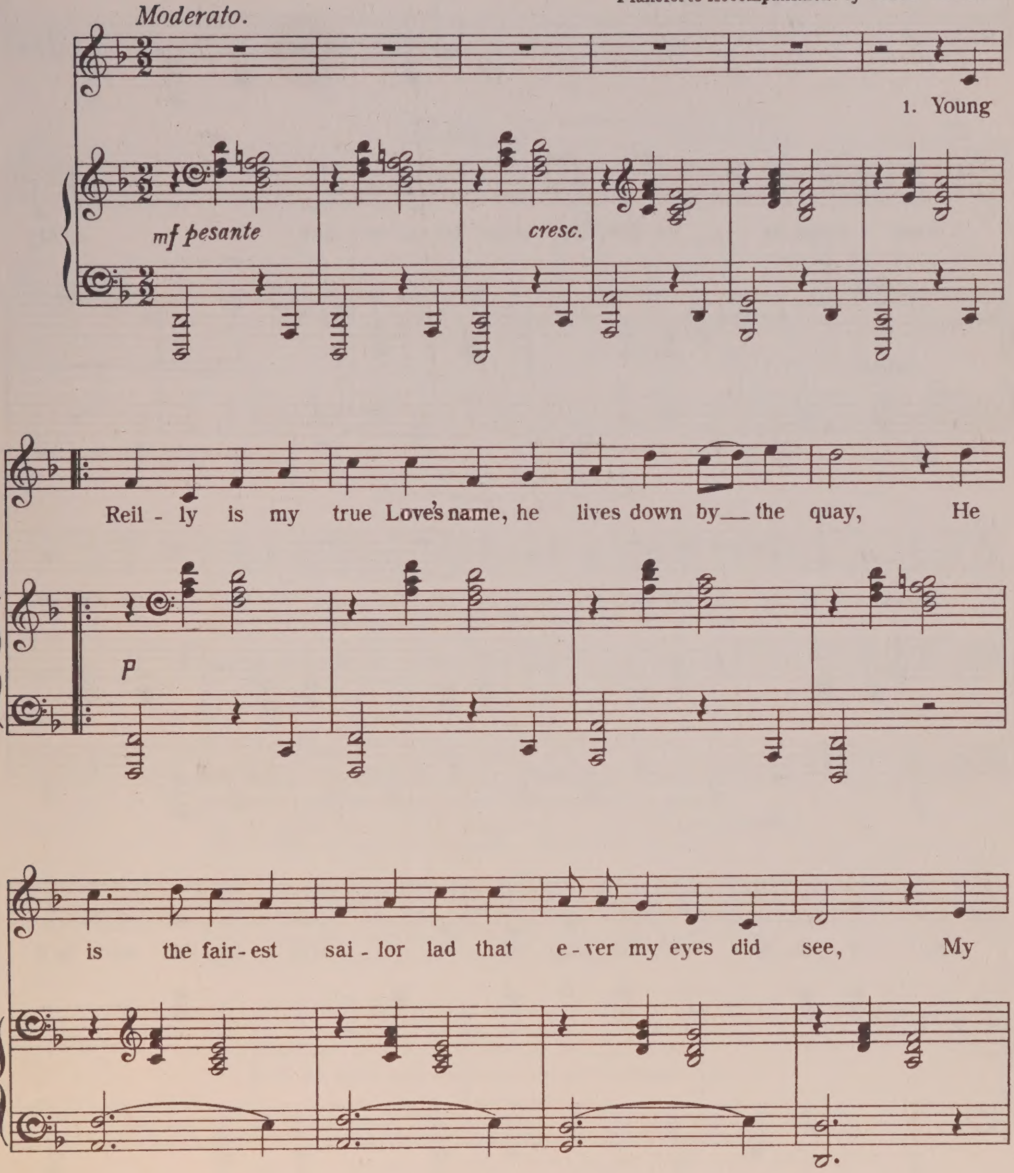
1. Abroad as I was walking
Down by a riverside,
I turned my eyes all round me
And an Irish girl I spied,
So red and rosy were her cheeks,
And coal-black was her hair,
And costly was the robe of gold
The Irish girl did wear.

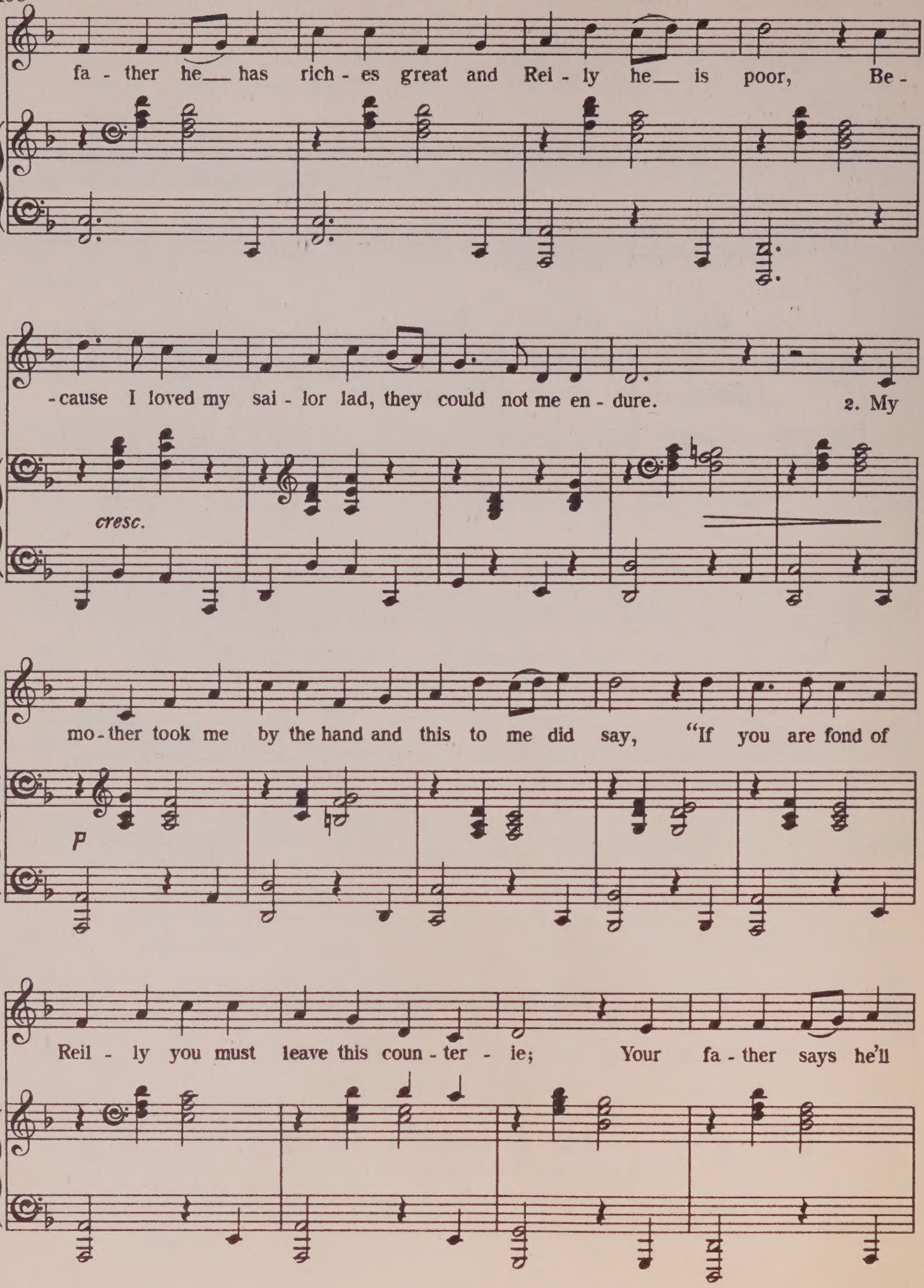
2. Her shoes were of the Spanish black
All spangled round with dew;
She wrung her hands and cri-ed,
"Alack, what shall I do?
I'm a-going home, I'm a-going home,
I'm a-going home" said she,
"How can you go a-roving,
And slight your dear Polly."

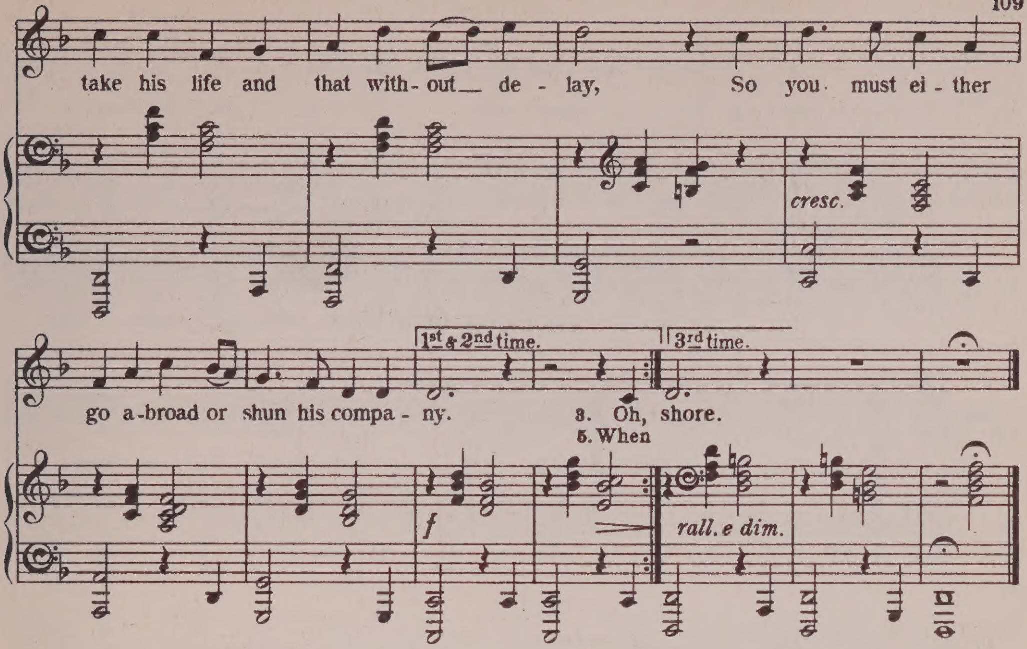
3. "I wish I were a butterfly,
I'd fly to myLove's breast,
I wish I were a linnet,
I'd sing my Love to rest,
I wish I were a nightingale,
I'd sing till morning clear,
I'd sit and sing to my true Love
Whom once I loved so dear."

YOUNG REILLY.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Moderato.
mf pesante
cresc.
1. Young
Reil - ly is my true Love's name, he lives down by — the quay, He
p
is the fair - est sai - lor lad that e - ver my eyes did see, My


fa - ther he — has rich - es great and Rei - ly he — is poor, Be -
-cause I loved my sai - lor lad, they could not me en - dure.
cresc.
2. My
mo - ther took me by the hand and this to me did say, "If you are fond of
p
Reil - ly you must leave this coun - ter - ie; Your fa - ther says he'll


take his life and that with-out de-lay, So you must ei-ther
cresc.
go a-broad or shun his compa-ny.
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.
3. Oh, shore.
5. When
f
rall. e dim.

YOUNG REILLY.

1. Young Reilly is my true Love's name, he lives down by the quay,
He is the fairest sailor lad that ever my eyes did see,
My father he has riches great and Reilly he is poor,
Because I loved my sailor lad, they could not me endure.

2. My mother took me by the hand and this to me did say,
"If you are fond of Reilly, you must leave this counterie;
Your father says he'll take his life and that without delay,
So you must either go abroad or shun his company."

3. "Oh, mother dear, don't be severe, where shall I send my Love?
His very heart lies in my breast as constant as a dove."
"Oh, daughter dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pounds,
Send Reilly to America to purchase there some ground."

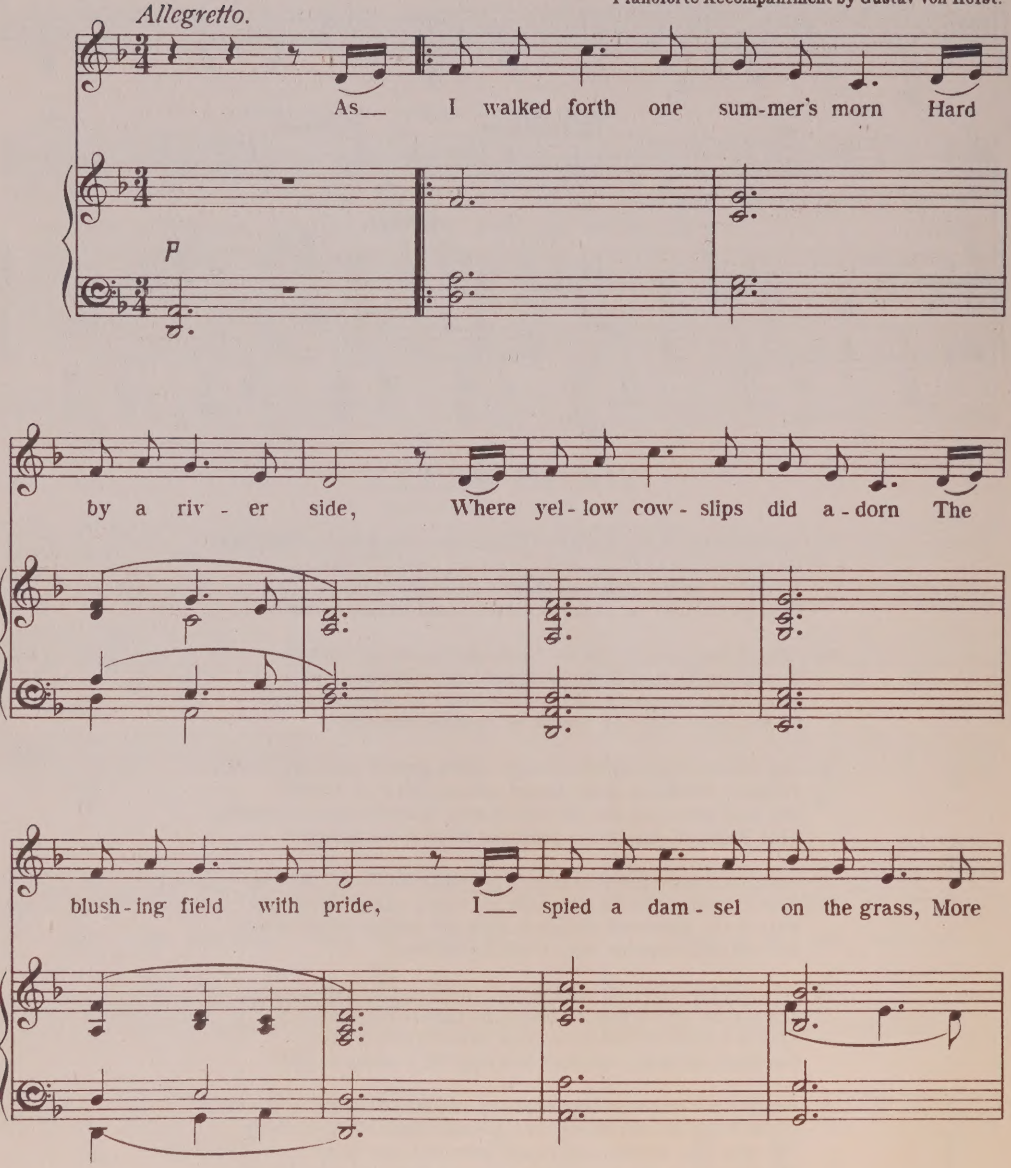
4. And, when she'd got this money, to young Reilly she did run:
"This very night to take your life my father charged his gun,
Here is one thousand pounds in gold, my mother sends to you,
Sail off unto America and I will follow you."

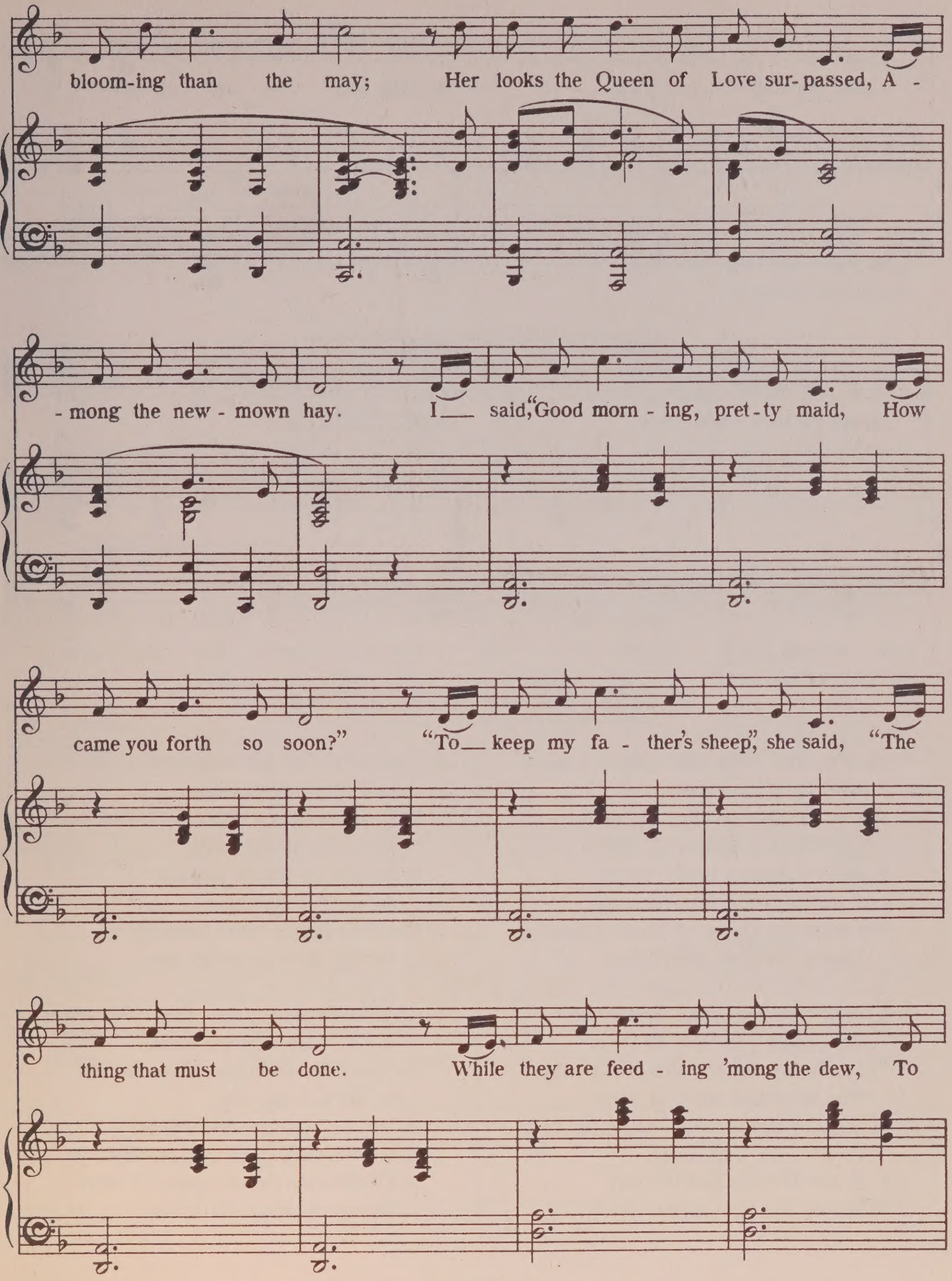
5. When Reilly had this gold in hand, next day he sailed away,
But, ere he set his foot on board, he thus to her did say:
"This is a token of true love, come, break it fair in two,
You have my heart and half this ring till I return to you."

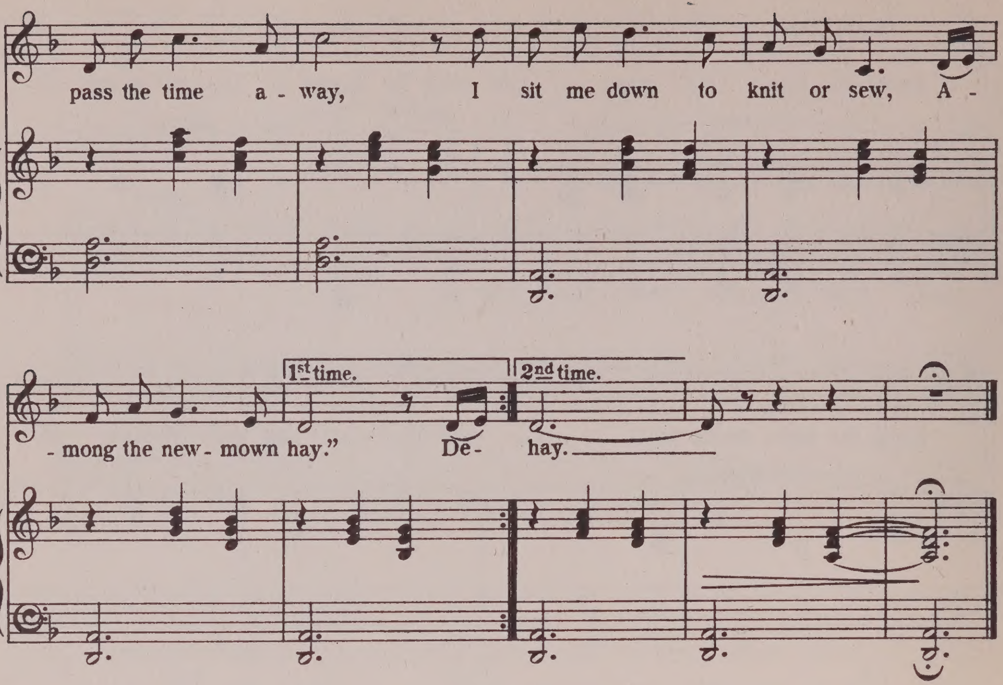
6. About a twelvemonth from that day she walked down by the sea,
When Reilly he was homeward bound to take his Love away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore
When Reilly in his true Love's arms lay drowned upon the shore.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto.
p
As__ I walked forth one sum-mer's morn Hard
by a riv - er side, Where yel-low cow - slips did a - dorn The
blush-ing field with pride, I__ spied a dam - sel on the grass, More


bloom-ing than the may; Her looks the Queen of Love sur-passed, A -
- mong the new - mown hay. I said, "Good morn - ing, pret-ty maid, How
came you forth so soon?" "To keep my fa - ther's sheep," she said, "The
thing that must be done. While they are feed - ing 'mong the dew, To


pass the time a - way, I sit me down to knit or sew, A -
- mong the new - mown hay." De - hay.
1st time.
2nd time.

THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

1. As I walked forth one summer's morn
   Hard by a river side,
Where yellow cowslips did adorn
   The blushing field with pride,
I spied a damsel on the grass,
   More blooming than the may;
Her looks the Queen of Love surpassed,
   Among the new-mown hay.

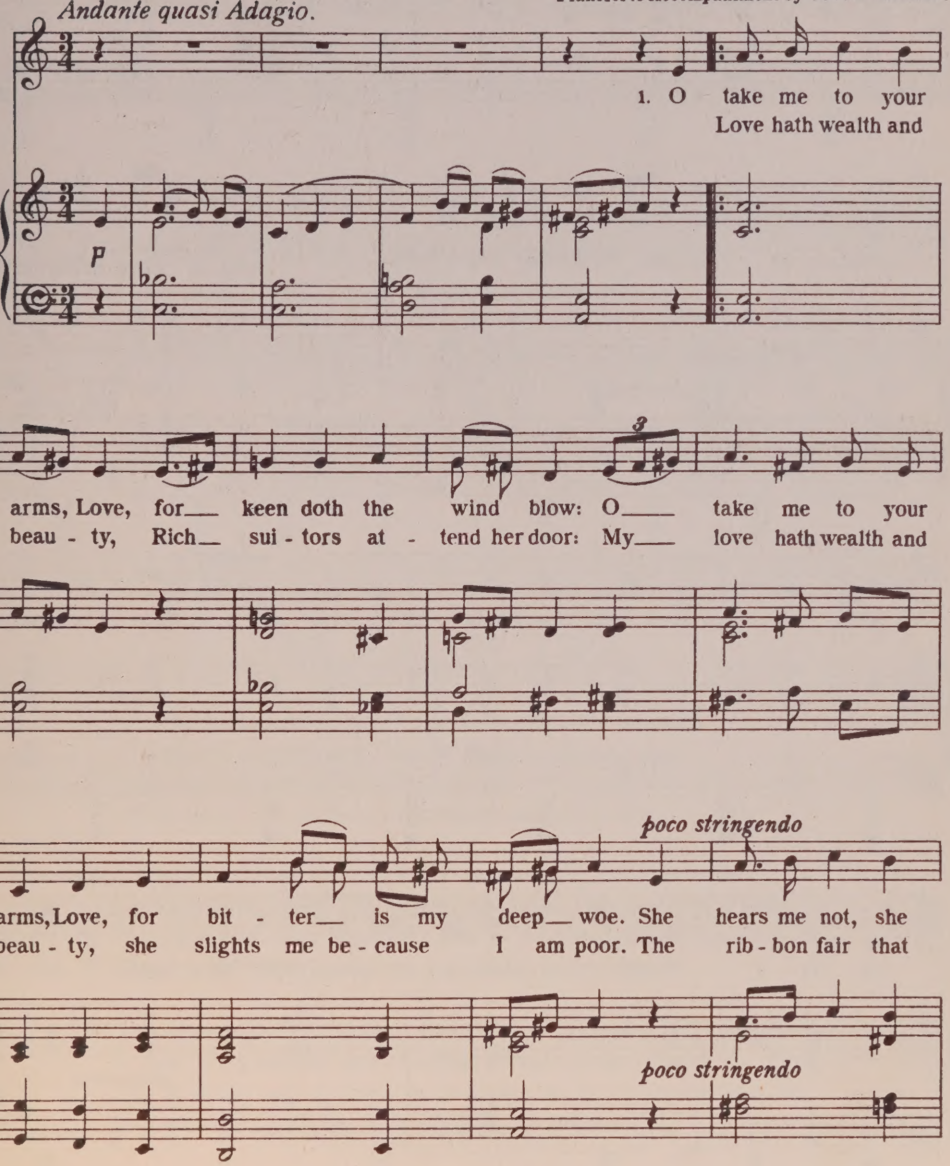
2. I said, "Good morning pretty maid,
   How came you forth so soon?"
"To keep my father's sheep" she said,
   "The thing that must be done.
While they are feeding 'mong the dew,
   To pass the time away,
I sit me down to knit or sew,
   Among the new-mown hay."

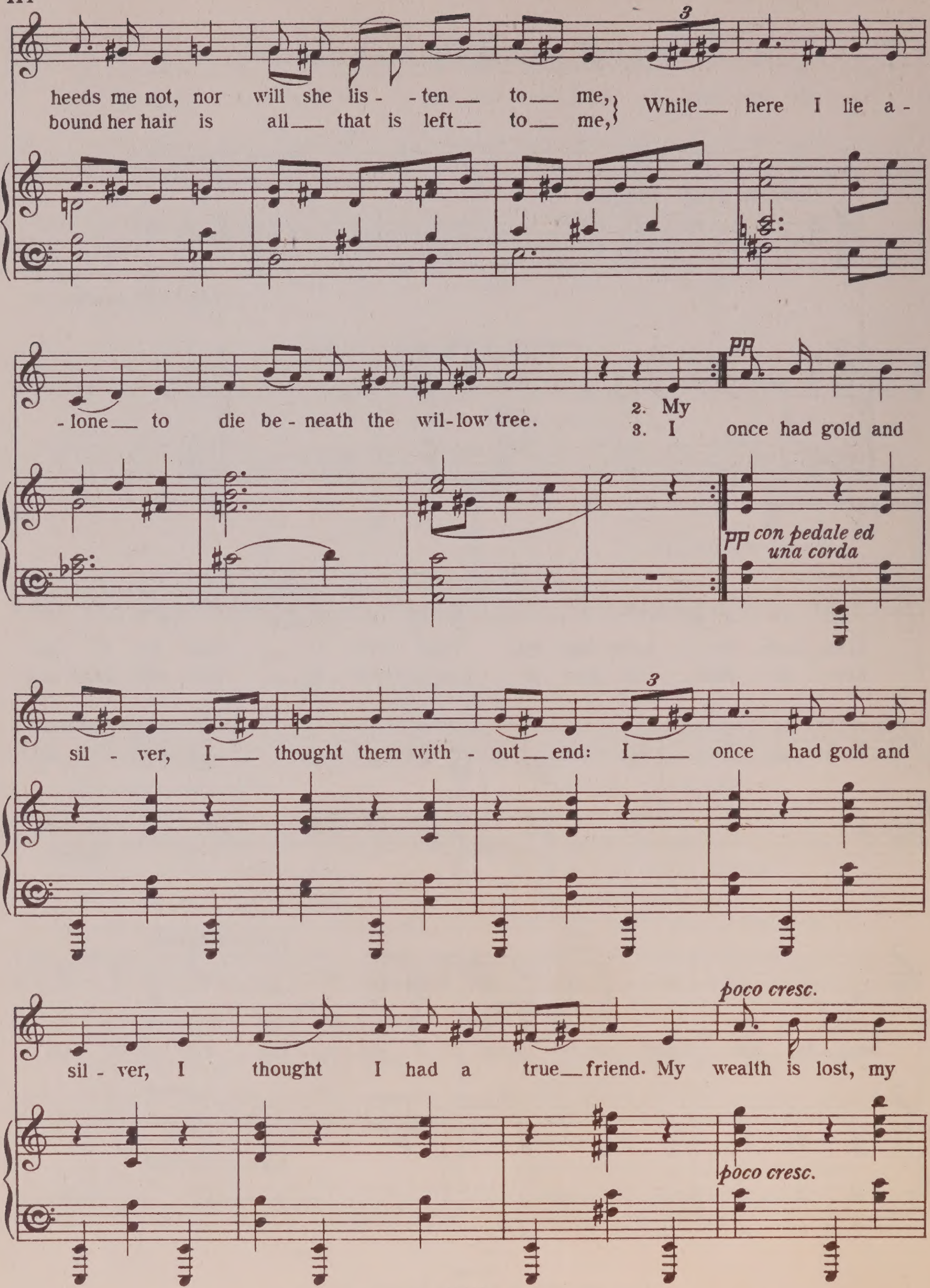
3. Delighted with her simple tale.
   I sat down by her side;
With vows of love I did prevail
   On her to be my bride.
In strains of simple melody
   She sung a rural lay,
The little lambs stood listening by,
   Among the new-mown hay.

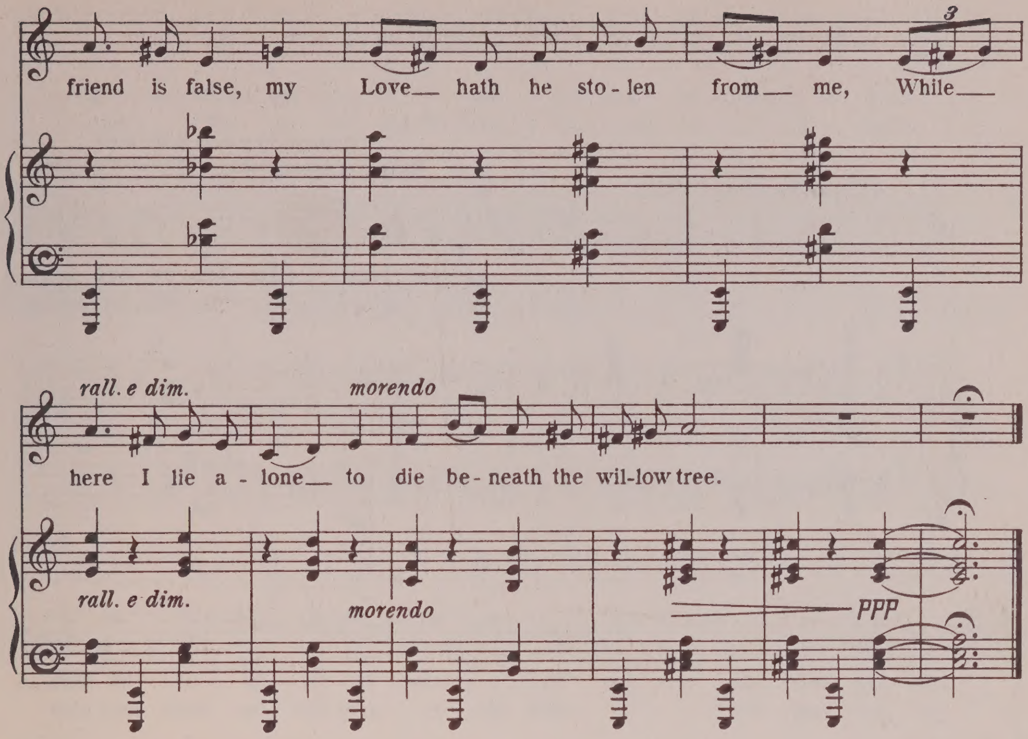
4. Then to the church they went with speed,
   And so were married there;
No more her ewes and lambs to feed,
   For she's a lady fair;
A lord he was that married her,
   To town they came straightway;
She'll bless the day he spied her there,
   Among the new-mown hay.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Andante quasi Adagio.
p
1. O take me to your arms, Love, for keen doth the wind blow: O take me to your arms, Love, for bitter is my deep woe. She hears me not, she
Love hath wealth and beauty, Rich suitors attend her door: My love hath wealth and beauty, she slights me because I am poor. The ribbon fair that
3
poco stringendo
poco stringendo


heeds me not, nor will she lis - ten to me,
bound her hair is all that is left to me,
While here I lie a - lone to die be - neath the wil - low tree.
2. My
3. I once had gold and
pp
pp con pedale ed una corda
sil - ver, I thought them with - out end: I once had gold and
sil - ver, I thought I had a true friend. My wealth is lost, my
poco cresc.
poco cresc.
3


friend is false, my Love hath he sto-len from me, While
rall. e dim.
morendo
here I lie a-lone to die be-neath the wil-low tree.
rall. e dim.
morendo
ppp
3

THE WILLOW TREE.

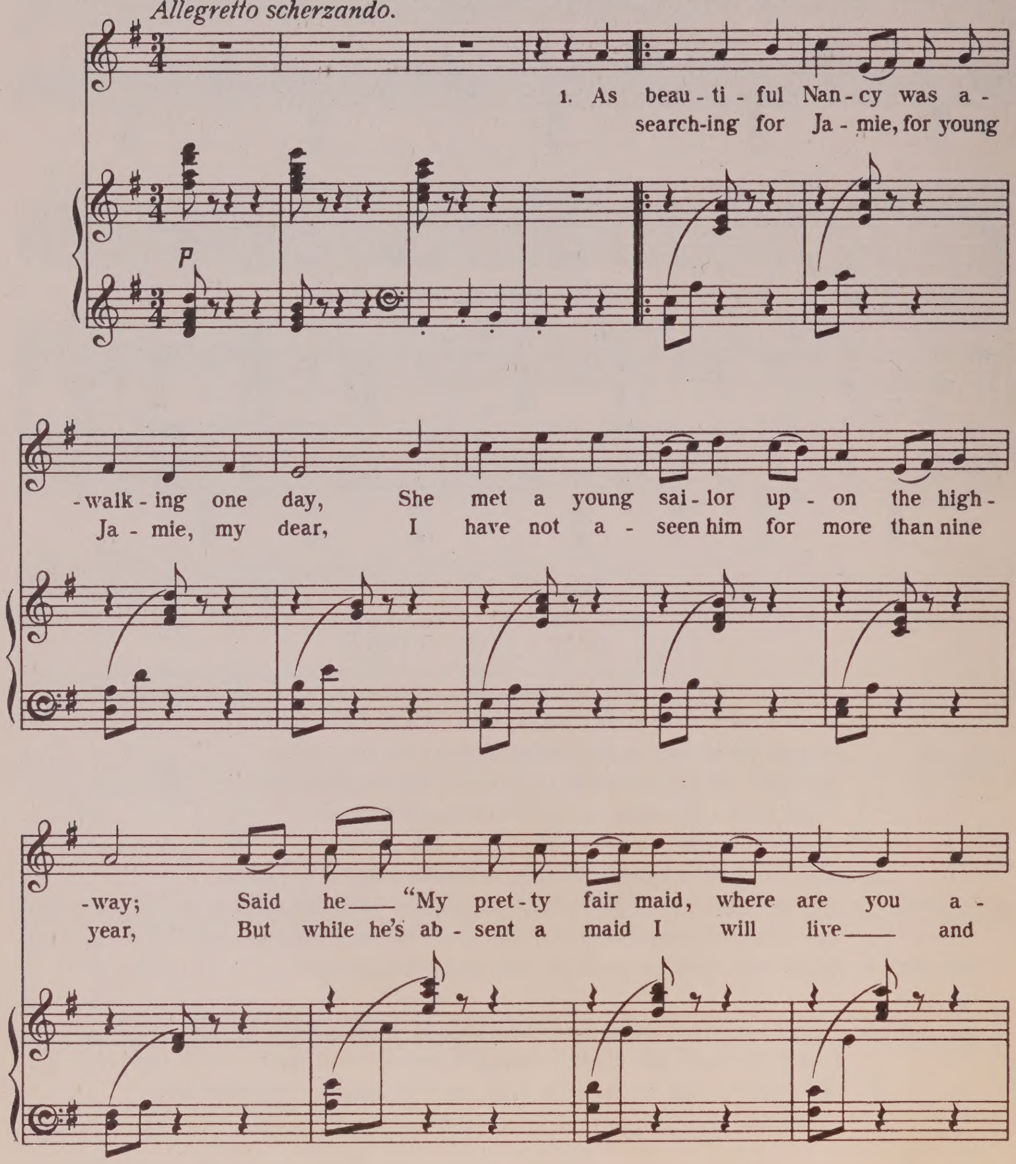
1. O take me to your arms,Love,for keen doth the wind blow:
O take me to your arms,Love,for bitter is my deep woe.
She hears me not,she heeds me not,nor will she listen to me,
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

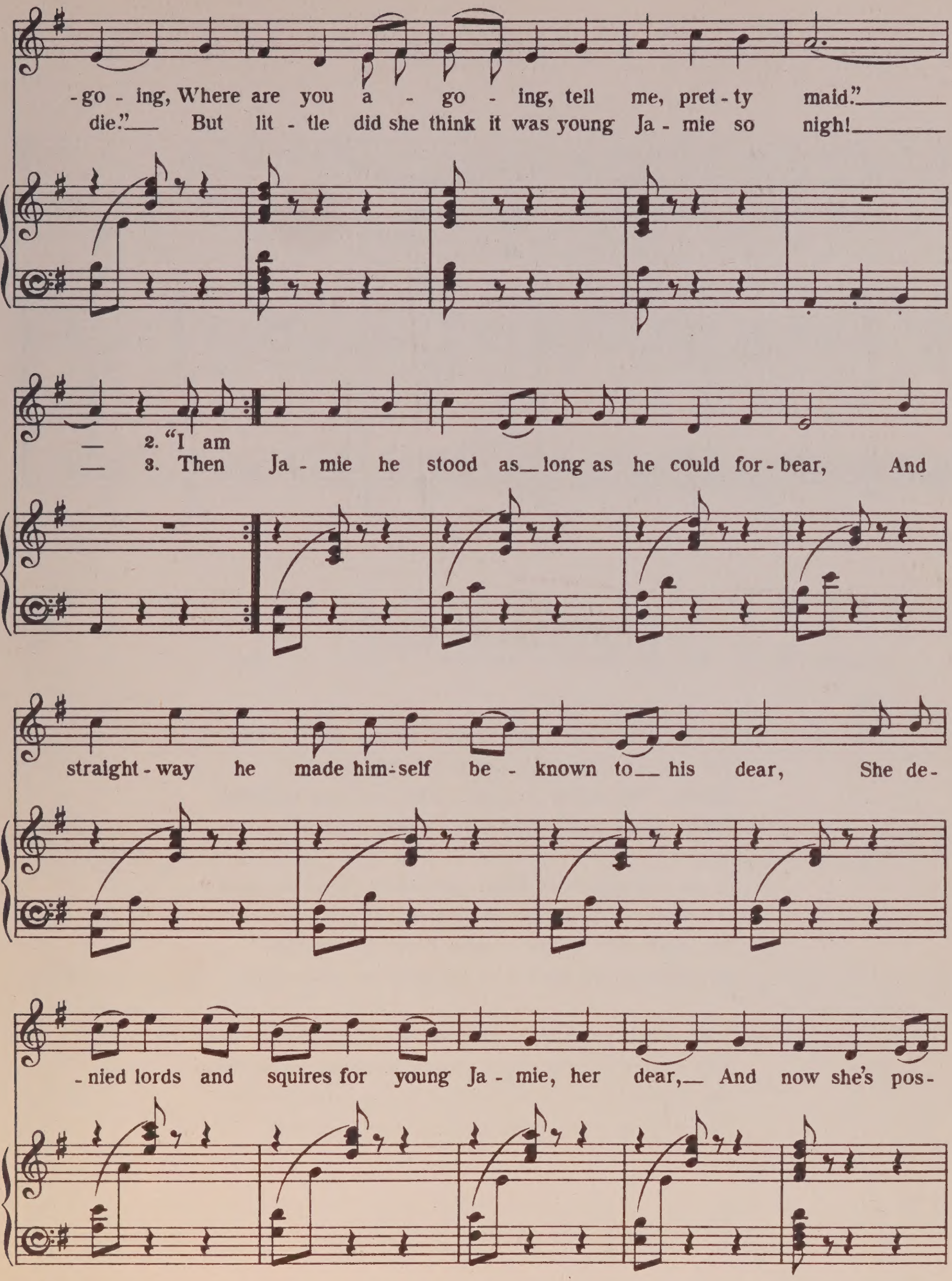
2. My Love hath wealth and beauty, rich suitors attend her door:
My Love hath wealth and beauty, she slights me because I'm poor.
The ribbon fair that bound her hair is all that is left to me,
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

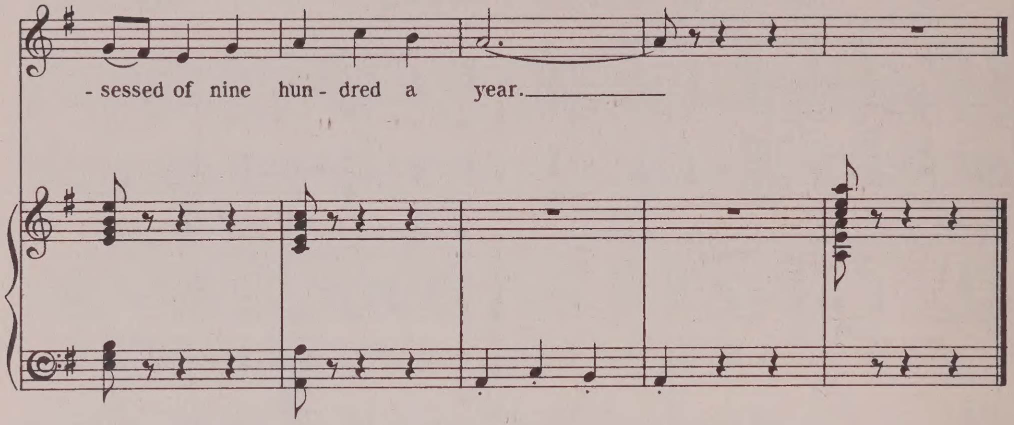
3. I once had gold and silver, I thought them without end:
I once had gold and silver, I thought I had a true friend.
My wealth is lost, my friend is false, my Love hath he stolen from me,
While here I lie alone to die beneath the willow tree.

BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto scherzando.
p
1. As beau - ti - ful Nan - cy was a - walk - ing one day, She met a young sai - lor up - on the high - way; Said he "My pret - ty fair maid, where are you a -
search-ing for Ja - mie, for young Ja - mie, my dear, I have not a - seen him for more than nine year, But while he's ab - sent a maid I will live and


-go - ing, Where are you a - go - ing, tell me, pret - ty maid."
die." But lit - tle did she think it was young Ja - mie so nigh!
2. "I am
3. Then Ja - mie he stood as long as he could for - bear, And
straight - way he made him - self be - known to his dear, She de-
-nied lords and squires for young Ja - mie, her dear, And now she's pos-



BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

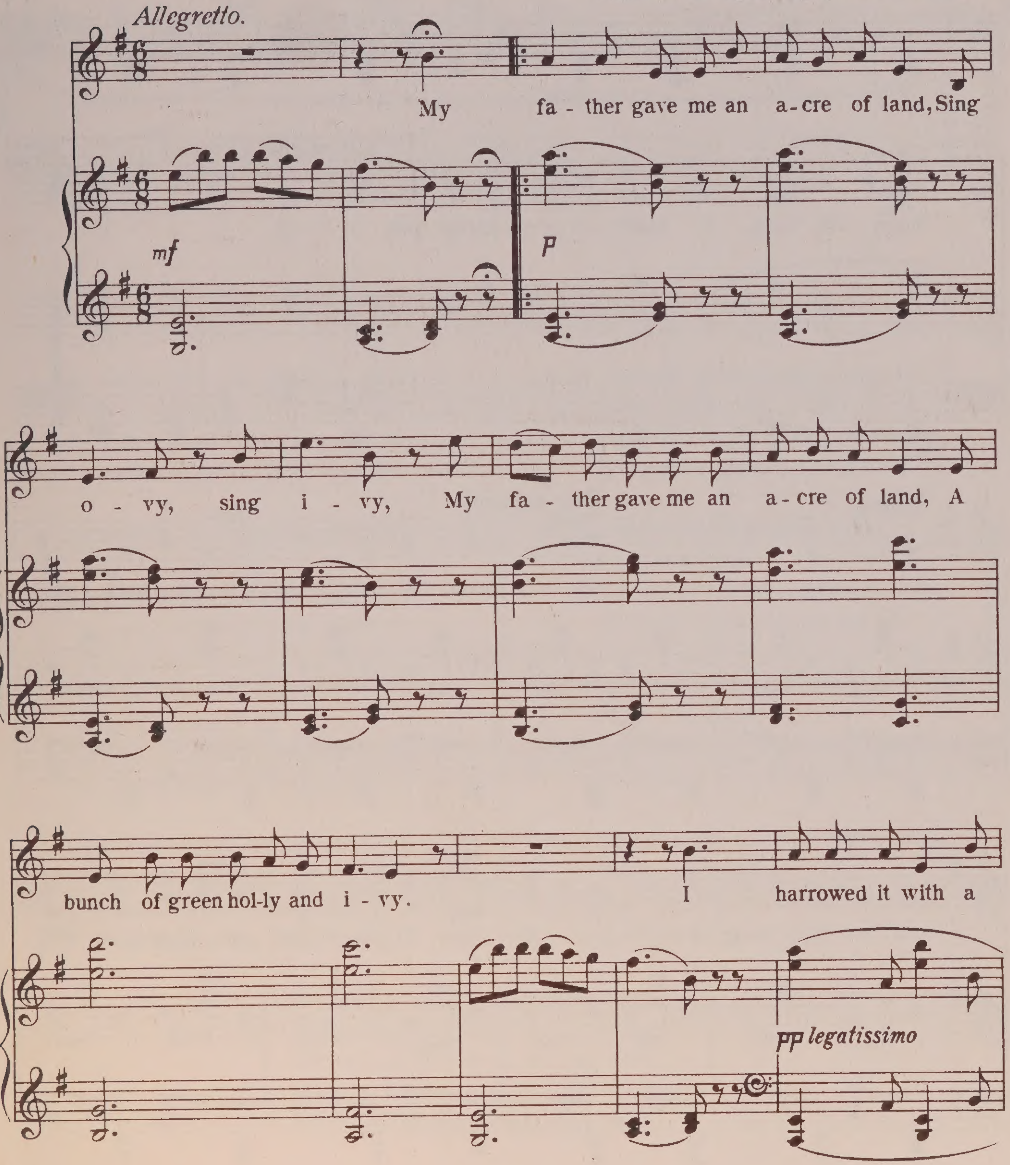
1. As beautiful Nancy was a-walking one day,
She met a young sailor upon the highway;
Said he,“My pretty fair maid,where are you a-going,
Where are you a-going,tell me, pretty maid.”

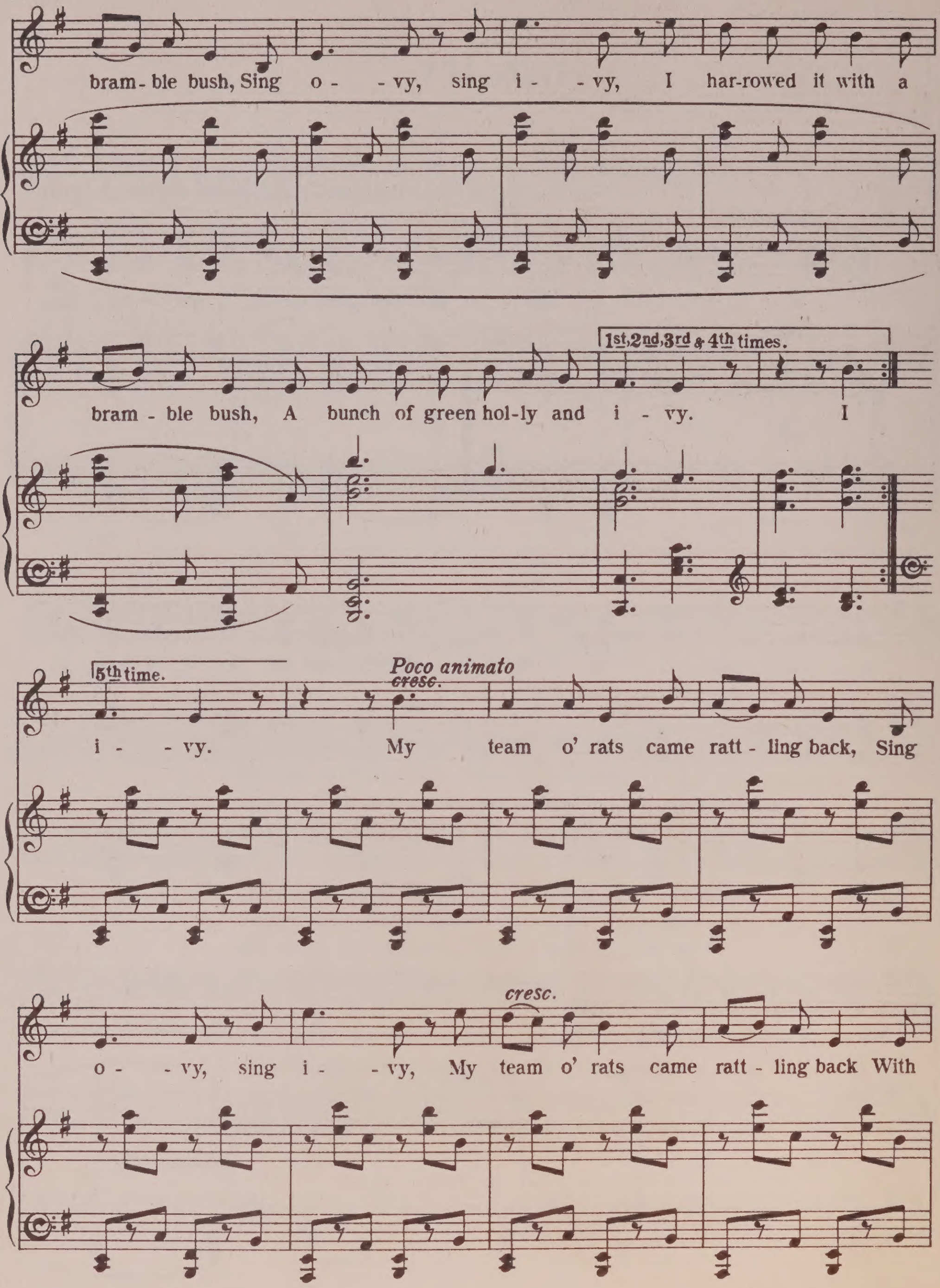
2. “I am searching for Jamie,for young Jamie,my dear,
I have not a-seen him for more than nine year,
But while he’s absent a maid I will live and die.”
But little did she think it was young Jamie so nigh!

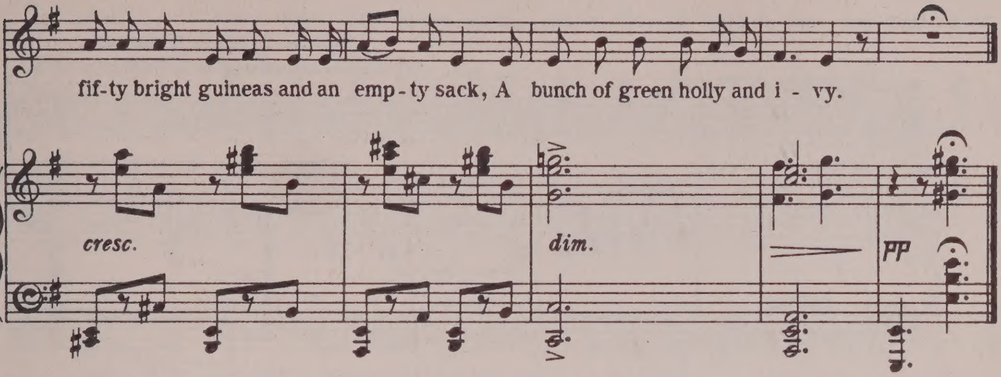
3. Then Jamie he stood as long as he could forbear,
And straightway he made himself beknown to his dear,
She denied lords and squires for young Jamie,her dear,
And now she’s possessed of nine hundred a year.

SING IVY.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto.
mf
p
My fa - ther gave me an a - cre of land, Sing
o - vy, sing i - vy, My fa - ther gave me an a - cre of land, A
bunch of green hol-ly and i - vy.
I harrowed it with a
pp legatissimo


bram - ble bush, Sing o - - vy, sing i - - vy, I har-rowed it with a
bram - ble bush, A bunch of green hol-ly and i - vy. I
1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.
5th time.
i - - vy.
Poco animato
cresc.
My team o' rats came ratt - ling back, Sing
o - - vy, sing i - - vy, My team o' rats came ratt - ling back With
cresc.


fif-ty bright guineas and an emp-ty sack, A bunch of green holly and i - vy.
cresc.
dim.
pp

SING IVY.

1. My father gave me an acre of land,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   My father gave me an acre of land,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

2. I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

3. I sowed it with two peppercorns,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I sowed it with two peppercorns,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

4. I rolled it with a rolling-pin,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I rolled it with a rolling-pin,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

5. I reaped it with my little penknife,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I reaped it with my little penknife,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

6. I stowed it in a mouse's hole,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I mowed it in a mouse's hole,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

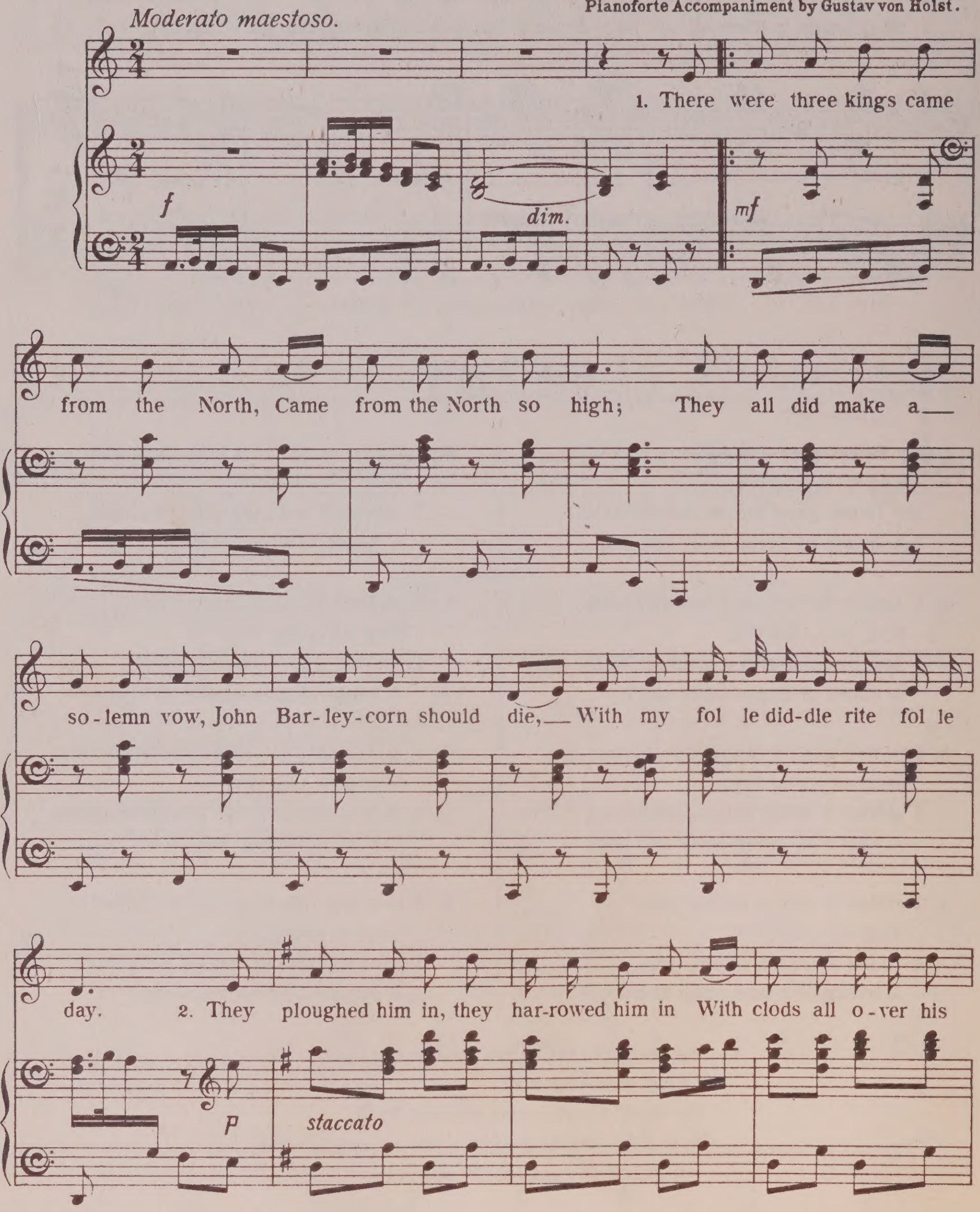
7. I threshed it out with two beanstalks,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I threshed it out with two beanstalks,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

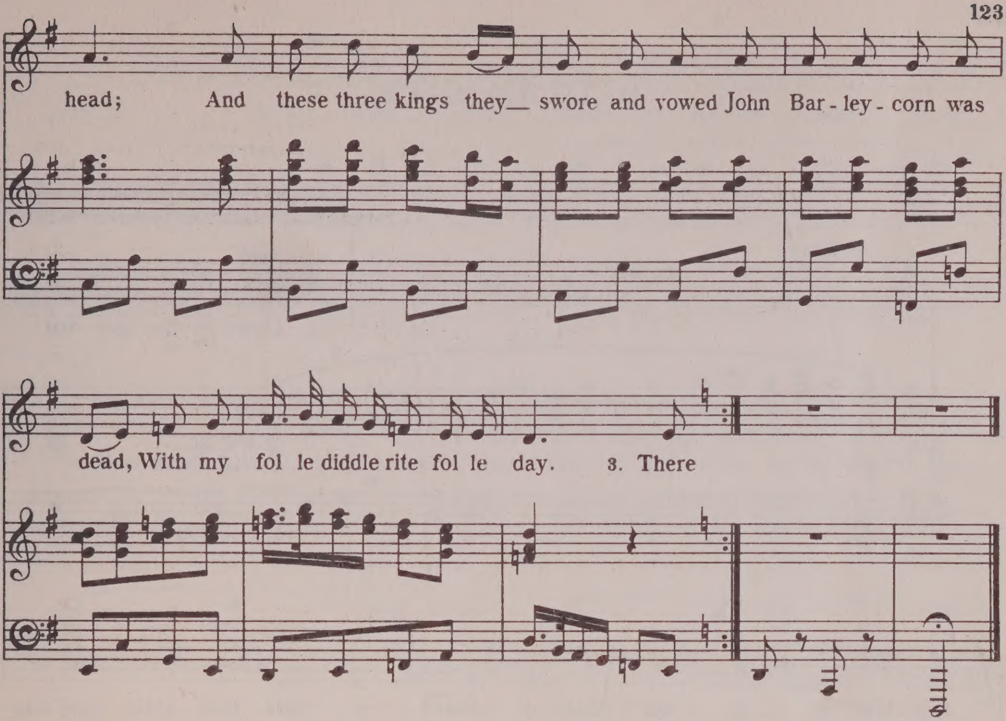
8. I sent my rats to market with that,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   I sent my rats to market with that,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

9. My team o' rats came rattling back,
   Sing ovy, sing ivy,
   My team o' rats came rattling back
   With fifty bright guineas and an empty sack,
   A bunch of green holly and ivy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Moderato maestoso.
f
dim.
mf
1. There were three kings came from the North, Came from the North so high; They all did make a so-lemn vow, John Bar-ley-corn should die, With my fol le did-dle rite fol le day.
p
staccato
2. They ploughed him in, they har-rowed him in With clods all o-ver his


head; And these three kings they— swore and vowed John Bar-ley-corn was
dead, With my fol le diddle rite fol le day. 3. There

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

1. There were three kings came from the North,
   Came from the North so high;
They all did make a solemn vow,
   John Barleycorn should die,
CHORUS.—With my fol le diddle rite fol le day.

2. They ploughed him in, they harrowed him in
   With clods all over his head;
And these three kings they swore and vowed
   John Barleycorn was dead,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

3. There he lay sleeping in the ground,
   Till rain from heaven did fall;
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
   And so amazed them all,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

4. There he remained till midsummer
   And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard
   And so became a man,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

5. Then they sent men with scythes so sharp
   To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn,
   They served him barbarously,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

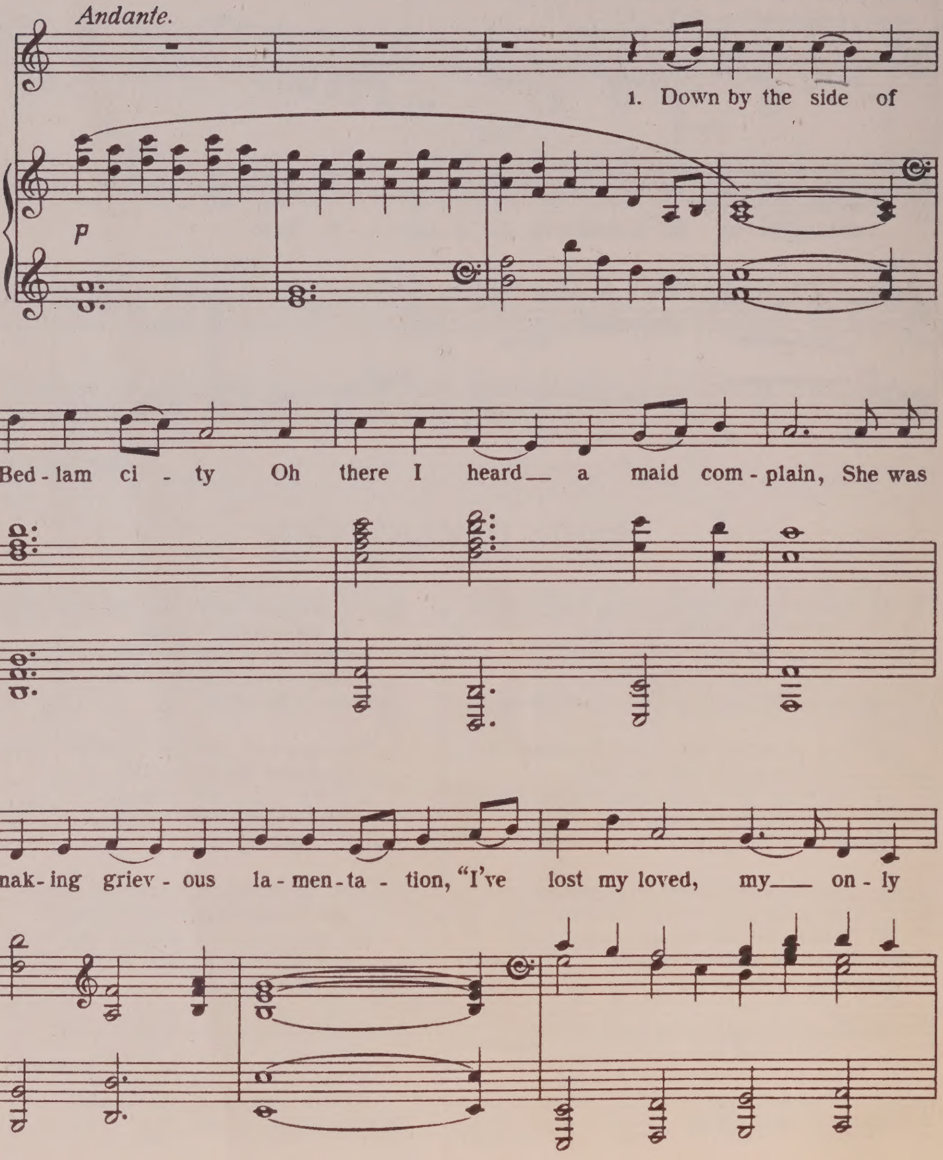
6. Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
   To pierce him through the heart;
And like a dreadful tragedy,
   They bound him to a cart,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

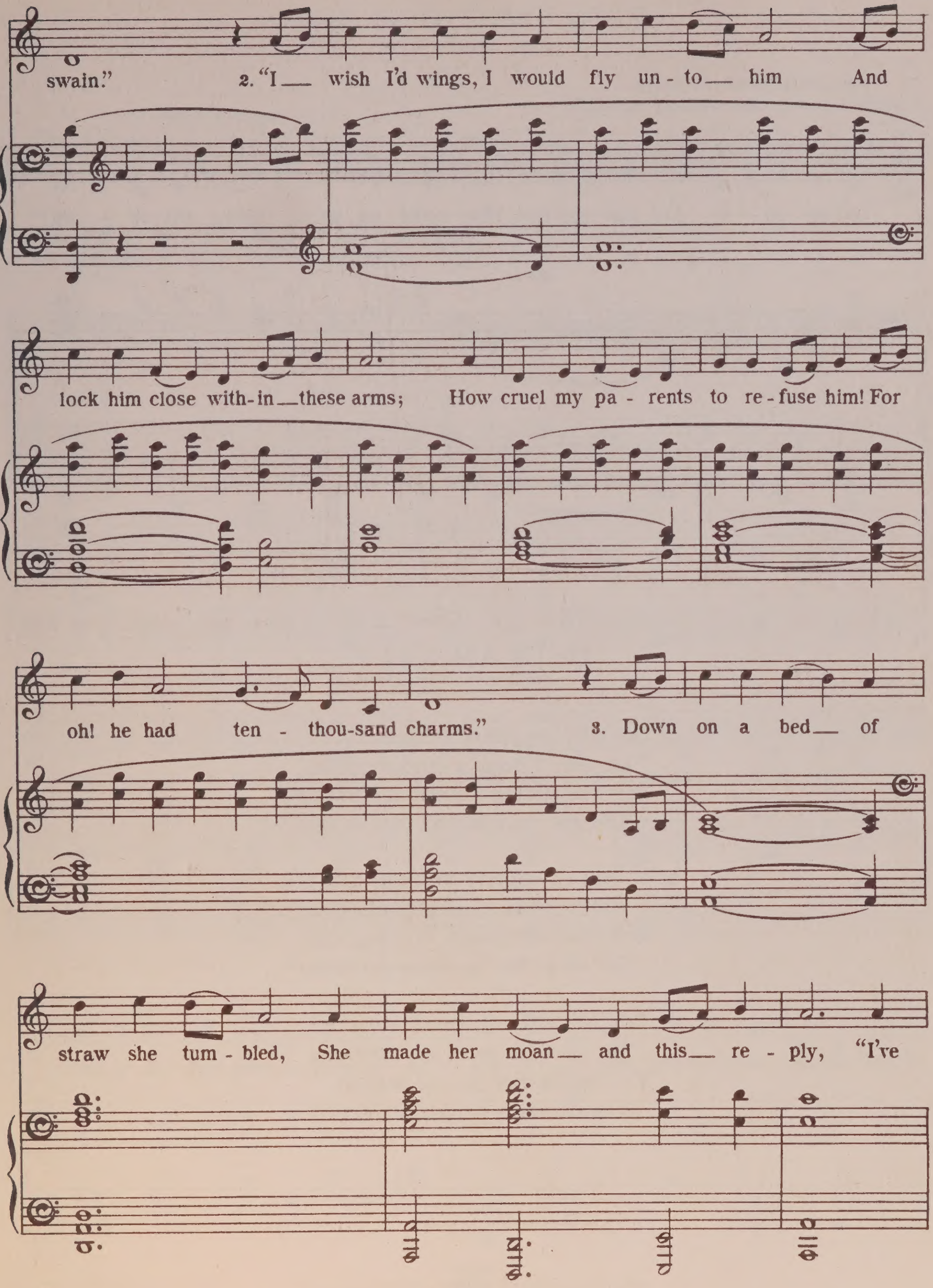
7. They hir-ed men with crab-tree sticks,
   And whipped him skin from bone;
The miller served him worse than that,
   And ground him 'twixt two stones,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

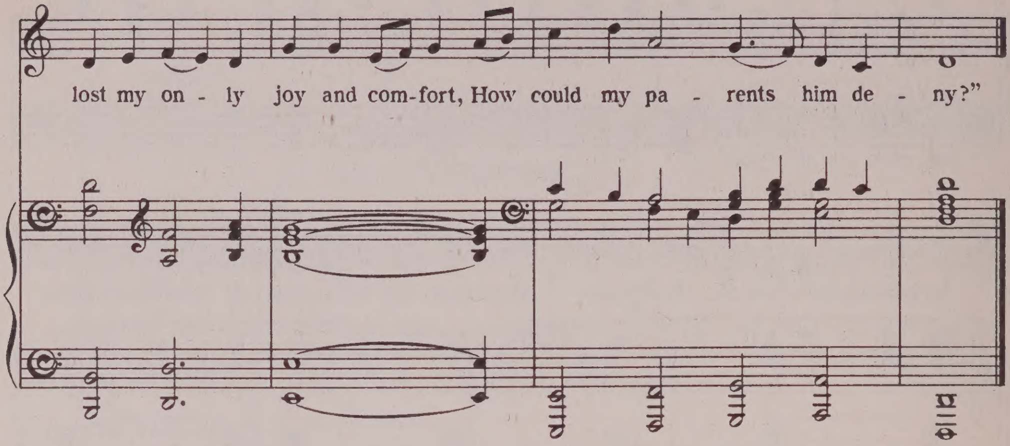
8. O! Barleycorn's the choicest grain
   That ever was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
   By the turning of your hand,
CHORUS.—With my &c.

BEDLAM CITY.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Andante.
1. Down by the side of
p
Bed-lam ci - ty Oh there I heard a maid com-plain, She was
mak-ing griev - ous la-men-ta - tion, "I've lost my loved, my on - ly


swain." 2. "I— wish I'd wings, I would fly un - to— him And
lock him close with-in—these arms; How cruel my pa - rents to re - fuse him! For
oh! he had ten - thou-sand charms." 3. Down on a bed— of
straw she tum - bled, She made her moan— and this— re - ply, "I've


lost my on - ly joy and com-fort, How could my pa - rents him de - ny?"

BEDLAM CITY.

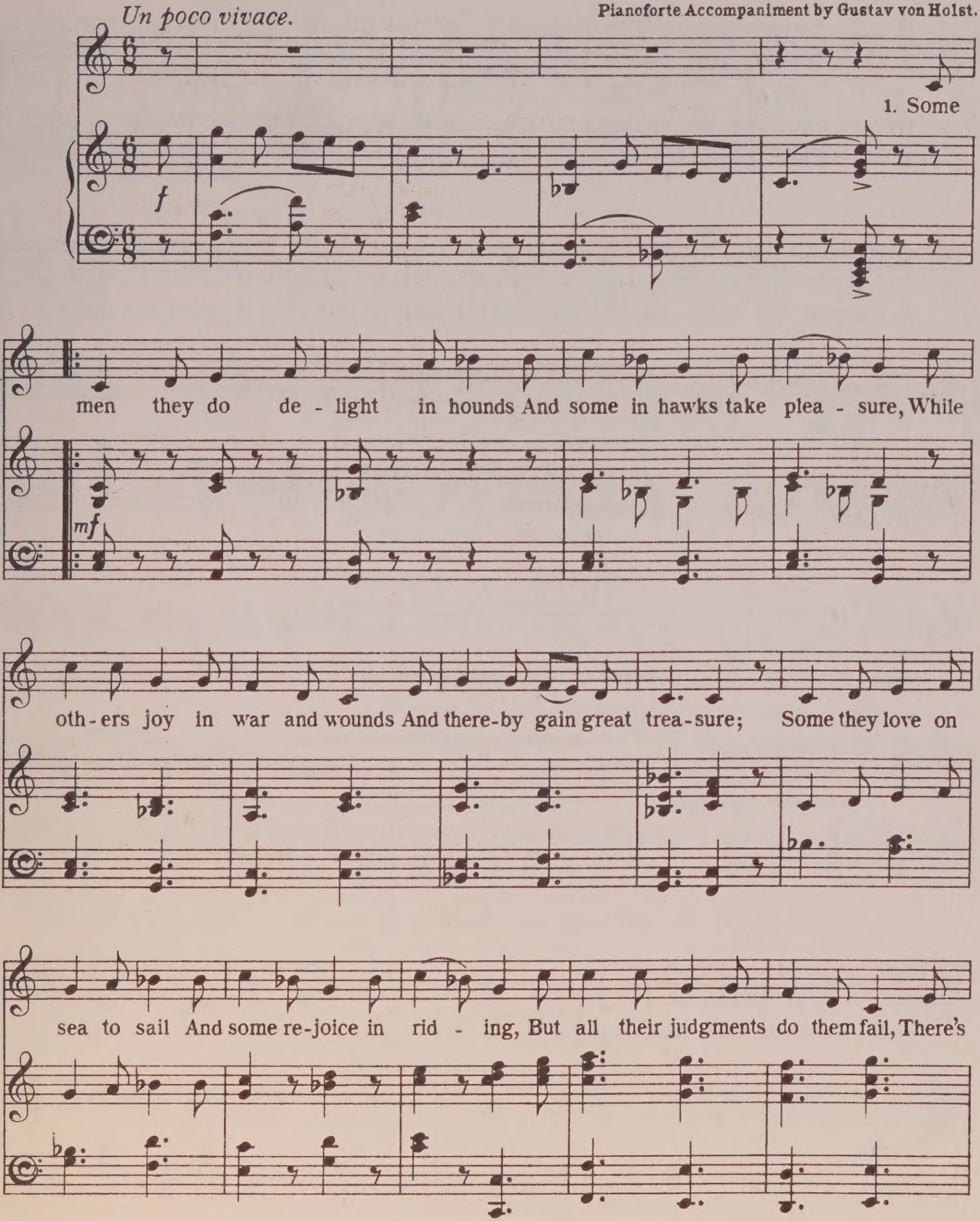
1. Down by the side of Bedlam city
Oh there I heard a maid complain,
She was making grievous lamentation,
"I've lost my loved, my only swain."

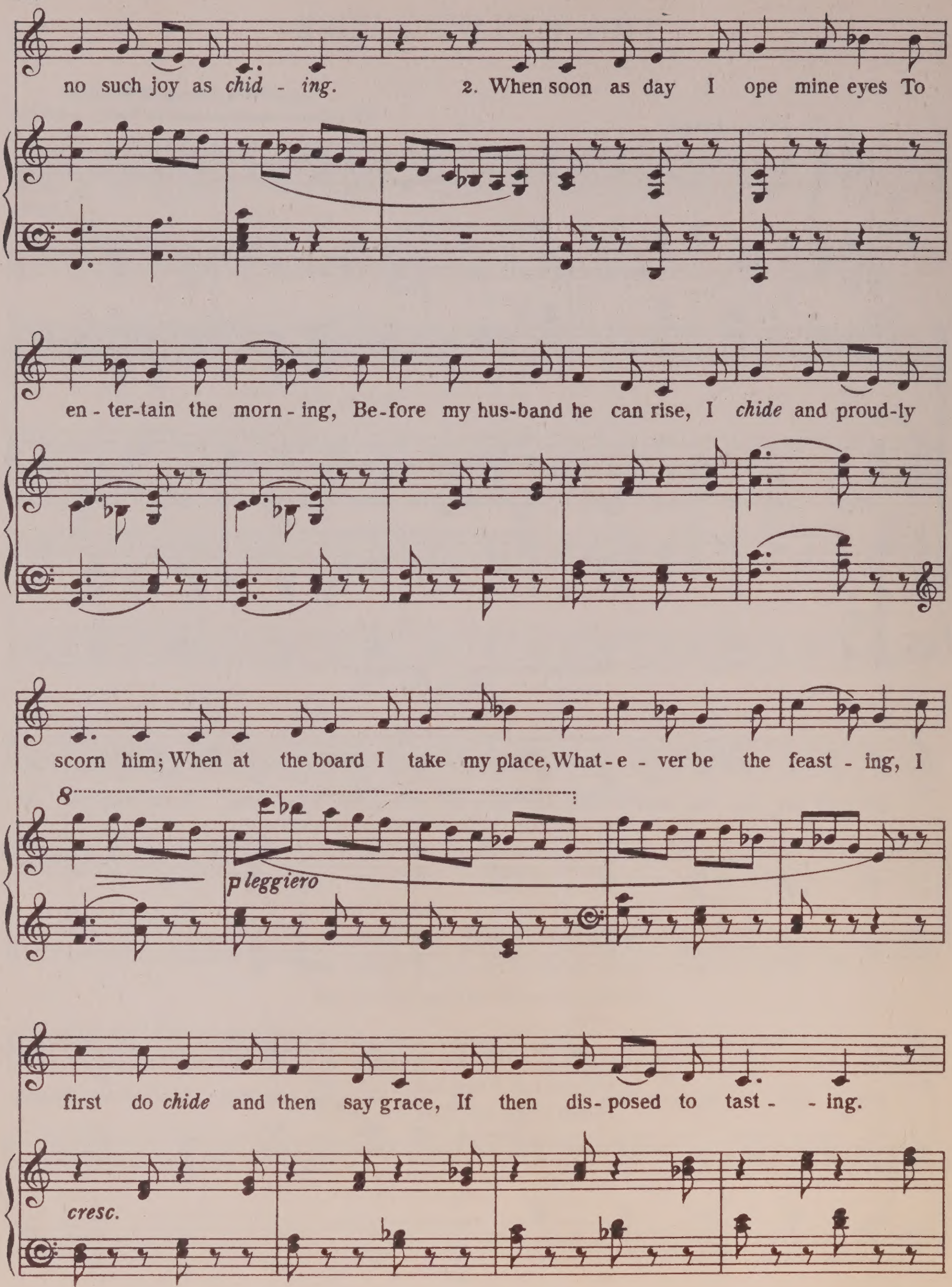
2. "I wish I'd wings, I would fly unto him
And lock him close within these arms;
How cruel my parents to refuse him!
For oh! he had ten thousand charms."

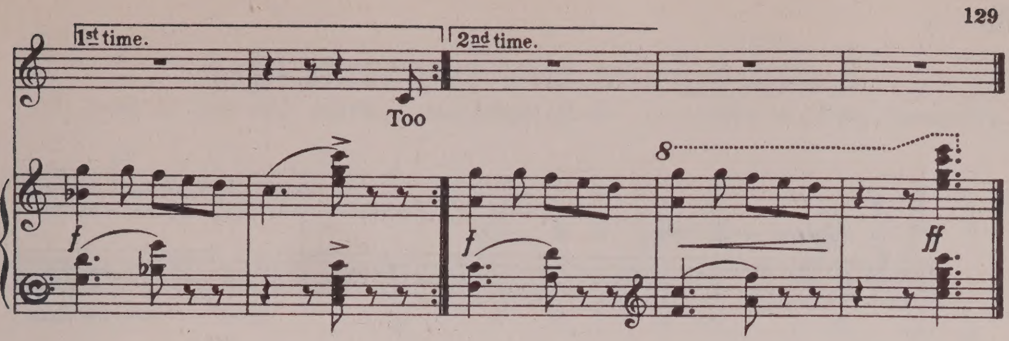
3. Down on a bed of straw she tumbled,
She made her moan and this reply,
"I've lost my only joy and comfort,
How could my parents him deny?"

THE SCOLDING WIFE.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Un poco vivace.
f
1. Some
mf
men they do de - light in hounds And some in hawks take plea - sure, While
oth - ers joy in war and wounds And there - by gain great trea - sure; Some they love on
sea to sail And some re - joice in rid - ing, But all their judgments do them fail, There's


no such joy as chid - ing.
2. When soon as day I ope mine eyes To
en - ter-tain the morn - ing, Be-fore my hus-band he can rise, I chide and proud-ly
scorn him; When at the board I take my place, What - e - ver be the feast - ing, I
8
p leggiero
first do chide and then say grace, If then dis-posed to tast - - ing.
cresc.



THE SCOLDING WIFE.

1. Some men they do delight in hounds
And some in hawks take pleasure,
While others joy in war and wounds
And thereby gain great treasure;
Some they love on sea to sail
And some rejoice in riding,
But all their judgments do them fail,
There's no such joy as *chiding*.

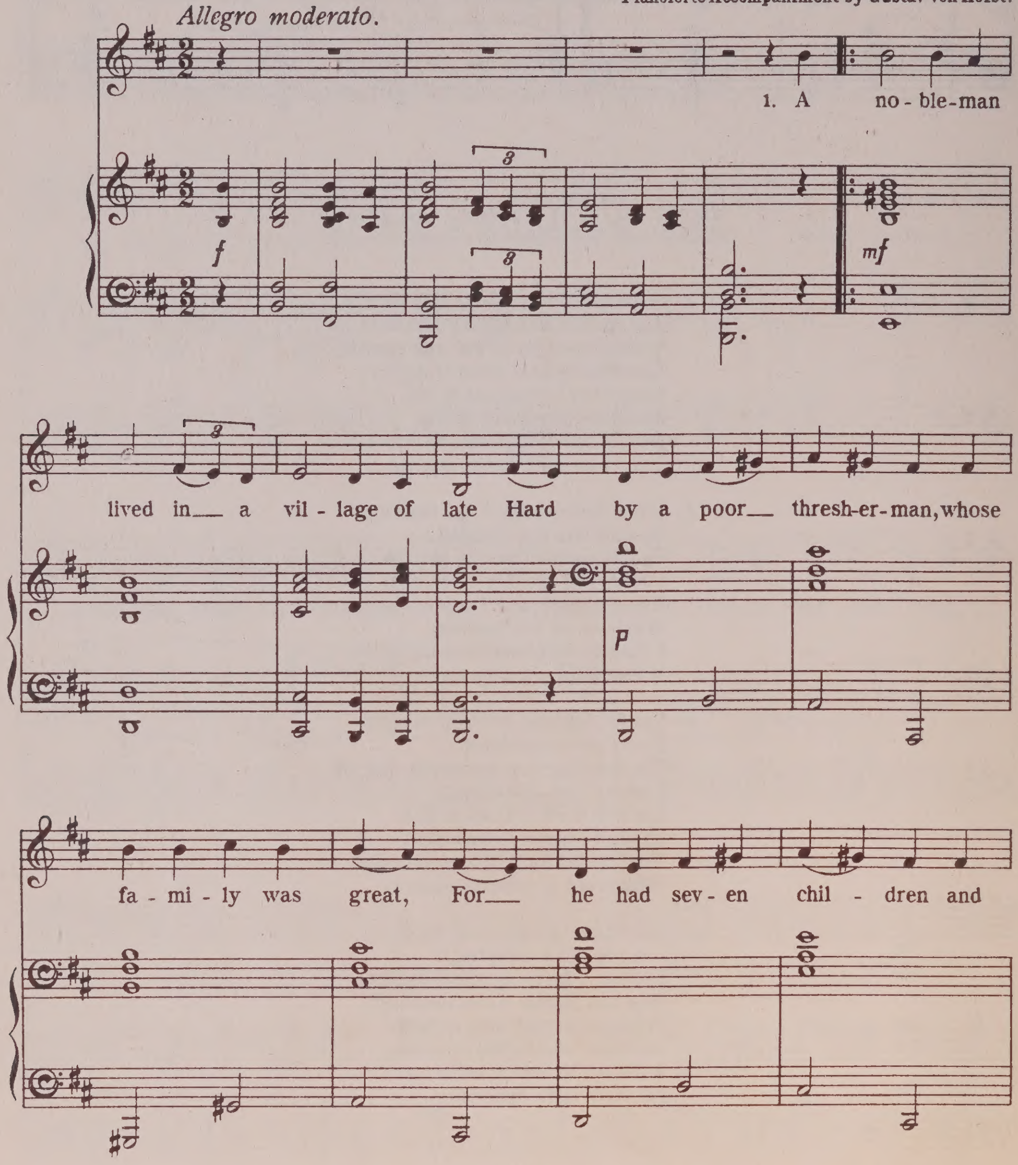
2. When soon as day I ope mine eyes
To entertain the morning,
Before my husband he can rise,
I *chide* and proudly scorn him;
When at the board I take my place,
Whatever be the feasting,
I first do *chide* and then say grace,
If then disposed to tasting.

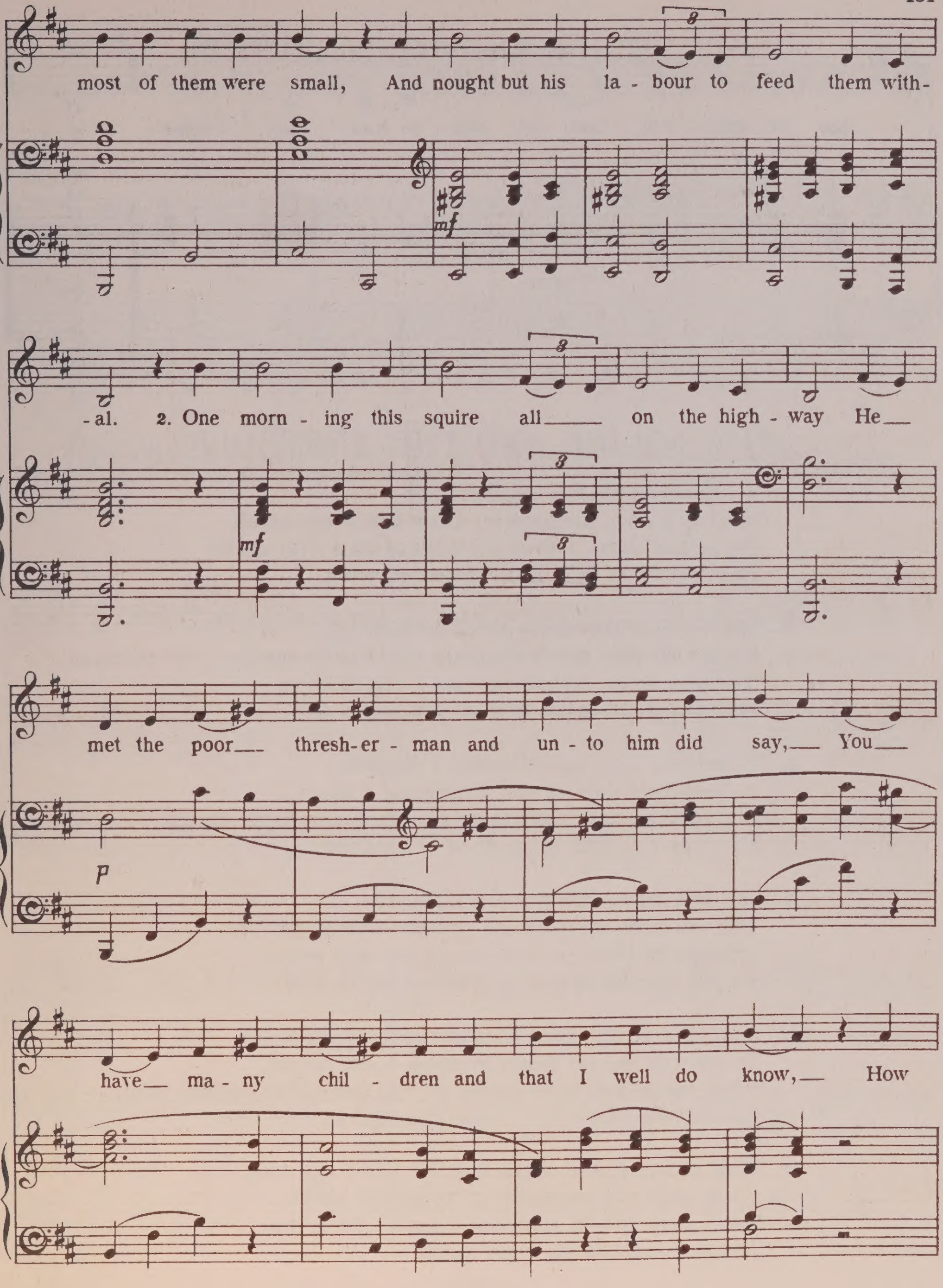
3. Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever am complaining;
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
I always am disdaining;
Let it be fowl or flesh or fish,
Though I am my own taster,
Yet I'll find fault with meat or dish,
With maid or with the master.

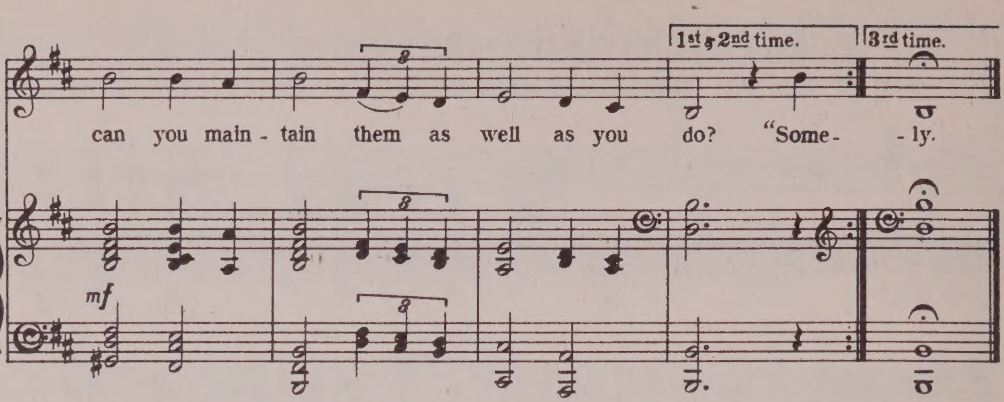
4. But when I go to bed at night,
I surely fall a-weeping,
For then I leave my great delight,
How can I *chide* when sleeping?
Yet this my grief doth mitigate
And must assuage my sorrow,
Although tonight it be too late,
I'll early *chide* tomorrow.

THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegro moderato.
f
mf
1. A no-ble-man
lived in a vil-lage of late Hard by a poor thresh-er-man, whose
p
fa-mi-ly was great, For he had sev-en chil-dren and
3


most of them were small, And nought but his la - bour to feed them with-
-al. 2. One morn - ing this squire all___ on the high - way He___
met the poor___ thresh-er - man and un - to him did say,___ You___
have___ ma - ny chil - dren and that I well do know,___ How
3
3
3
mf
mf
p



THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.

1. A nobleman lived in a village of late
Hard by a poor thresherman, whose family was great,
For he had seven children and most of them were small,
And nought but his labour to feed them withal.

2. One morning this squire all on the highway
He met the poor thresherman and unto him did say,
"You have many children and that I well do know,
How can you maintain them as well as you do?"

3. "Sometimes I do reap, sometimes I do mow,
A-hedging, a-ditching and a-threshing I do go
And nothing comes amiss to me from the harrow to the plough,
My bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.

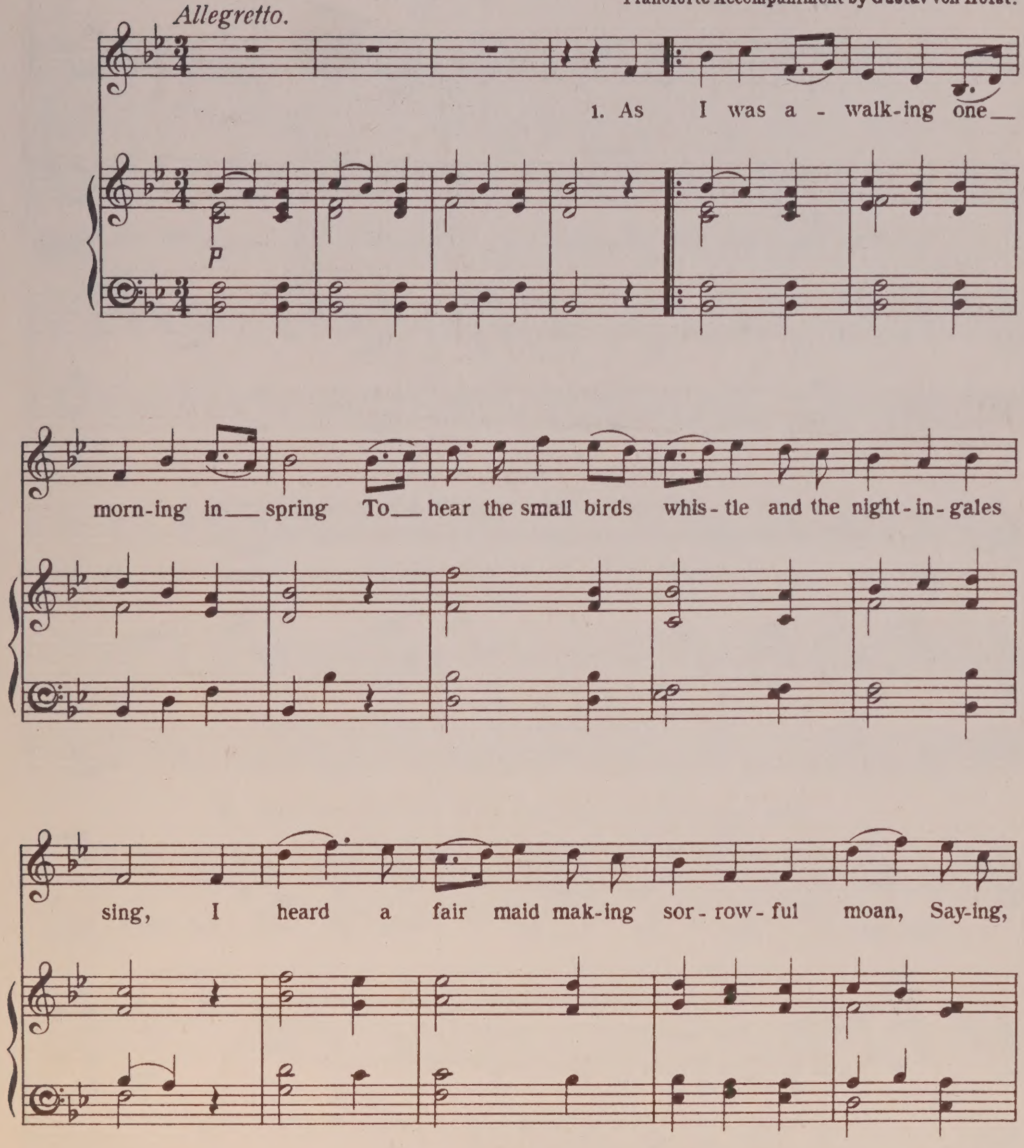
4. My wife she is willing to join in the yoke,
Like two turtle doves we live nor each other do provoke,
Although the times are hard and we are very poor,
We still keep the ravens and wolves from the door.

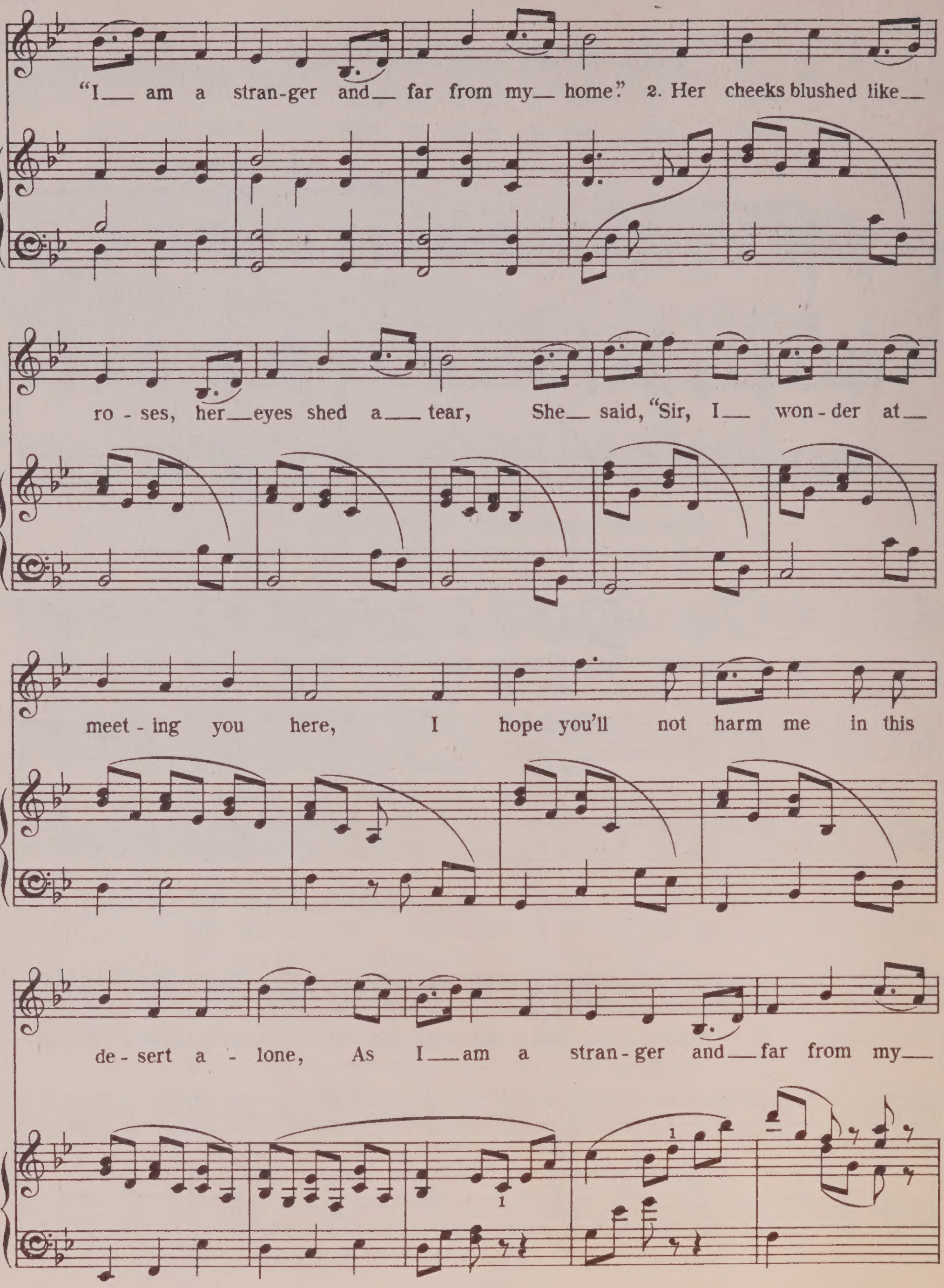
5. And when I come home from my labour at night
To my wife and my family in whom I take delight,
When my children come around me with their prittle-prattling noise,
Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys."

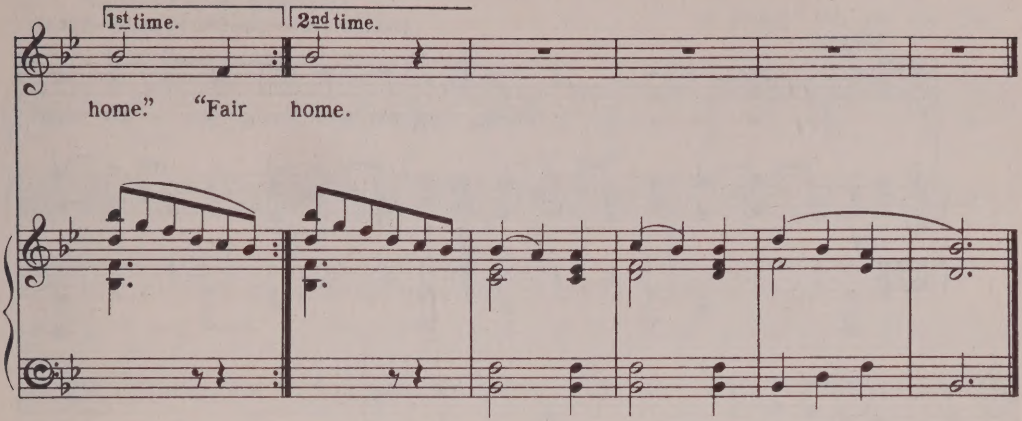
6. "Well done, my good fellow, thou art kind to thy wife,
I will make thee contented all the days of thy life,
Here's forty acre of good land I freely give to thee
All for to maintain thy sweet family."

THE HAPPY STRANGER.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto.
p
1. As I was a - walk-ing one morn-ing in spring To hear the small birds whis - tle and the night - in - gales sing, I heard a fair maid mak-ing sor - row - ful moan, Say-ing,


"I — am a stran-ger and — far from my — home." 2. Her cheeks blushed like —
ro - ses, her — eyes shed a — tear, She — said, "Sir, I — won - der at —
meet - ing you here, I hope you'll not harm me in this
de - sert a - lone, As I — am a stran - ger and — far from my —
1
1



THE HAPPY STRANGER.

1. As I was a-walking one morning in spring
   To hear the small birds whistle and the nightingales sing,
I heard a fair maid making sorrowful moan,
   Saying, "I am a stranger and far from my home."

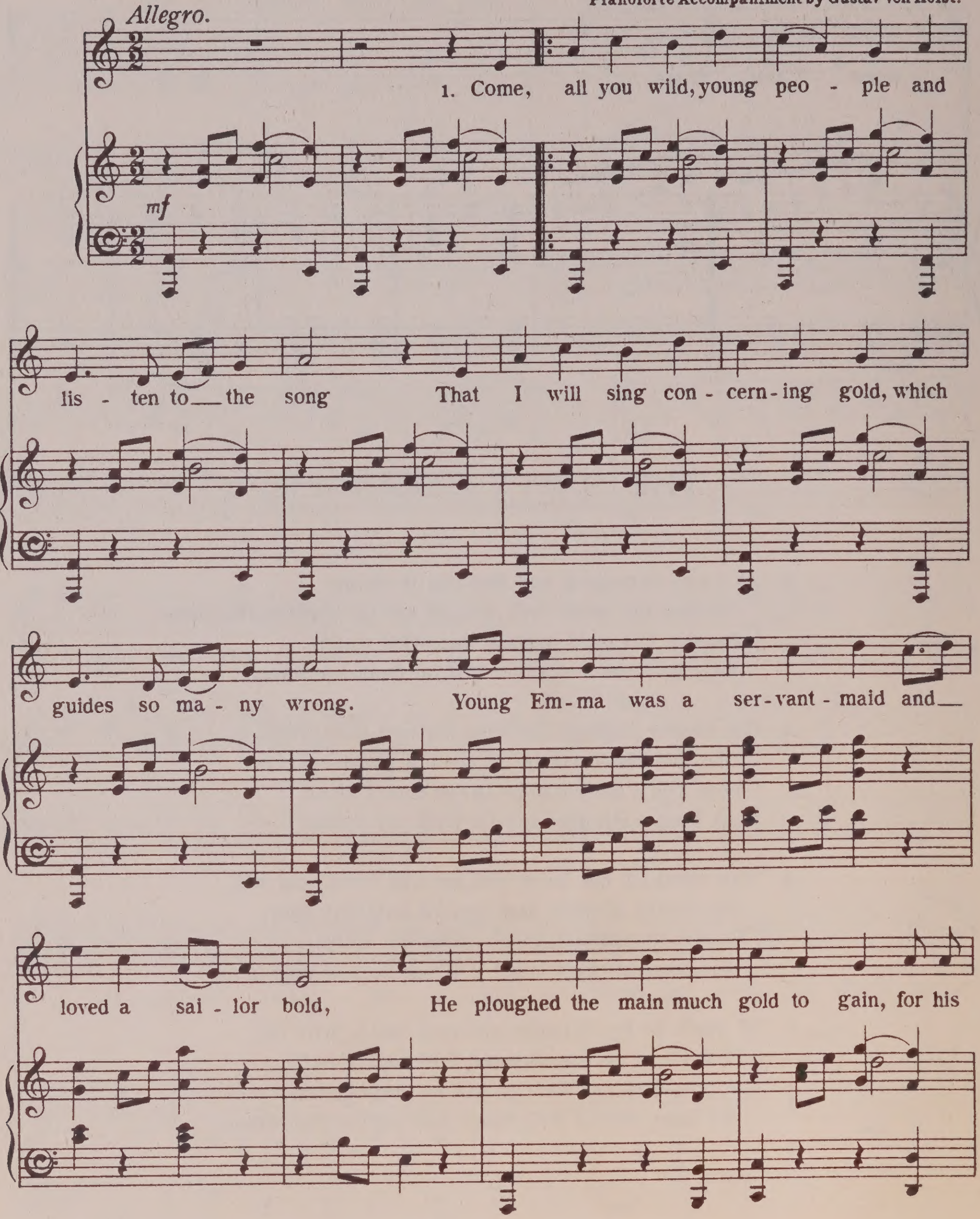
2. Her cheeks blushed like roses, her eyes shed a tear,
   She said, "Sir, I wonder at meeting you here,
I hope you'll not harm me in this desert alone,
   As I am a stranger and far from my home."

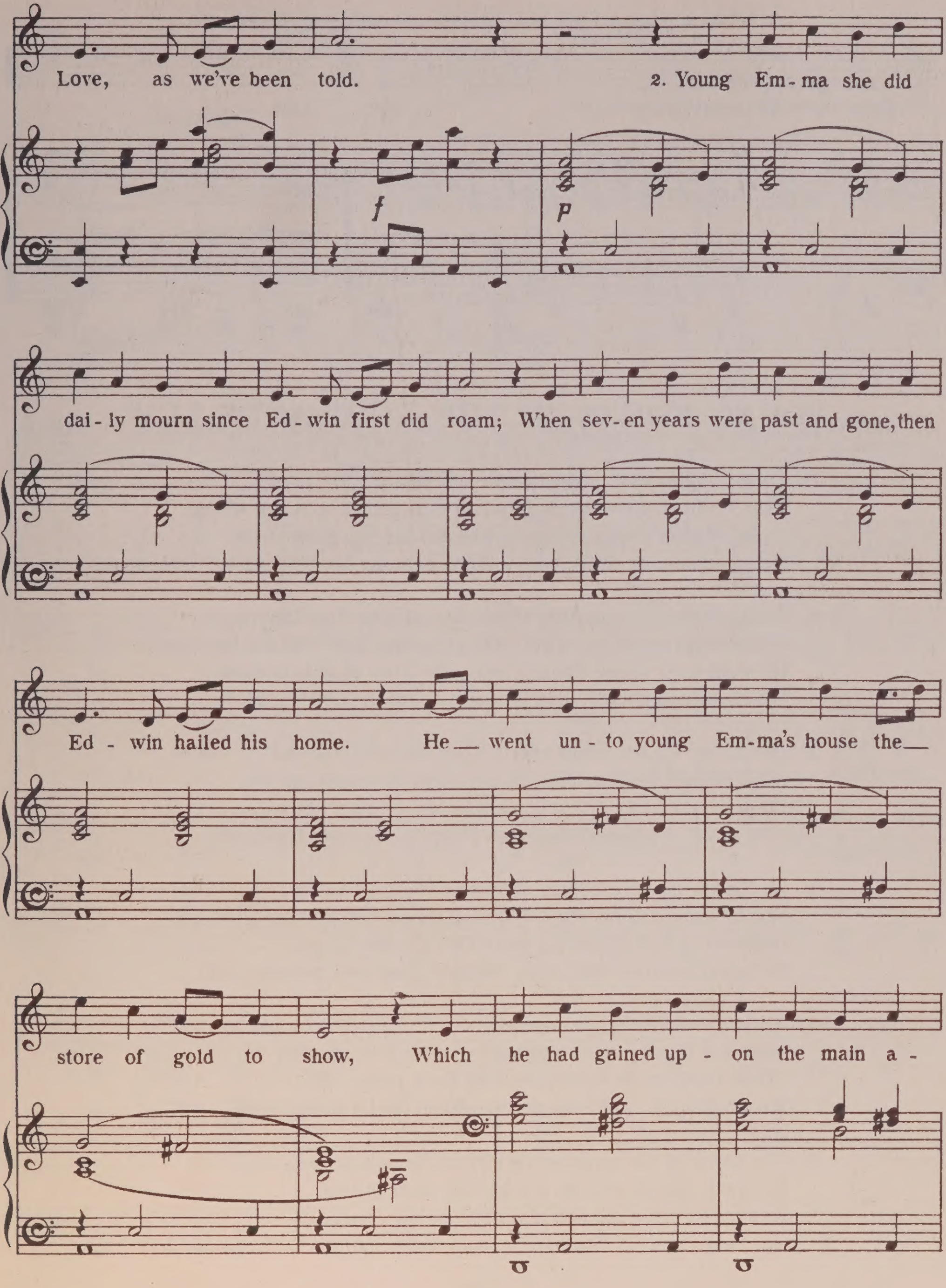
3. "Fair maid, I'll not harm you, nor e'en cross your will,
   My heart's blood to save you I'd willingly spill,
I'll strive to ease and relieve your sad moan
   And straightway conduct you safe back to your home."

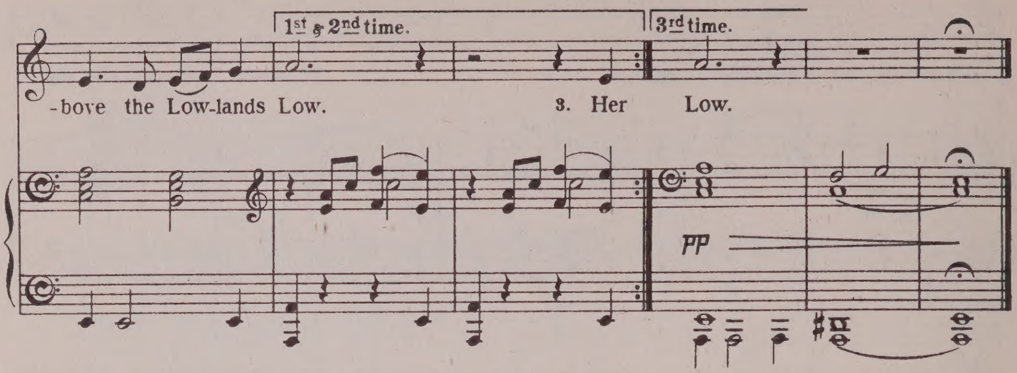
4. "If you'll be my guardian, you may marry with me,
   And I'll be ever loving and faithful to thee."
And now they are married and no longer roam,
   We hope they're both happy and safe in their home.

YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegro.
mf
1. Come, all you wild, young peo - ple and
lis - ten to the song That I will sing con - cern - ing gold, which
guides so ma - ny wrong. Young Em - ma was a ser - vant - maid and
loved a sai - lor bold, He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his


Love, as we've been told.
2. Young Em-ma she did
f
p
dai-ly mourn since Ed-win first did roam; When sev-en years were past and gone, then
Ed-win hailed his home. He — went un-to young Em-ma's house the —
store of gold to show, Which he had gained up-on the main a-



YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

1. Come, all you wild, young people and listen to the song
That I will sing concerning gold, which guides so many wrong.
Young Emma was a servant-maid and loved a sailor bold,
He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his Love, as we've been told.

2. Young Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam;
When seven years were past and gone, then Edwin hailed his home.
He went unto young Emma's house the store of gold to show,
Which he had gained upon the main above the Lowlands Low.

3. Her father kept a public inn, it stood down by the sea.
Says Emma, "You can enter in and there this night can be.
I'll meet you in the morning, don't let my parents know,
Your name it is young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

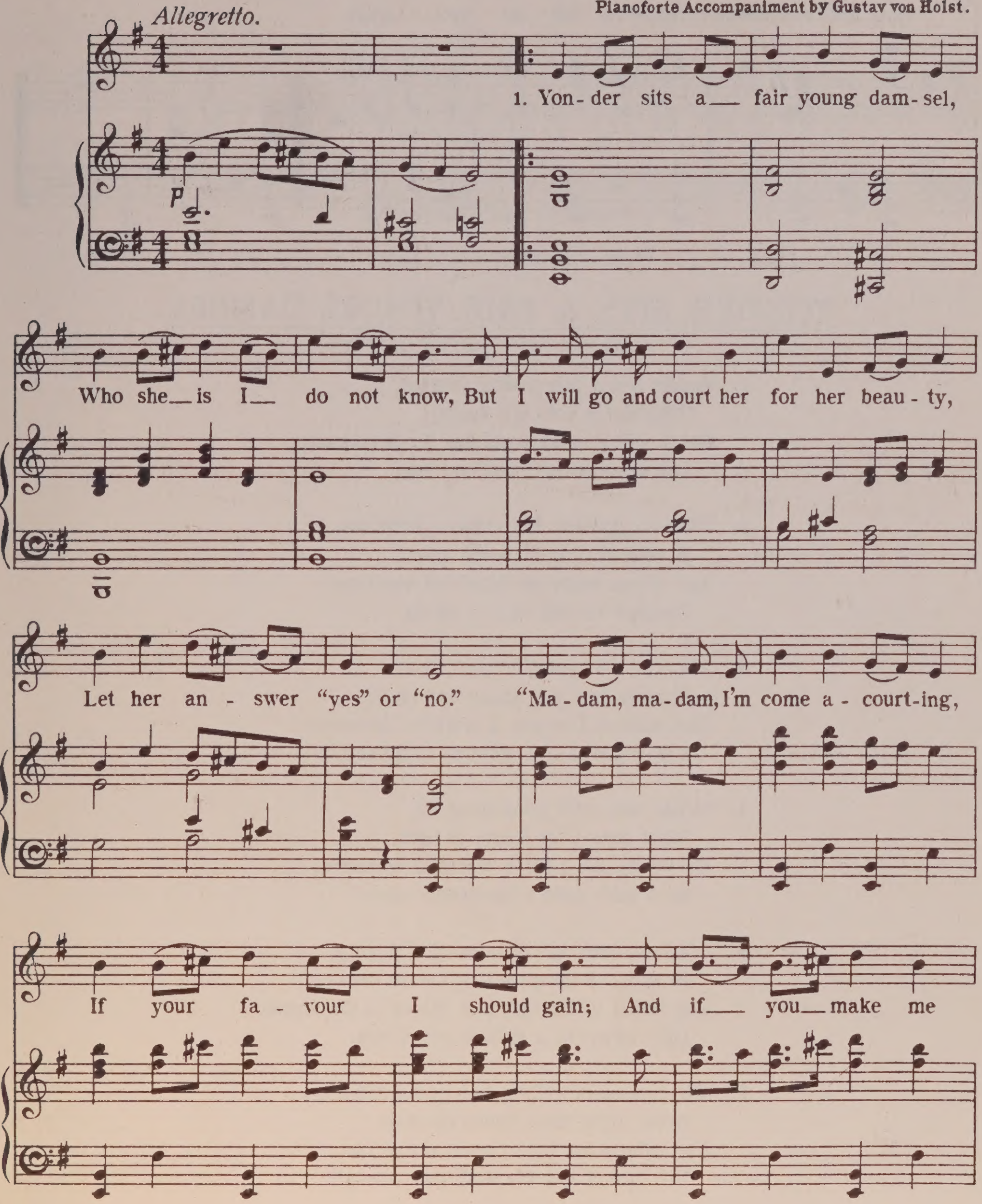
4. As Emma she lay sleeping she had a frightful dream,
She dreamt her Love stood weeping, his blood poured in a stream.
She rose up in the morning and to her friends did go,
Because she loved him dearly, that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

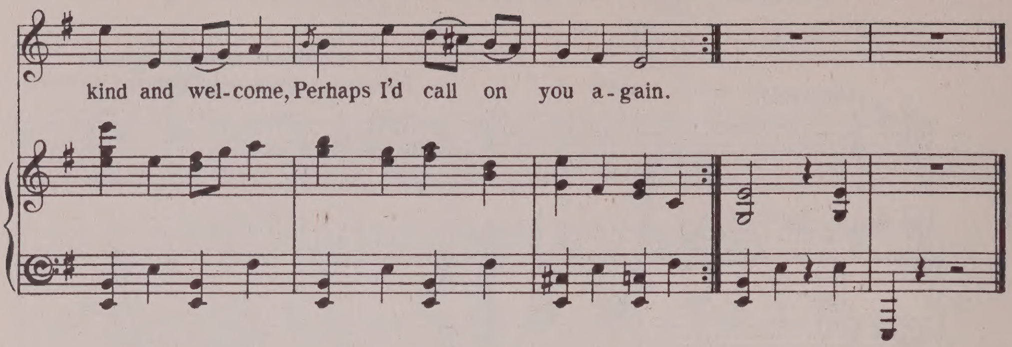
5. "Oh, mother, where's the stranger lad, came here last night to stay?"
"Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell," her father he did say.
"Then father, cruel father, you will die a public show
For murdering my Edwin, that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

6. The fishes of the ocean swim o'er my lover's breast,
His body rolls in motion, I hope his soul's at rest,
How cruel were my parents to prove his overthrow,
And take the gold from one so bold that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.

Collected by George B. Gardiner.
Pianoforte Accompaniment by Gustav von Holst.


Allegretto.
P
1. Yon-der sits a— fair young dam-sel,
Who she—is I— do not know, But I will go and court her for her beau-ty,
Let her an-swer "yes" or "no."
"Ma-dam, ma-dam, I'm come a-court-ing,
If your fa-vour I should gain; And if— you—make me



YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.

1. Yonder sits a fair young damsel,
   Who she is I do not know,
But I will go and court her for her beauty,
   Let her answer "yes" or "no."

2. "Madam, madam, I'm come a-courting,
   If your favour I should gain;
And if you make me kind and welcome,
   Perhaps I'd call on you again.

3. Madam, I've got gold and silver,
   Madam, I've got house and land;
And, madam, I've got a world of treasure,
   You might take it at your command."

4. "What care I for gold or silver,
   What care I for house or land,
Or what care I for a world of treasure,
   So I can't gain a handsome man."

5. "Madam, don't think so much of beauty,
   Beauty's a thing that will soon decay;
The finest of flowers that shines in the summer
   Dies away on a cold winter's day.

6. First come cowslips, then come daisies,
   After night then comes the day;
And after false love comes a true one,
   See how it quickly doth pass away."

FOLK SONGS
FROM VARIOUS COUNTIES

Collected and arranged

with piano accompaniment

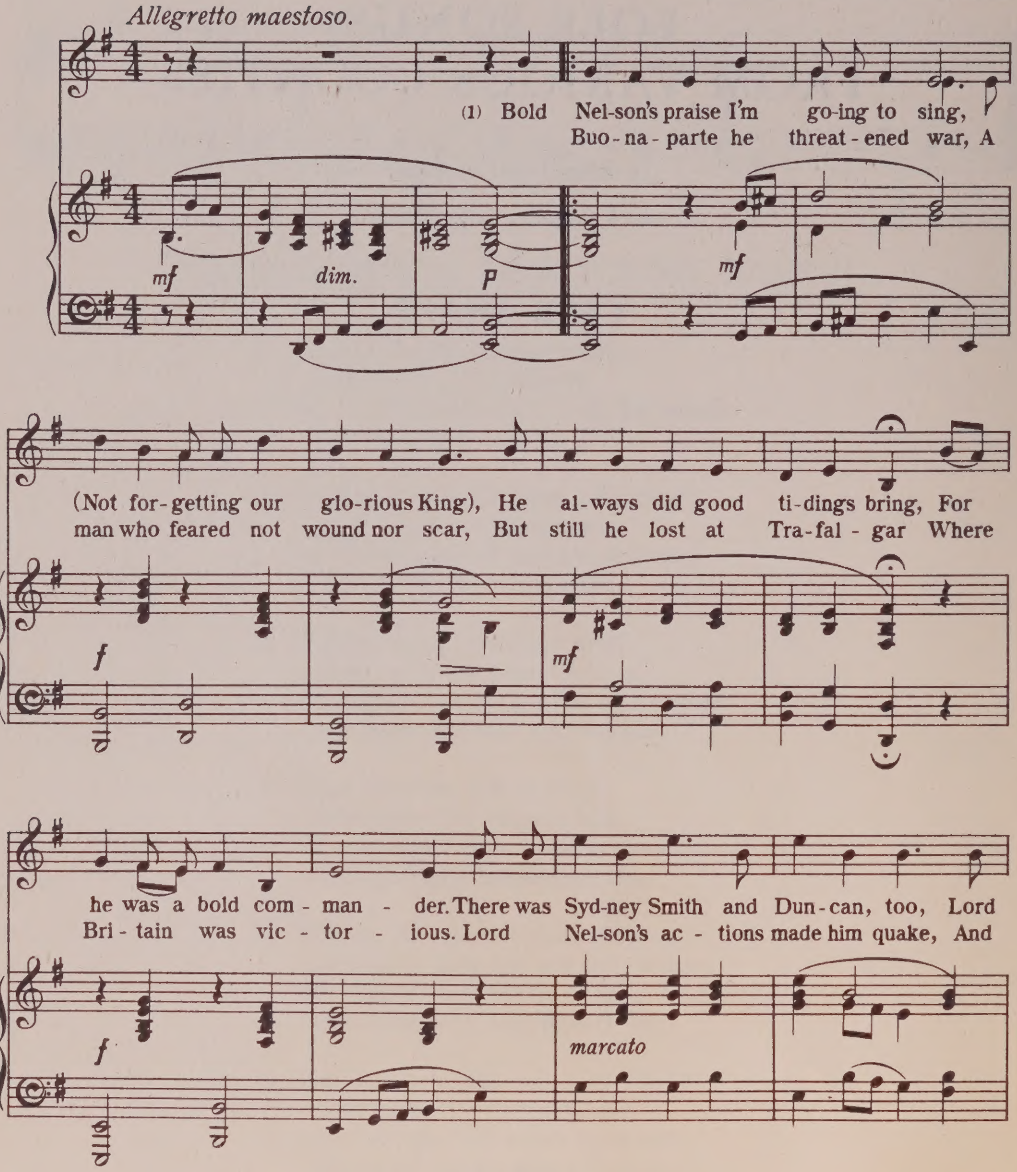
by

CECIL SHARP

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto maestoso.
(1) Bold Nel-son's praise I'm go-ing to sing,
Buo-na-parte he threat-ened war, A
(Not for-getting our glo-rious King), He al-ways did good ti-dings bring, For
man who feared not wound nor scar, But still he lost at Tra-fal-gar Where
he was a bold com-man-der. There was Syd-ney Smith and Dun-can, too, Lord
Bri-tain was vic-tor-ious. Lord Nel-son's ac-tions made him quake, And
mf
dim.
p
mf
f
mf
f
marcato

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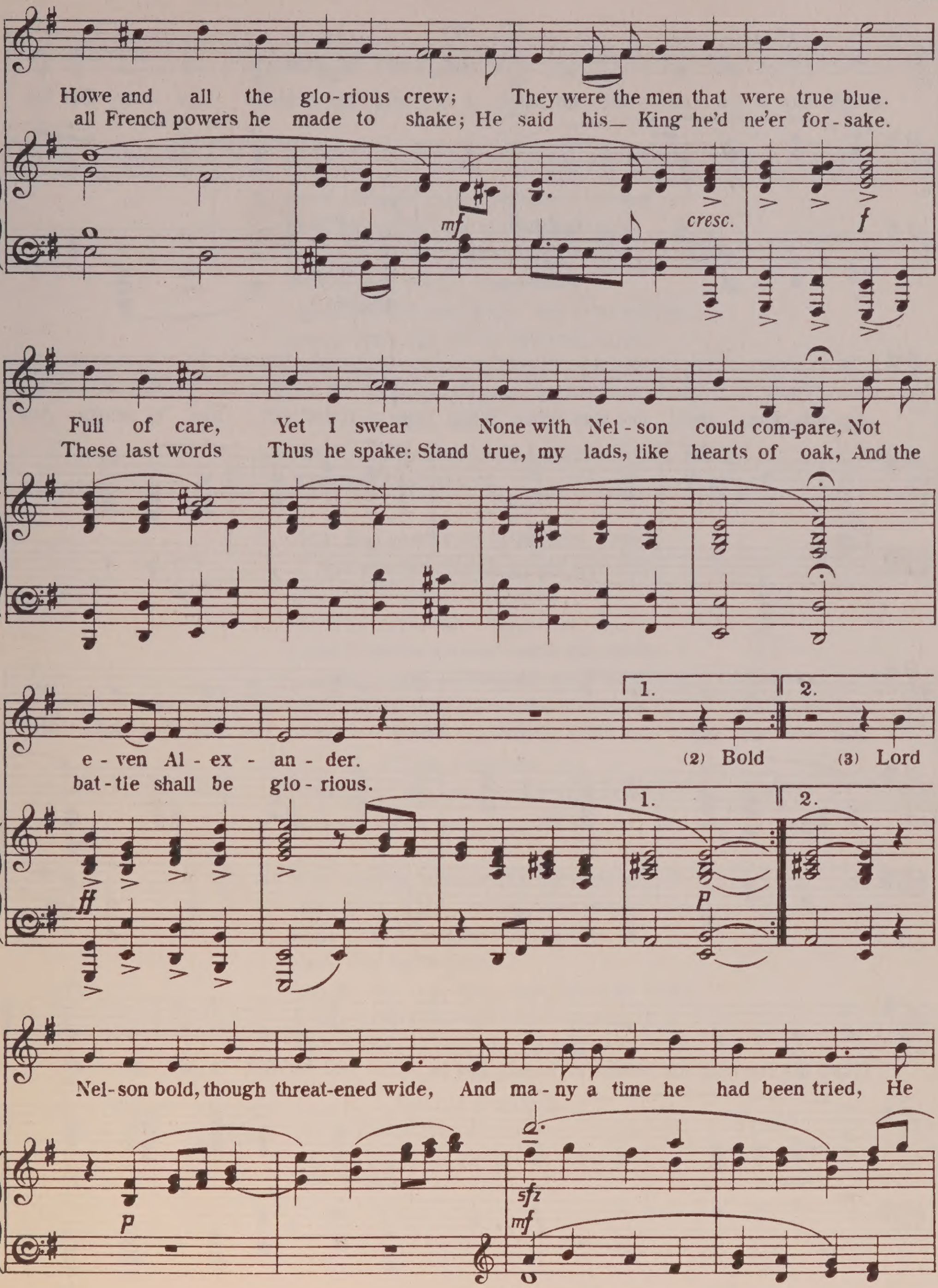
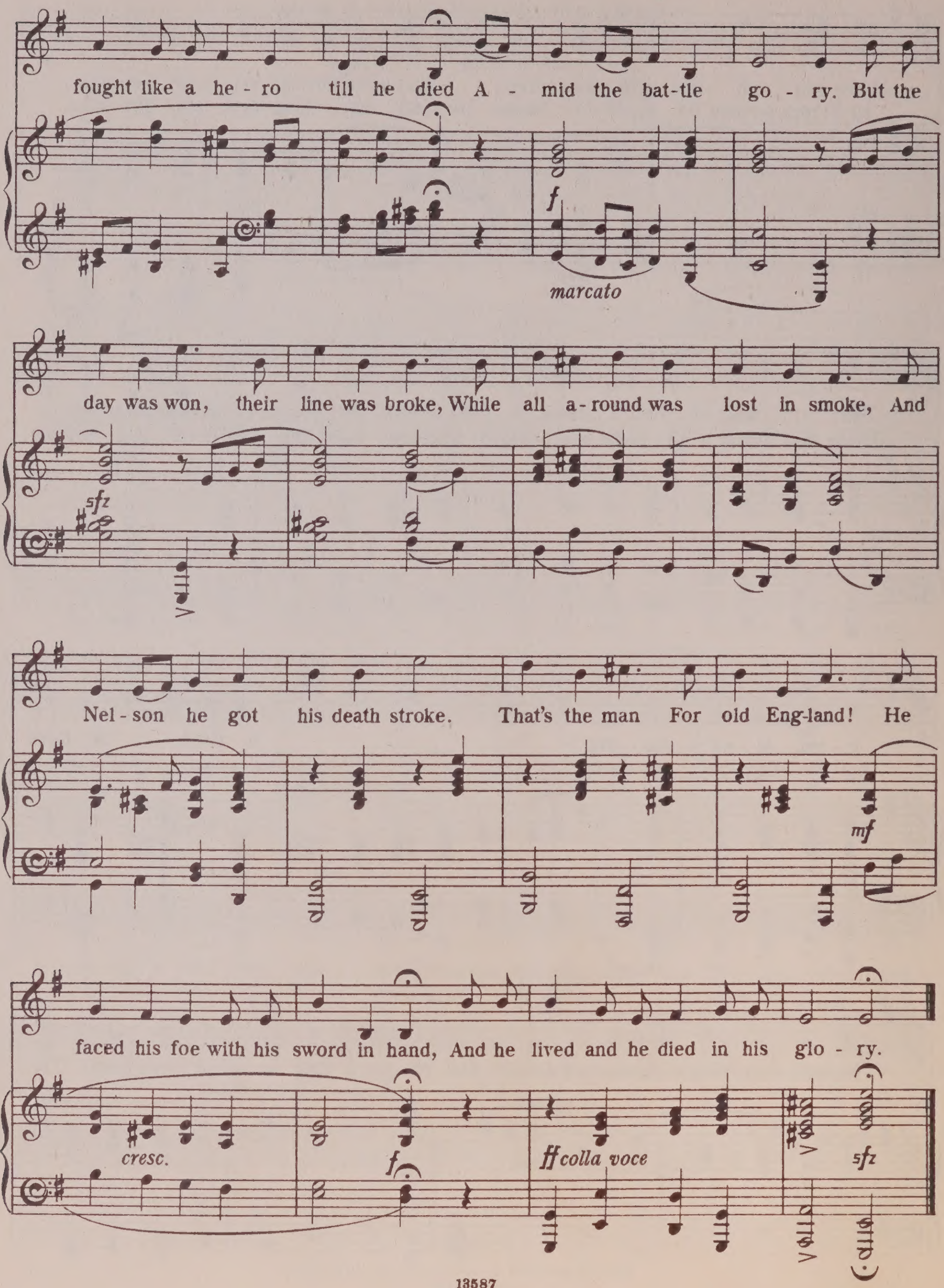

Howe and all the glo-rious crew; They were the men that were true blue.
all French powers he made to shake; He said his_ King he'd ne'er for-sake.
mf
cresc.
f
Full of care, Yet I swear None with Nel-son could com-pare, Not
These last words Thus he spake: Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak, And the
e-ven Al-ex-an-der.
bat-tie shall be glo-rious.
1.
2.
(2) Bold
(3) Lord
ff
p
Nel-son bold, though threat-ened wide, And ma-ny a time he had been tried, He
p
sfz
mf


fought like a he - ro till he died A - mid the bat-tle go - ry. But the
f
marcato
day was won, their line was broke, While all a-round was lost in smoke, And
sfz
Nel-son he got his death stroke. That's the man For old Eng-land! He
mf
faced his foe with his sword in hand, And he lived and he died in his glo - ry.
cresc.
f
ff colla voce
sfz

BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE.

1. Bold Nelson's praise I'm going to sing,
(Not forgetting our glorious King),
He always did good tidings bring,
For he was a bold commander.
There was Sydney Smith and Duncan, too,
Lord Howe and all the glorious crew;
They were the men that were true blue.
Full of care,
Yet I swear
None with Nelson could compare,
Not even Alexander.

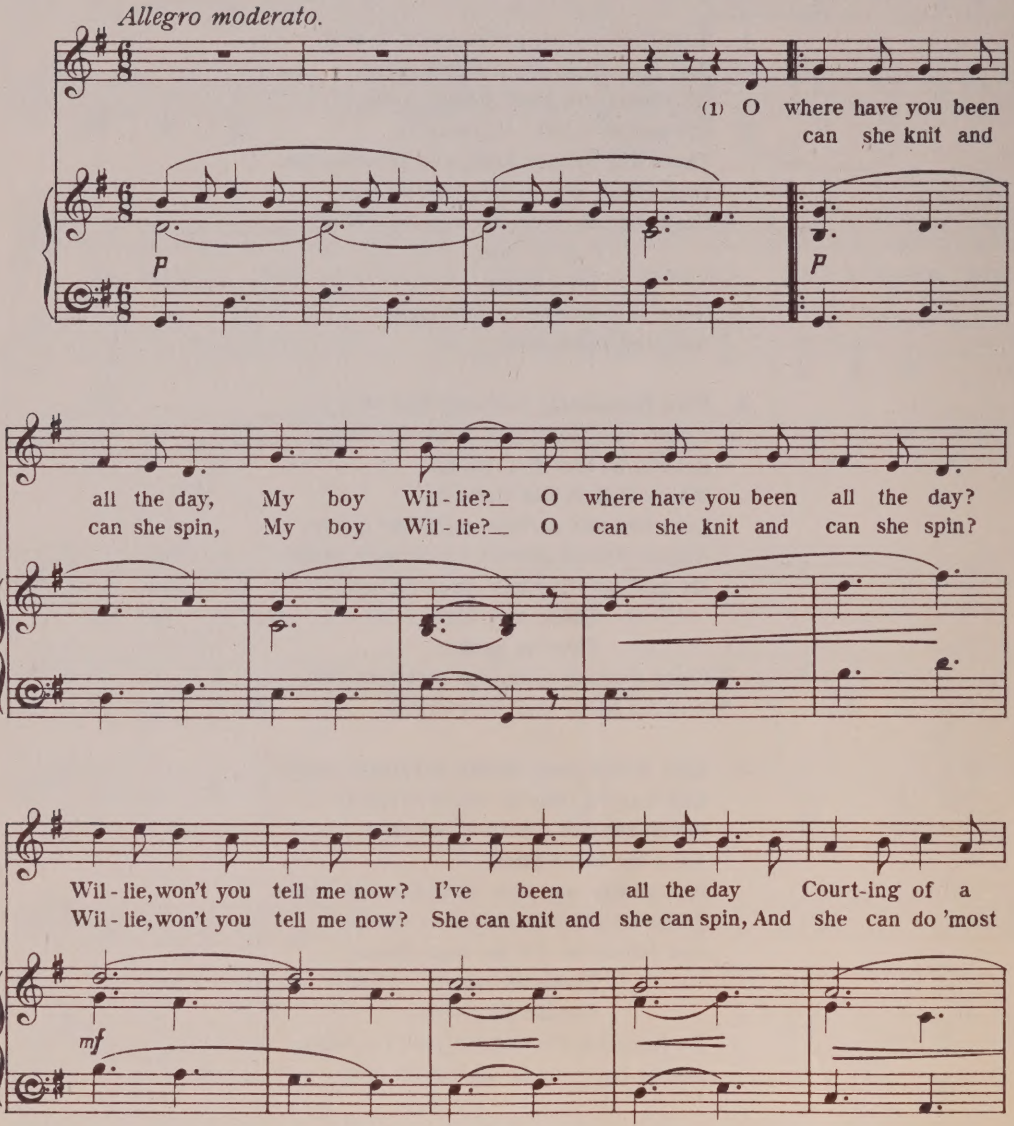
2. Bold Buonaparte he threatened war,
A man who feared not wound nor scar,
But still he lost at Trafalgar
Where Britain was victorious.
Lord Nelson's actions made him quake,
And all French powers he made to shake;
He said his King he'd ne'er forsake.
These last words
Thus he spake:
Stand true, my lads, like hearts of oak,
And the battle shall be glorious.

3. Lord Nelson bold, though threatened wide,
And many a time he had been tried,
He fought like a hero till he died
Amid the battle gory.
But the day was won, their line was broke,
While all around was lost in smoke,
And Nelson he got his death stroke.
That's the man
For old England!
He faced his foe with his sword in hand,
And he lived and he died in his glory.

MY BOY WILLIE.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro moderato.
p
(1) O where have you been
can she knit and
p
all the day, My boy Wil - lie?— O where have you been all the day?
can she spin, My boy Wil - lie?— O can she knit and can she spin?
Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? I've been all the day Court-ing of a
Wil - lie, won't you tell me now? She can knit and she can spin, And she can do 'most
mf

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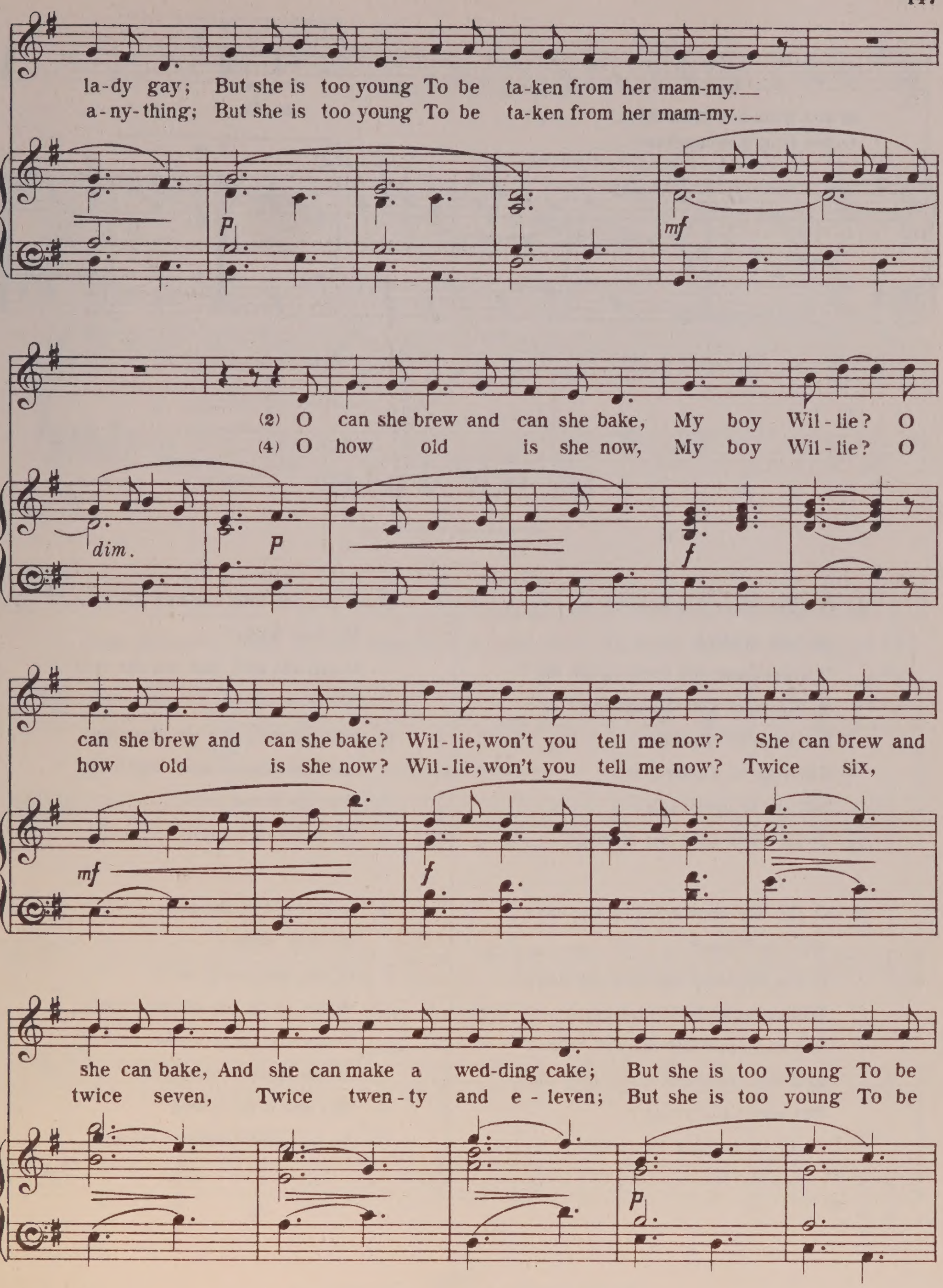
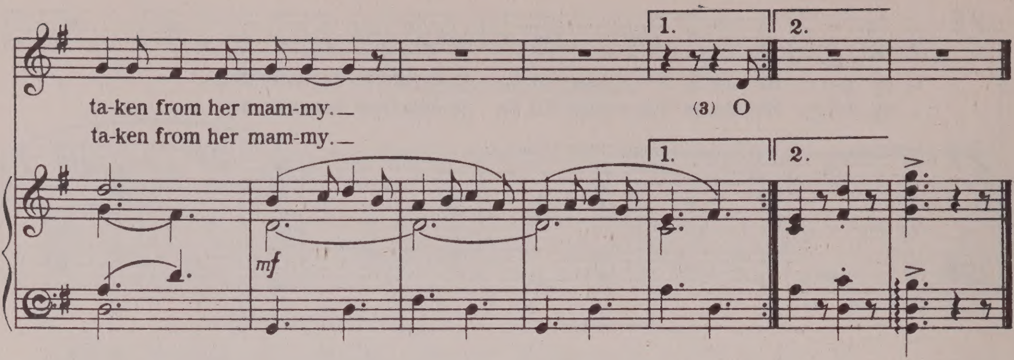

la-dy gay; But she is too young To be ta-ken from her mam-my.
a-ny-thing; But she is too young To be ta-ken from her mam-my.
p
mf
(2) O can she brew and can she bake, My boy Wil-lie? O
(4) O how old is she now, My boy Wil-lie? O
dim.
p
f
can she brew and can she bake? Wil-lie, won't you tell me now? She can brew and
how old is she now? Wil-lie, won't you tell me now? Twice six,
mf
f
she can bake, And she can make a wed-ding cake; But she is too young To be
twice seven, Twice twen-ty and e-leven; But she is too young To be
p



MY BOY WILLIE.

1. O where have you been all the day,
My boy Willie?
O where have you been all the day?
Willie, won't you tell me now?
I've been all the day
Courting of a lady gay;
But she is too young
To be taken from her mammy.

2. O can she brew and can she bake,
My boy Willie?
O can she brew and can she bake?
Willie, won't you tell me now?
She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make a wedding cake;
But she is too young
To be taken from her mammy.

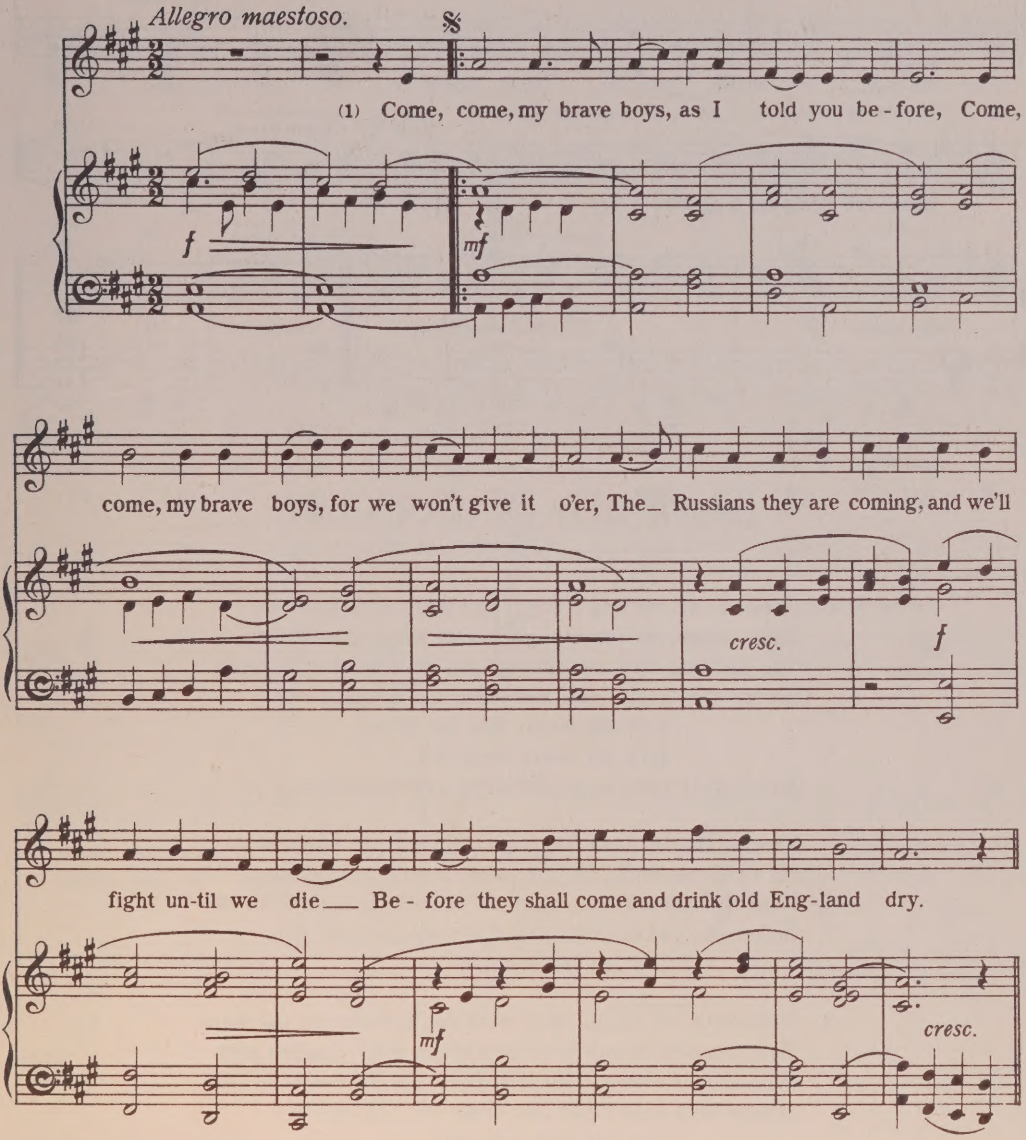
3. O can she knit and can she spin,
My boy Willie?
O can she knit and can she spin?
Willie, won't you tell me now?
She can knit and she can spin,
And she can do 'most anything;
But she is too young
To be taken from her mammy.

4. O how old is she now,
My boy Willie?
O how old is she now?
Willie, won't you tell me now?
Twice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven;
But she is too young
To be taken from her mammy.

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.

(WORCESTERSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro maestoso.
(1) Come, come, my brave boys, as I told you be-fore, Come,
come, my brave boys, for we won't give it o'er, The_ Russians they are coming, and we'll
fight un-til we die___ Be-fore they shall come and drink old Eng-land dry.
f
mf
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.

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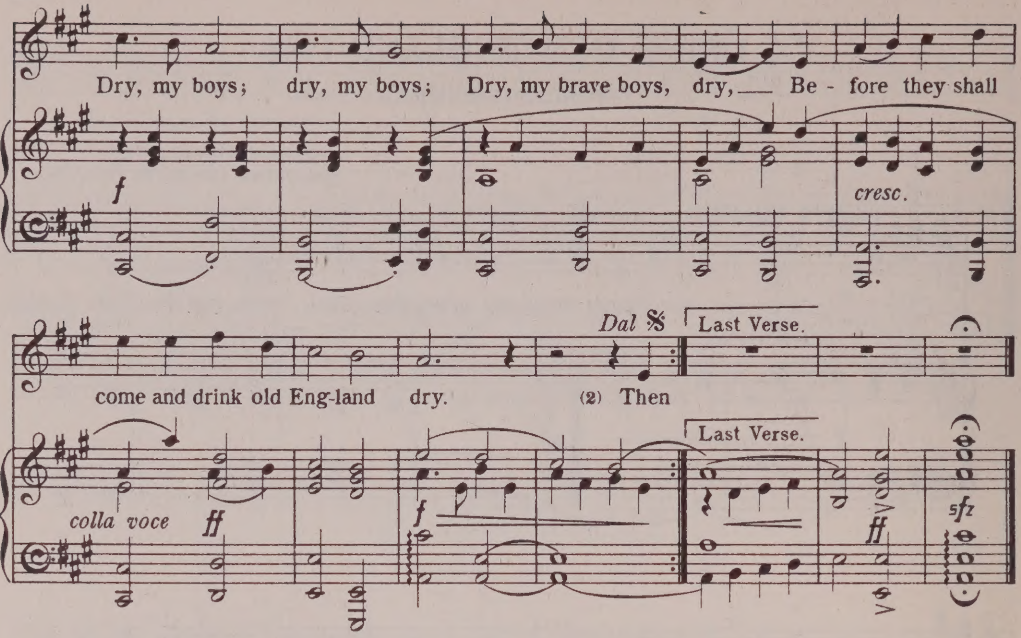

Dry, my boys; dry, my boys; Dry, my brave boys, dry, Be - fore they shall
f
cresc.
come and drink old Eng-land dry. (2) Then
Dal 𝄋
Last Verse.
Last Verse.
colla voce
ff
f
ff
sfz

DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY.

1. Come, come, my brave boys, as I told you before,
Come, come, my brave boys, for we won't give it o'er,
The Russians they are coming, and we'll fight until we die
Before they shall come and drink old England dry.
Dry, my boys; dry, my boys;
Dry, my brave boys, dry,
Before they shall come and drink old England dry.

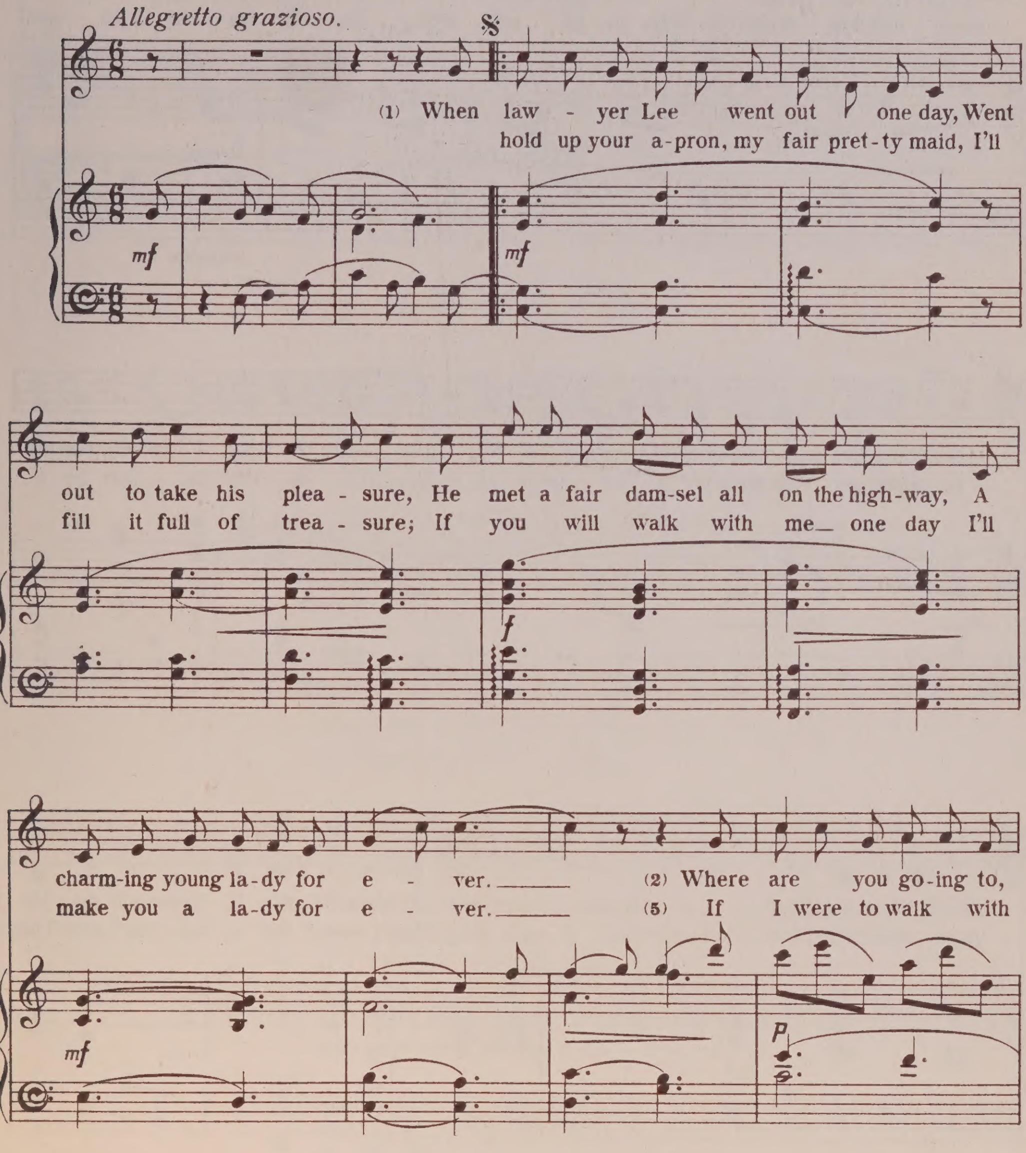
2. Then up spoke Lord Raglan, of honour and renown,
He swore he would be true to his country and crown.
With broadsword and cutlasses we will fight until we die
Before they shall come and drink old England dry.
Dry, my boys; etc. etc.

3. Supposing we should meet with the Russians on our way,
Ten thousand to one we should show them English play.
With broadsword and cutlasses we will fight until we die
Before they shall come and drink old England dry.
Dry, my boys; etc. etc.

LAWYER LEE.

(WARWICKSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto grazioso.
mf
f
p
(1) When law - yer Lee went out one day, Went out to take his plea - sure, He met a fair dam-sel all on the high-way, A charm-ing young la-dy for e - ver.
hold up your a-pron, my fair pret-ty maid, I'll fill it full of trea - sure; If you will walk with me one day I'll make you a la-dy for e - ver.
(2) Where are you go-ing to,
(5) If I were to walk with

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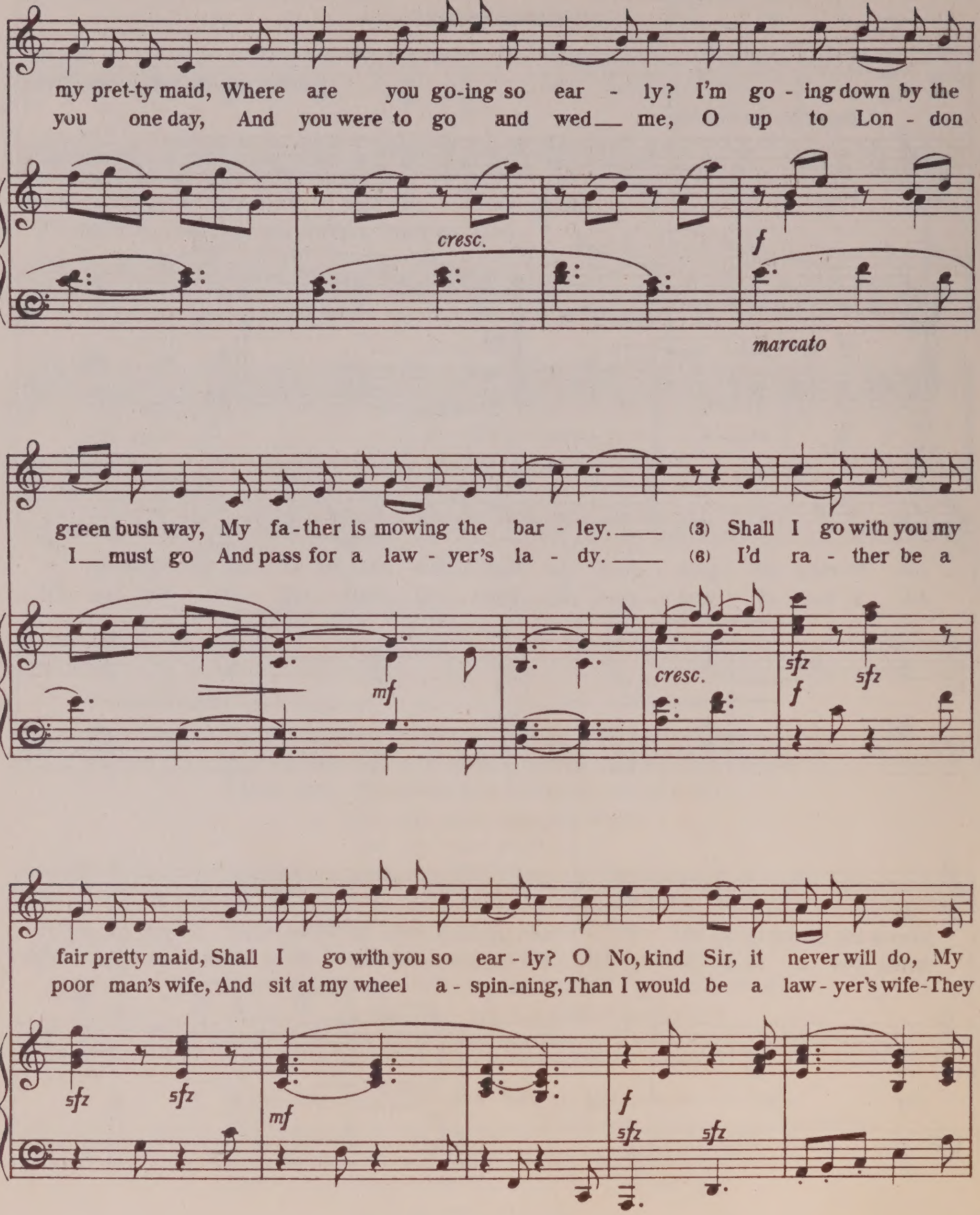
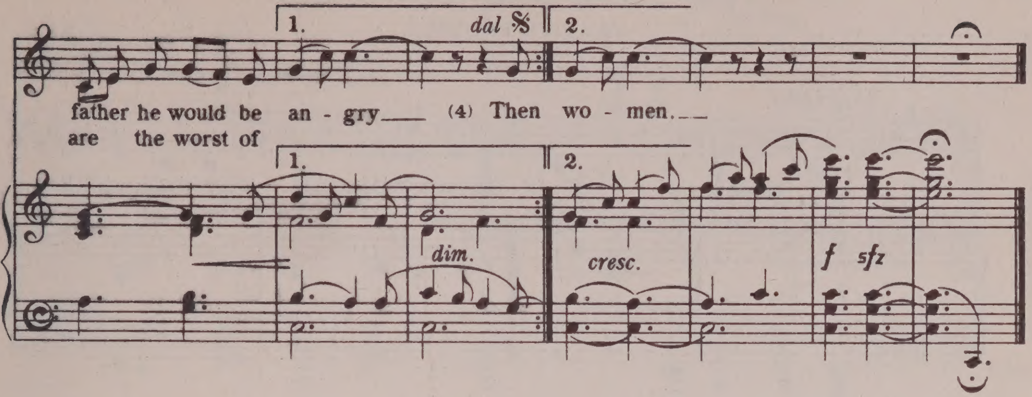

my pret-ty maid, Where are you go-ing so ear - ly? I'm go - ing down by the
you one day, And you were to go and wed — me, O up to Lon - don
cresc.
f
marcato
green bush way, My fa-ther is mowing the bar - ley. — (3) Shall I go with you my
I — must go And pass for a law - yer's la - dy. — (6) I'd ra - ther be a
mf
cresc.
sfz
sfz
f
fair pretty maid, Shall I go with you so ear - ly? O No, kind Sir, it never will do, My
poor man's wife, And sit at my wheel a - spin-ning, Than I would be a law - yer's wife-They
sfz
sfz
mf
f
sfz
sfz



LAWYER LEE.

1. When lawyer Lee went out one day,
Went out to take his pleasure,
He met a fair damsel all on the highway,
A charming young lady for ever.

2. Where are you going to, my pretty maid,
Where are you going so early?
I'm going down by the green bush way,
My father is mowing the barley.

3. Shall I go with you my fair pretty maid,
Shall I go with you so early?
O No, kind Sir, it never will do,
My father he would be angry.

4. Then hold up your apron, my fair pretty maid,
I'll fill it full of treasure;
If you will walk with me one day
I'll make you a lady for ever.

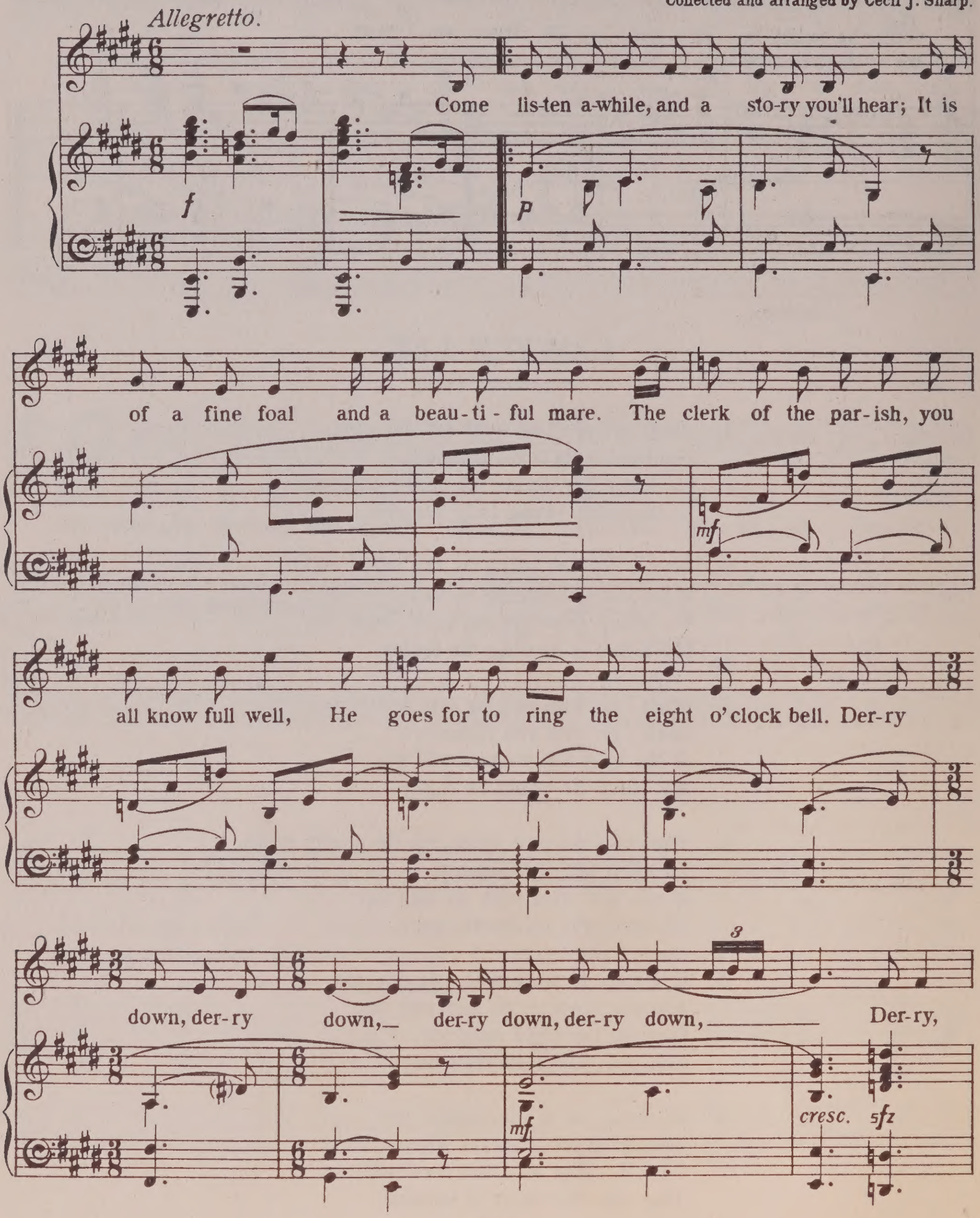
5. If I were to walk with you one day,
And you were to go and wed me,
O up to London I must go
And pass for a lawyer's lady.

6. I'd rather be a poor man's wife,
And sit at my wheel a-spinning,
Than I would be a lawyer's wife –
They are the worst of women.

THE MARE AND THE FOAL.

(WARWICKSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto.
Come listen a-while, and a story you'll hear; It is
of a fine foal and a beau-ti-ful mare. The clerk of the par-ish, you
all know full well, He goes for to ring the eight o'clock bell. Der-ry
down, der-ry down,— der-ry down, der-ry down, — Der-ry,
f
p
mf
mf
cresc. sfz
3

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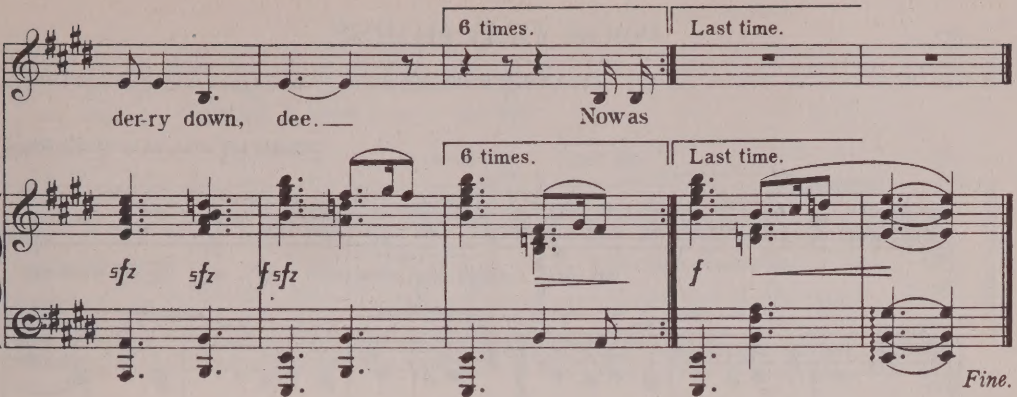


THE MARE AND THE FOAL.

1. Come listen awhile, and a story you'll hear;
It is of a fine foal and a beautiful mare.
The clerk of the parish, you all know full well,
He goes for to ring the eight o'clock bell.
Derry down, derry down, derry down, derry down,
Derry, derry down, dee.

2. As he was a-musing all over his pot,
One of the church doors he forgot for to shut;
The mare and the foal, they went in full speed,
And in the church books they began for to read.
Derry down, etc. etc.

3. The mare says to the foal: Let us go back again,
For there's nobody here for to say the Amen.
O no, says the foal, I pray you keep on,
For when it is wanted I'll say the Amen.
Derry down, etc. etc.

4. Let us pray for the blacksmith, all over the way,
For 'tis he that has shod me this many long day;
Let us pray, then, that he may have iron and coal
And plenty of money – Amen, says the foal.
Derry down, etc. etc.

5. Let us pray for the cobblers in cold frosty weather,
When it freezes their wax, and they can't sew their leather,
Let us pray, then, that they may have silver and gold,
And a good fire to warm 'em – Amen, says the foal.
Derry down, etc. etc.

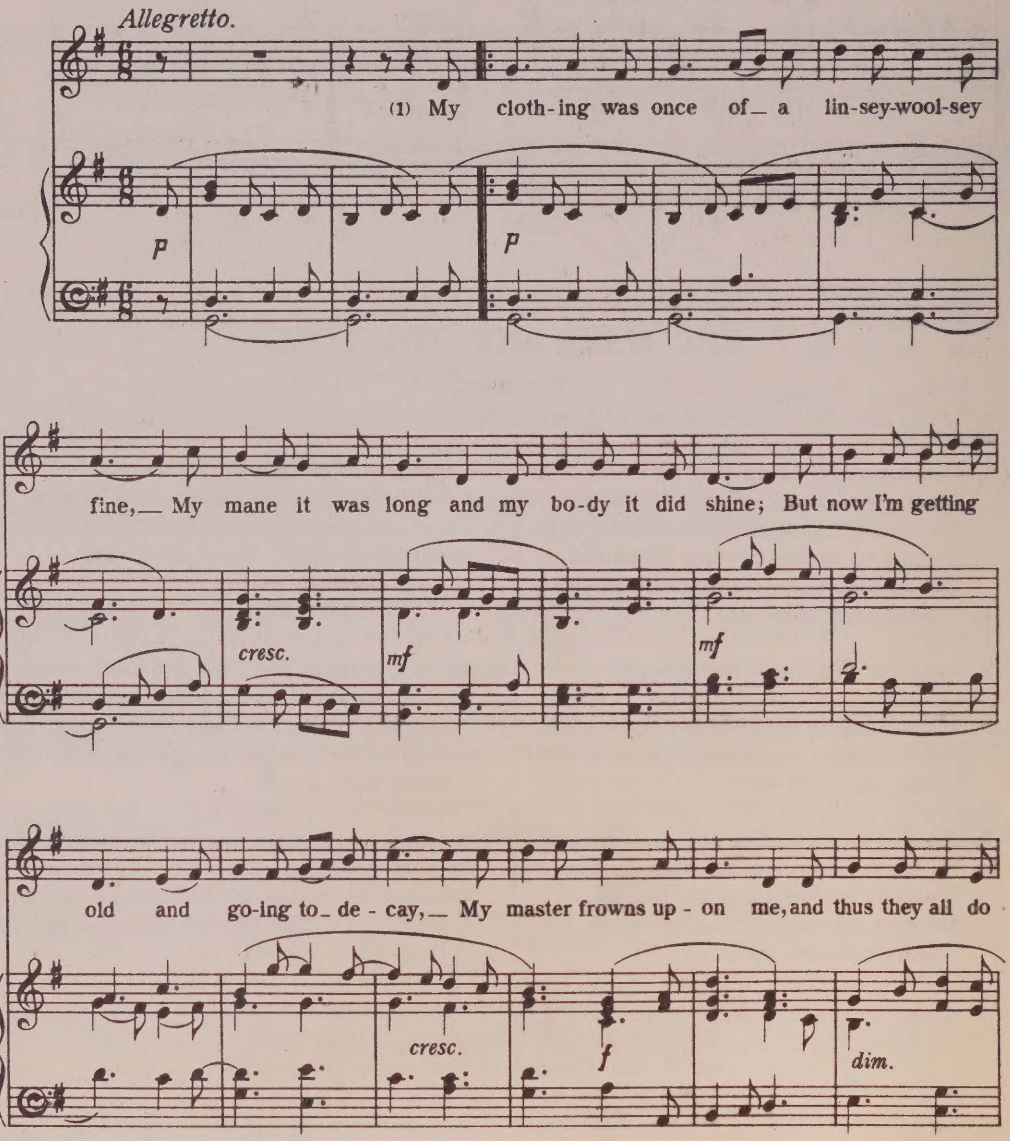
6. Let us pray for the tailors, for they do not half mend;
They will steal folks's clothes for to sell 'em again;
Let us wish them all dead (and the Lord have their souls!)
And their heads in the hog tub – Amen, says the foal.
Derry down, etc. etc.

7. Let us pray for the brewers, and it is very loth,
If you call for a quart they'll bring you half froth;
Let us wish in their barrel there may be a large hole,
With a spout in our mouths – Amen, says the foal.
Derry down, etc. etc.

POOR OLD HORSE.

(WARWICKSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto.
(1) My cloth-ing was once of_ a lin-sey-wool-sey
fine,_ My mane it was long and my bo-dy it did shine; But now I'm getting
old and go-ing to_ de - cay,_ My master frowns up - on me, and thus they all do
p
p
cresc.
mf
mf
cresc.
f
dim.

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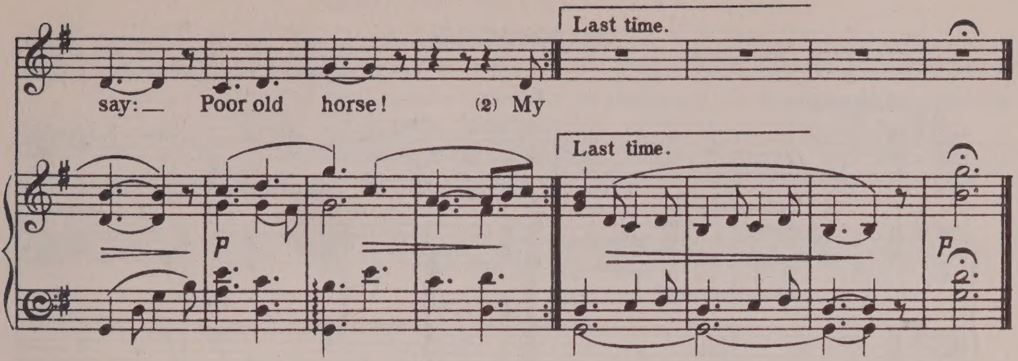


POOR OLD HORSE.

1. My clothing was once of a linsey-woolsey fine,
My mane it was long and my body it did shine;
But now I'm getting old and going to decay,
My master frowns upon me, and thus they all do say:
Poor old horse!

2. My living was once on the best of corn and hay
As ever grew in England, and that they all do say;
But now there's no such comfort that I can find at all,
I'm forced to nab the short grass that grows against the wall.
Poor old horse!

3. My lodging was once in a stable so warm
To keep my tender limbs and my body from all harm;
But now in open fields I am forc-ed for to go
To face cold windy weather, likewise sharp frost and snow.
Poor old horse!

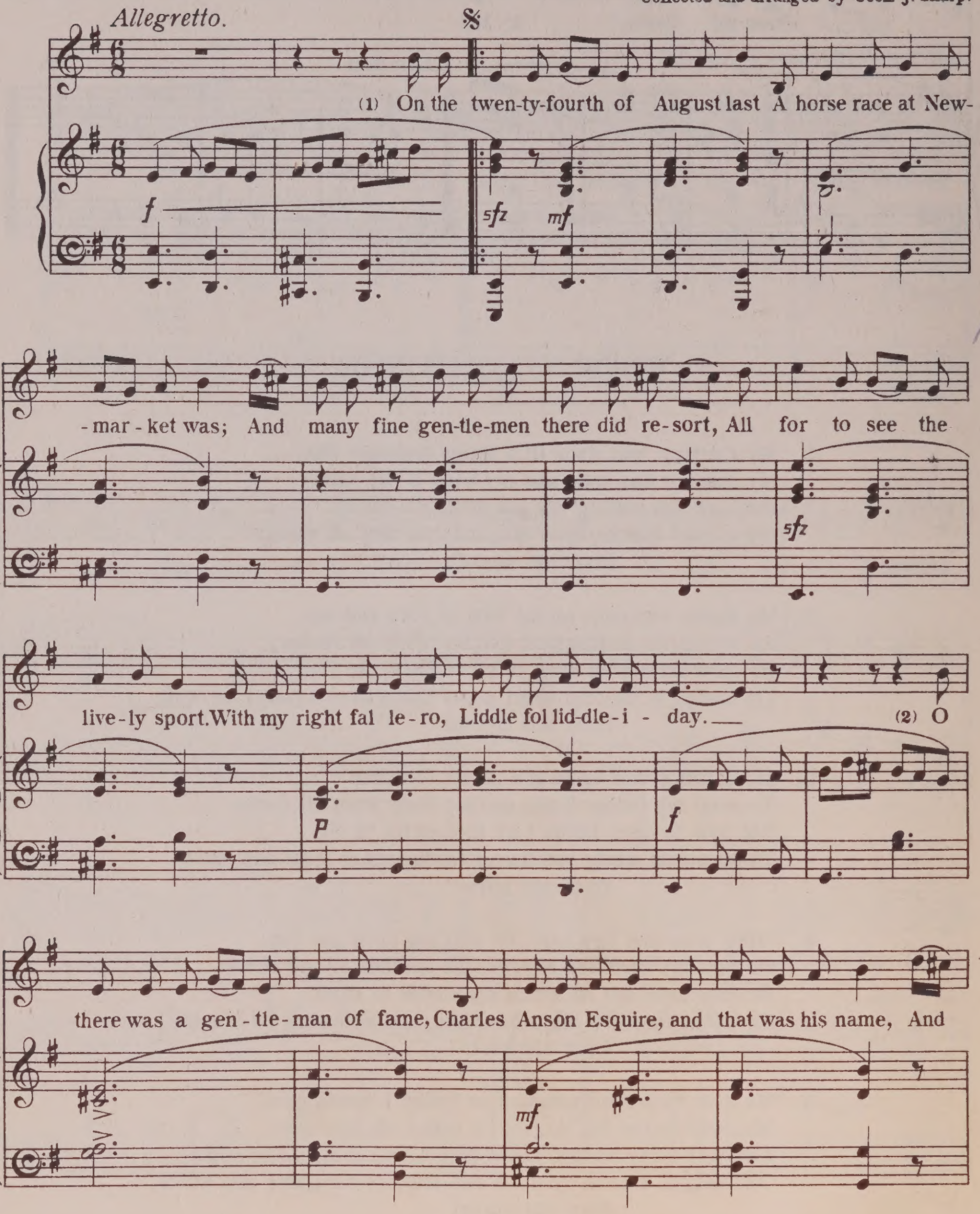
4. "He's lame and he's lazy, he eats my corn and hay,
He eats my corn and hay, and he spoileth all my straw;
Besides he is not fit within my shafts to draw,
So whip him, stick him, shoot him, and a-hunting let him go."
Poor old horse!

5. My hide unto the huntsman so freely I would give,
My body to the fox dogs – I'd rather die than live,
Although these gallant limbs they have run so many miles
O'er hedges, ditches, bramble bed, likewise o'er gates and stiles.
Poor old horse!

THE LITTLE DUNEE.

(OXFORDSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegretto.
(1) On the twen-ty-fourth of August last A horse race at New-
-mar-ket was; And many fine gen-tle-men there did re-sort, All for to see the
live-ly sport. With my right fal le-ro, Liddle fol lid-dle-i - day. ___
(2) O
there was a gen-tle-man of fame, Charles Anson Esquire, and that was his name, And
f
sfz
mf
p

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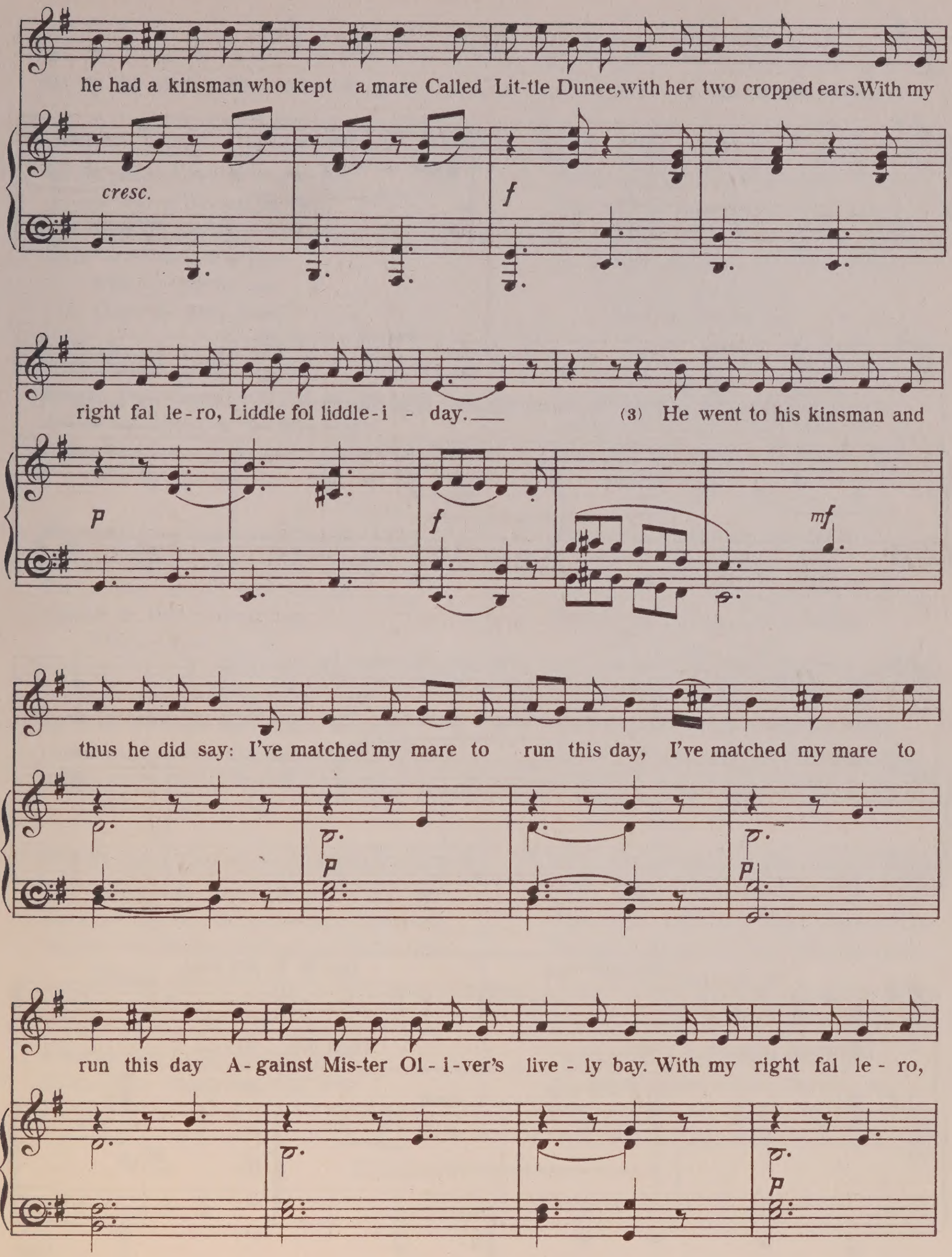
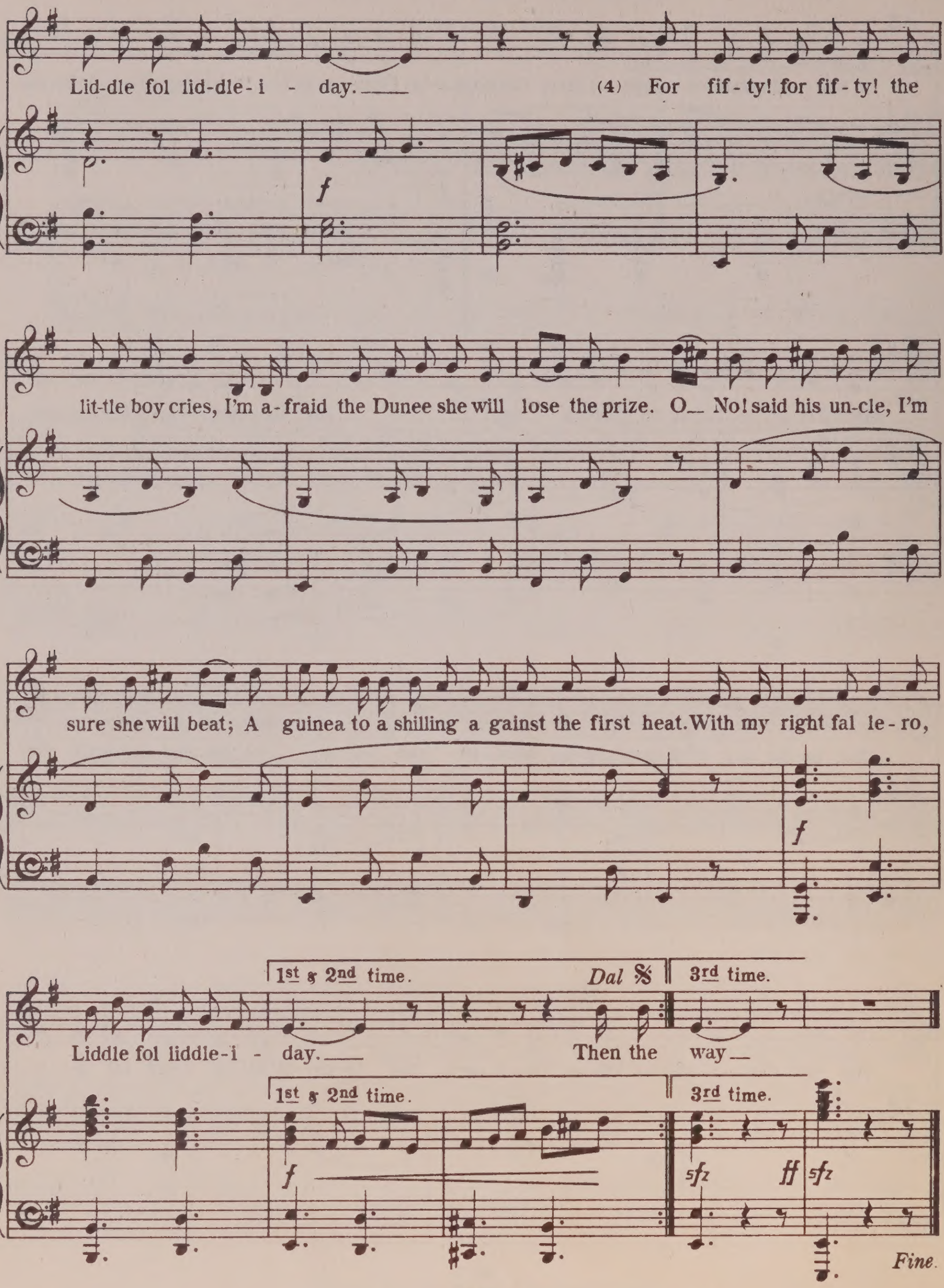

he had a kinsman who kept a mare Called Lit-tle Dunee, with her two cropped ears. With my
cresc.
f
right fal le-ro, Liddle fol liddle-i - day.
(3) He went to his kinsman and
p
f
mf
thus he did say: I've matched my mare to run this day, I've matched my mare to
p
p
run this day A-gainst Mis-ter Ol-i-ver's live-ly bay. With my right fal le-ro,
p


Lid-dle fol lid-dle-i - day.
(4) For fif-ty! for fif-ty! the
f
lit-tle boy cries, I'm a-fraid the Dunee she will lose the prize. O No! said his un-cle, I'm
sure she will beat; A guinea to a shilling a gainst the first heat. With my right fal le-ro,
f
1st & 2nd time.
Dal 𝄋
3rd time.
Liddle fol liddle-i - day.
Then the way
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.
f
sfz
ff
sfz
Fine.

THE LITTLE DUNEE.

1. On the twenty-fourth of August last
A horse race at Newmarket was;
And many fine gentlemen there did resort,
All for to see the lively sport.
With my right fal lero,
Liddle fol liddle-i-day.

2. O there was a gentleman of fame,
Charles Anson Esquire, and that was his name,
And he had a kinsman who kept a mare
Called little Dunee, with her two cropped ears.
With my right etc. etc.

3. He went to his kinsman and thus he did say:
I've matched my mare to run this day,
I've matched my mare to run this day
Against Mr. Oliver's lively bay.
With my right etc. etc.

4. For fifty! for fifty! the little boy cries,
I'm afraid the Dunee she will lose the prize.
O No! said his uncle, I'm sure she will beat;
A guinea to a shilling against the first heat.
With my right etc. etc.

5. Then the trumpet did sound and the drum it did beat.
Said the boy to his uncle: I'll lose the first heat.
You know very well the good trim of your mare,
You may lose the first heat, my boy, if you dare!
With my right etc. etc.

6. Then the gentlemen they rode round the course,
A-betting their money on every horse:
I'll lay you a wager of eight to five
That the little Dunee she won't win the prize.
With my right etc. etc.

7. What's that? what's that? the little boy cries,
Who says that my mare she will lose the prize?
Here's a hundred bright guineas my uncle left me,
I'll venture them all on my little Dunee.
With my right fal lero,
Liddle fol liddle-i-day.

8. The jockeys were weighed, likewise their whips,
And then the bold riders began for to strip;
And the little Dunee, I heard them say,
Carried twelve pounds more than the lively bay.
With my right etc. etc.

9. The first five miles that she did run
The lively bay she flew so strong,
And whipping and slashing all over the plain,
She left the Dun mare away behind.
With my right etc. etc.

10. Then the little boy he smacked his whip,
Which made little Dun to jump and skip;
And as they came galloping over the moor,
The little Dunee popped in before.
With my right etc. etc.

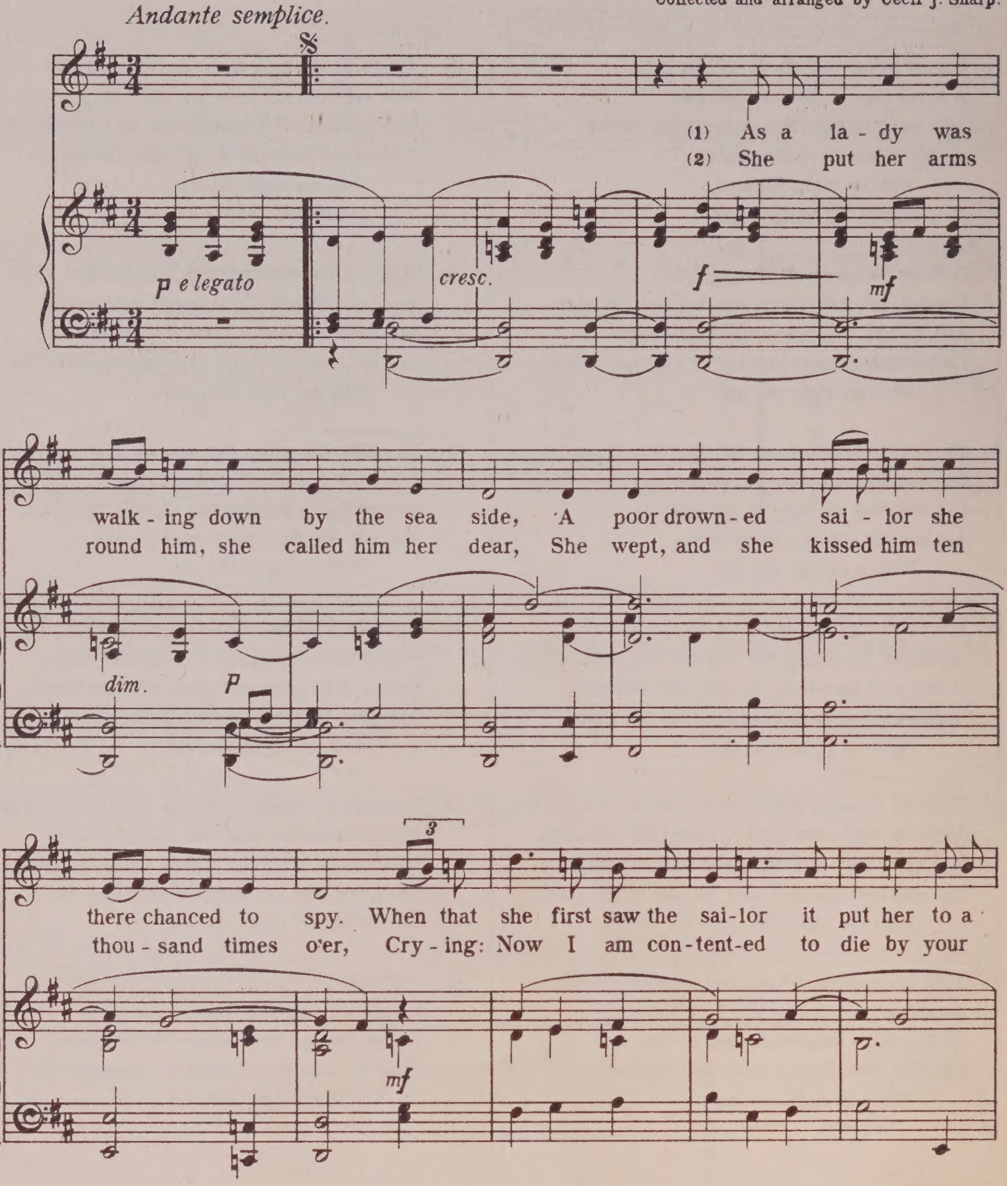
11. Then the gentlemen they rode round the course,
Saying one to the other: Our money is lost!
Which made every one of them stamp and swear:
The Devil take you and your little Dun mare!
With my right etc. etc.

12. Now that, little Dunee, you have won the race,
I shall not stop very long in this place;
You've won me more money this very day
Than my master can count or can carry away.
With my right etc. etc.

THE DROWNED SAILOR.

(OXFORDSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Andante semplice.
p e legato
cresc.
f
mf
dim.
p
mf
3
(1) As a lady was walking down by the sea side, A poor drowned sailor she there chanced to spy. When that she first saw the sailor it put her to a
(2) She put her arms round him, she called him her dear, She wept, and she kissed him ten thousand times o'er, Crying: Now I am contented to die by your

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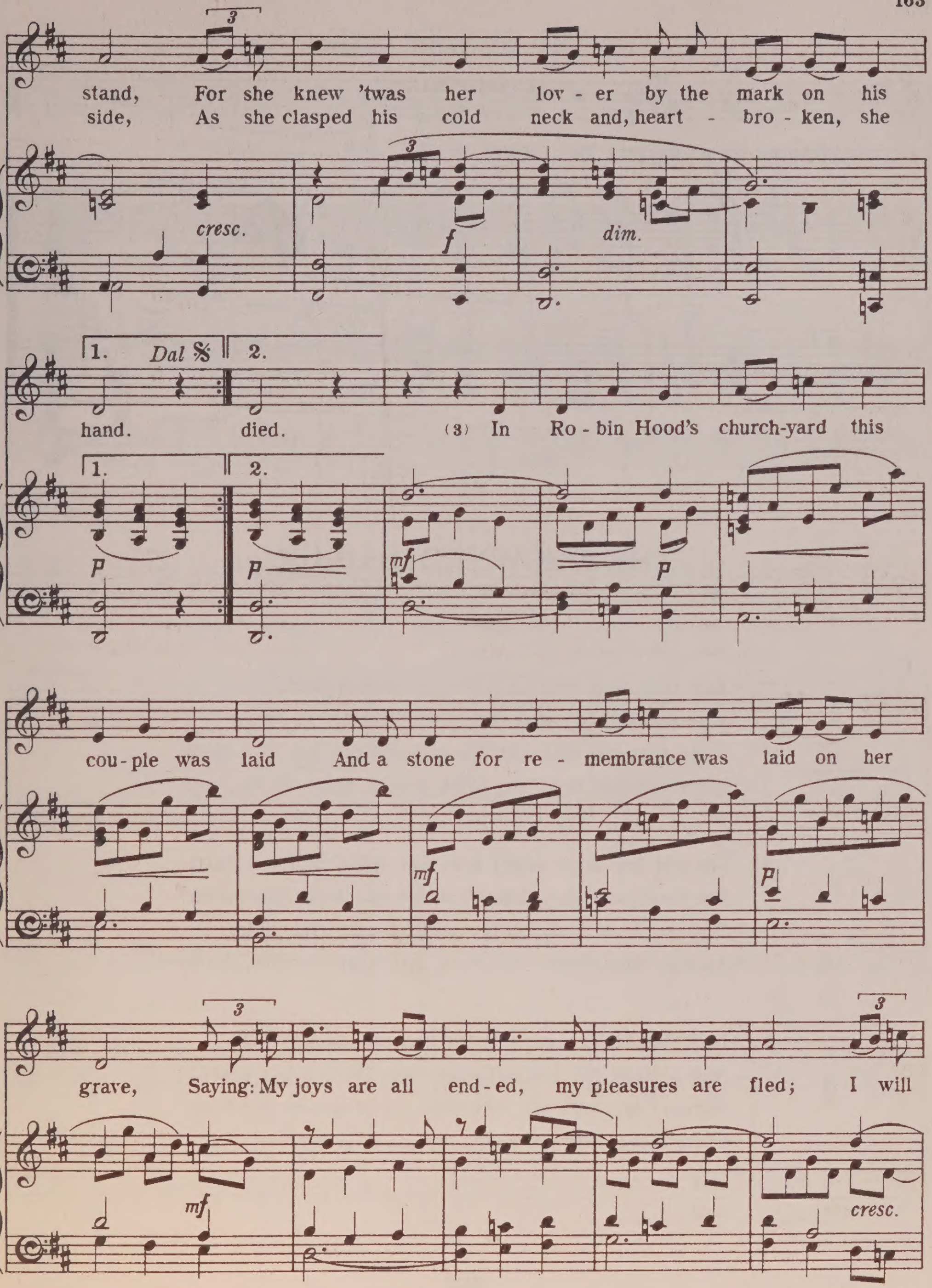
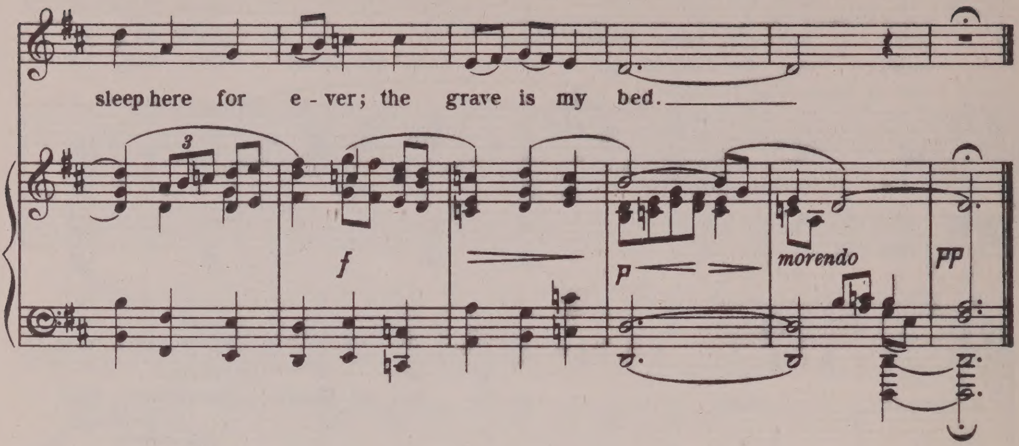

stand, For she knew 'twas her lov - er by the mark on his
side, As she clasped his cold neck and, heart - bro - ken, she
cresc.
f
dim.
1. Dal 𝄋
2.
hand.
died.
(3) In Ro - bin Hood's church-yard this
p
mf
cou - ple was laid And a stone for re - membrance was laid on her
grave, Saying: My joys are all end - ed, my pleasures are fled; I will
3
cresc.



THE DROWNED SAILOR.

1. As a lady was walking down by the sea side,
A poor drowned sailor she there chanced to spy.
When that she first saw the sailor it put her to a stand,
For she knew 'twas her lover by the mark on his hand.

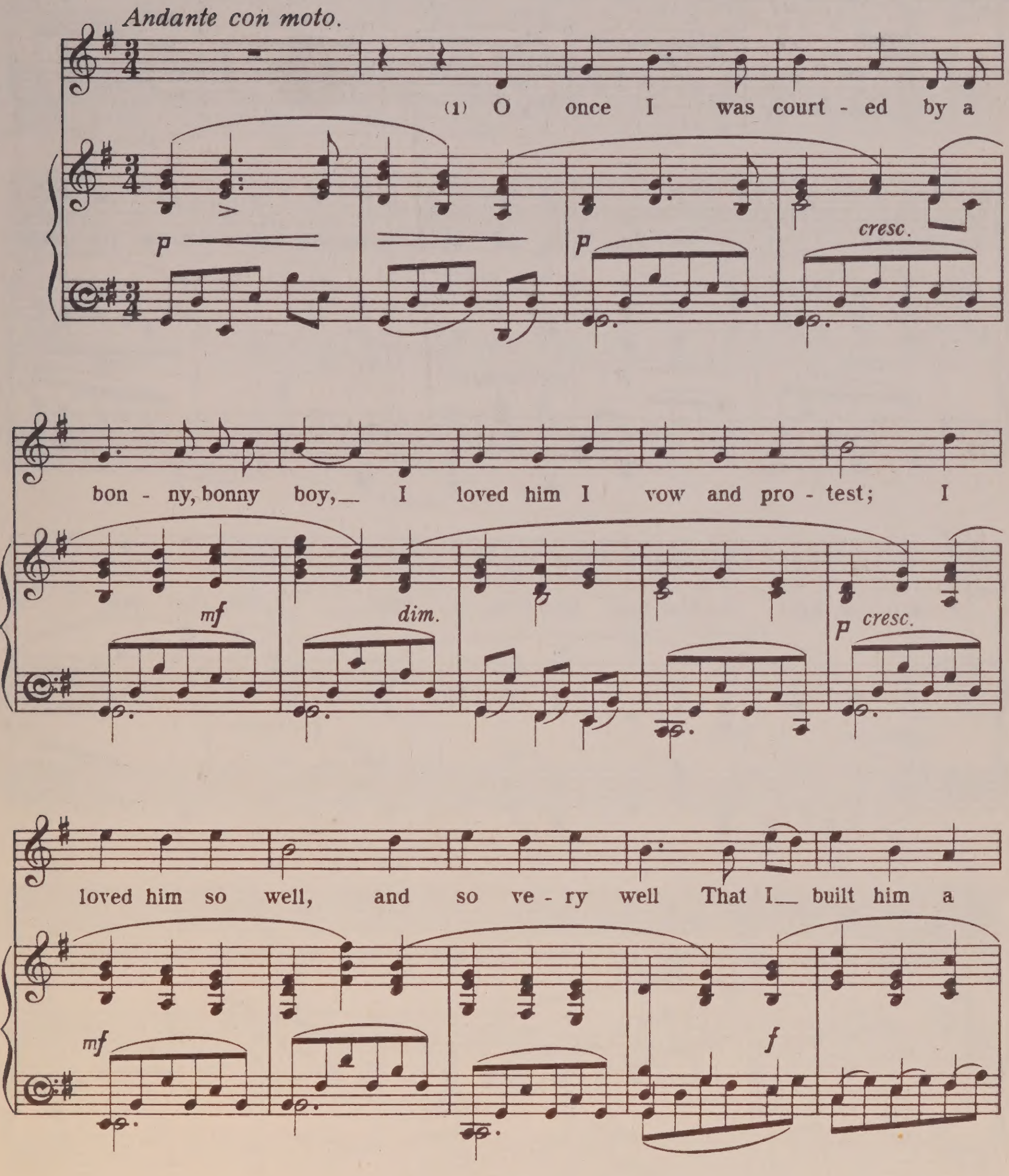
2. She put her arms round him, she called him her dear,
She wept, and she kissed him ten thousand times o'er,
Crying: Now I am contented to die by your side,
As she clasped his cold neck and, heart-broken, she died.

3. In Robin Hood's churchyard this couple was laid,
And a stone for remembrance was laid on her grave,
Saying: My joys are all ended, my pleasures are fled;
I will sleep here for ever; the grave is my bed.

MY BONNY BOY.

(GLOUCESTERSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Andante con moto.
(1) O once I was court - ed by a
bon - ny, bonny boy, I loved him I vow and pro - test; I
loved him so well, and so ve - ry well That I built him a
p
p
cresc.
mf
dim.
p cresc.
mf
f

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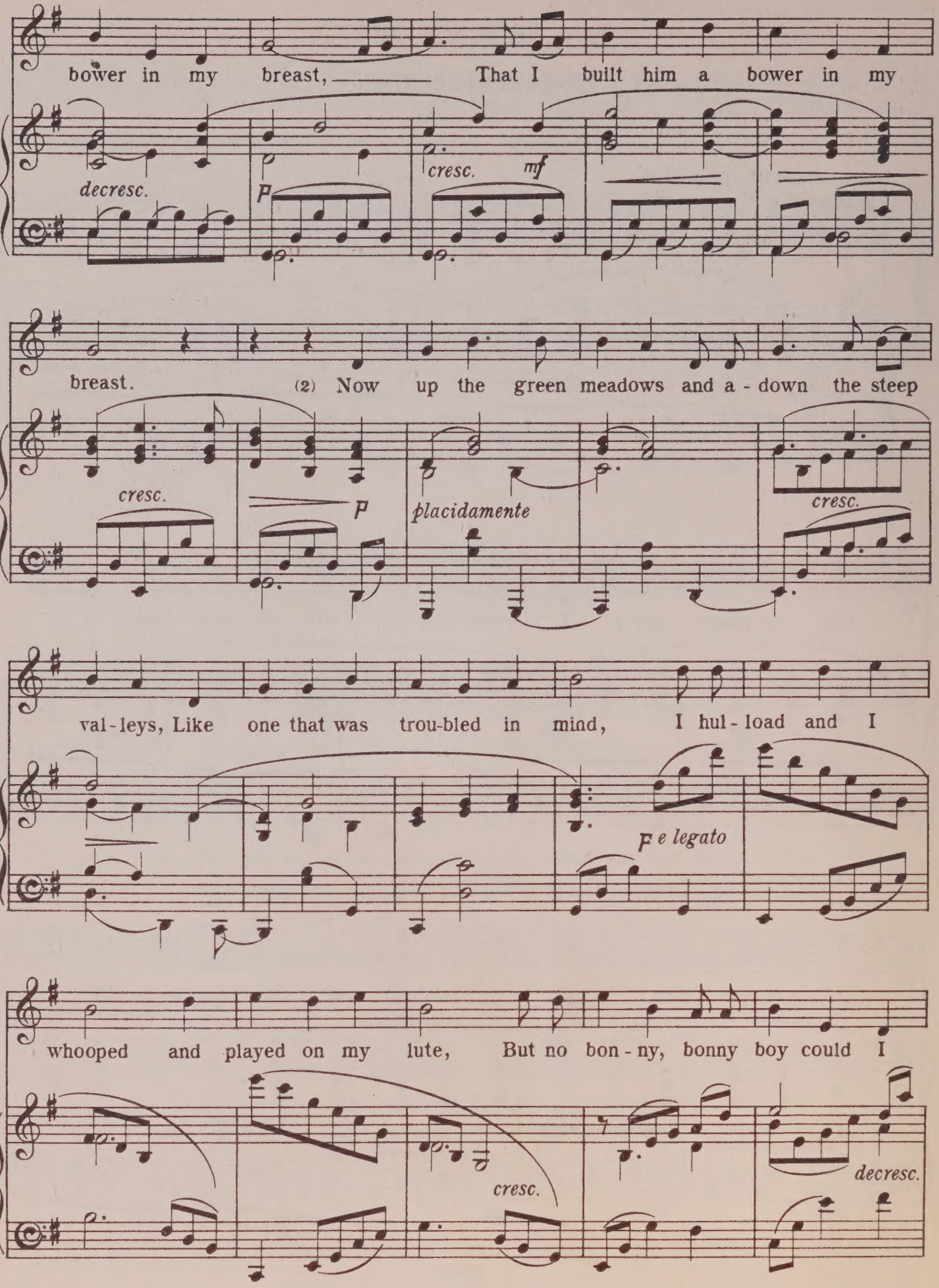
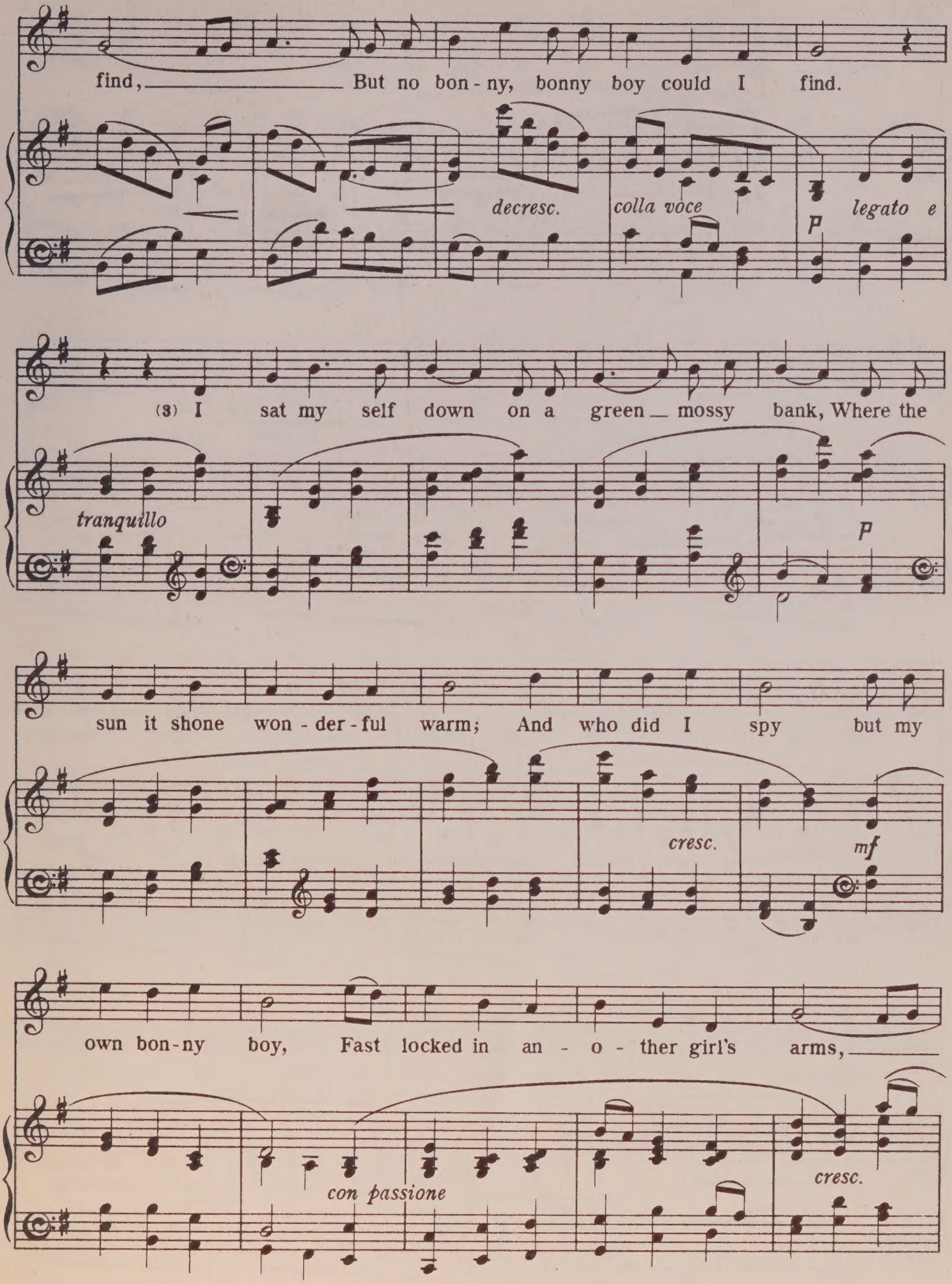
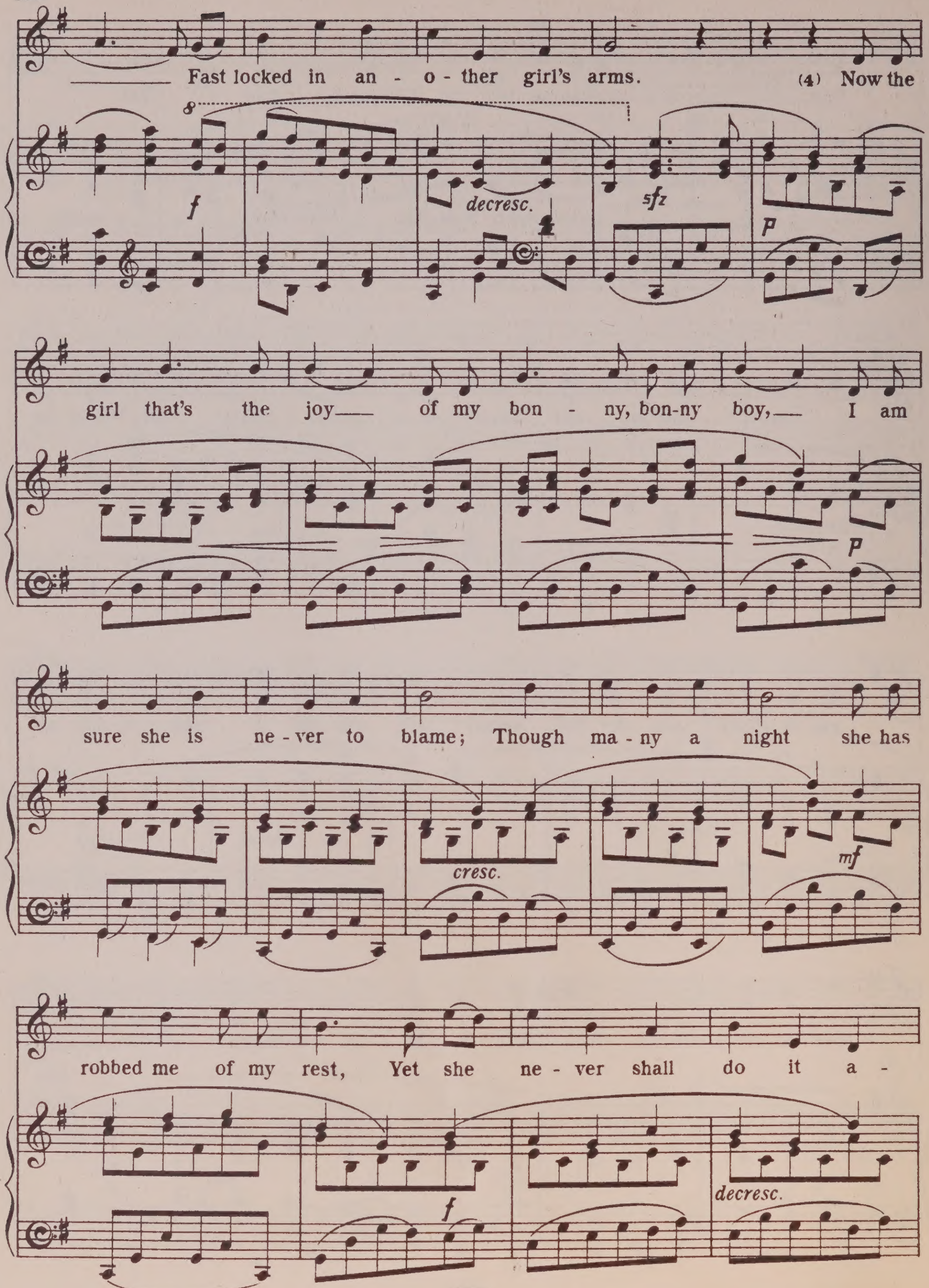
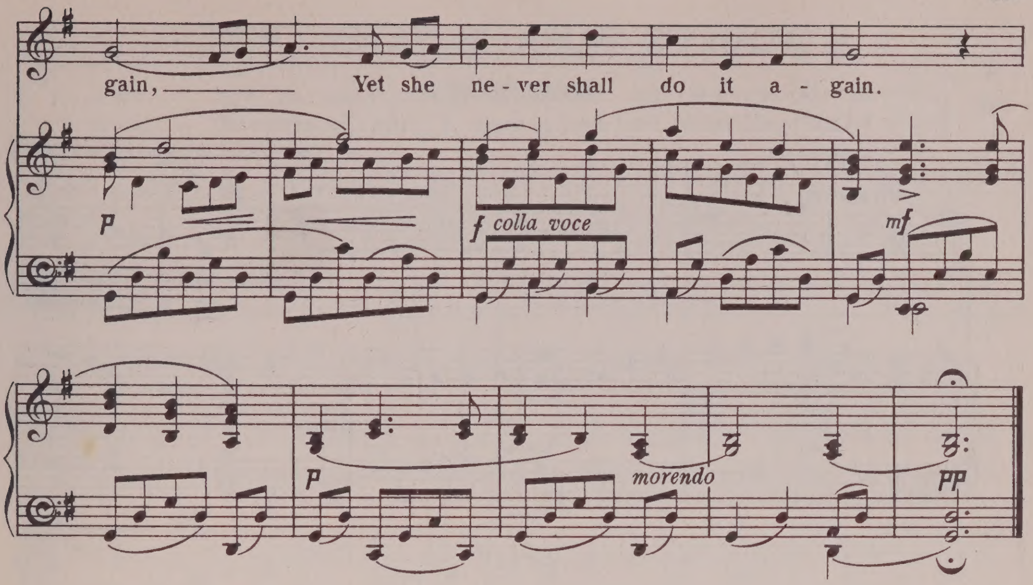

bower in my breast, That I built him a bower in my
decresc.
p
cresc.
mf
breast. (2) Now up the green meadows and a-down the steep
cresc.
p
placidamente
cresc.
val-leys, Like one that was trou-bled in mind, I hul-load and I
p e legato
whooped and played on my lute, But no bon-ny, bonny boy could I
cresc.
decresc.


find, But no bon-ny, bonny boy could I find.
decresc.
colla voce
p
legato e
(3) I sat my self down on a green mossy bank, Where the
tranquillo
p
sun it shone won-der-ful warm; And who did I spy but my
cresc.
mf
own bon-ny boy, Fast locked in an-o-ther girl's arms,
con passione
cresc.


Fast locked in an - o - ther girl's arms.
(4) Now the
8
f
decresc.
sfz
p
girl that's the joy of my bon - ny, bon-ny boy, I am
p
sure she is ne - ver to blame; Though ma - ny a night she has
cresc.
mf
robbed me of my rest, Yet she ne - ver shall do it a -
f
decresc.



MY BONNY BOY.

1. O once I was courted by a bonny, bonny boy,
I loved him I vow and protest;
I loved him so well, and so very well
That I built him a bower in my breast.

2. Now up the green meadows and a-down the steep valleys,
Like one that was troubled in mind,
I hulload and I whooped and played on my lute,
But no bonny, bonny boy could I find.

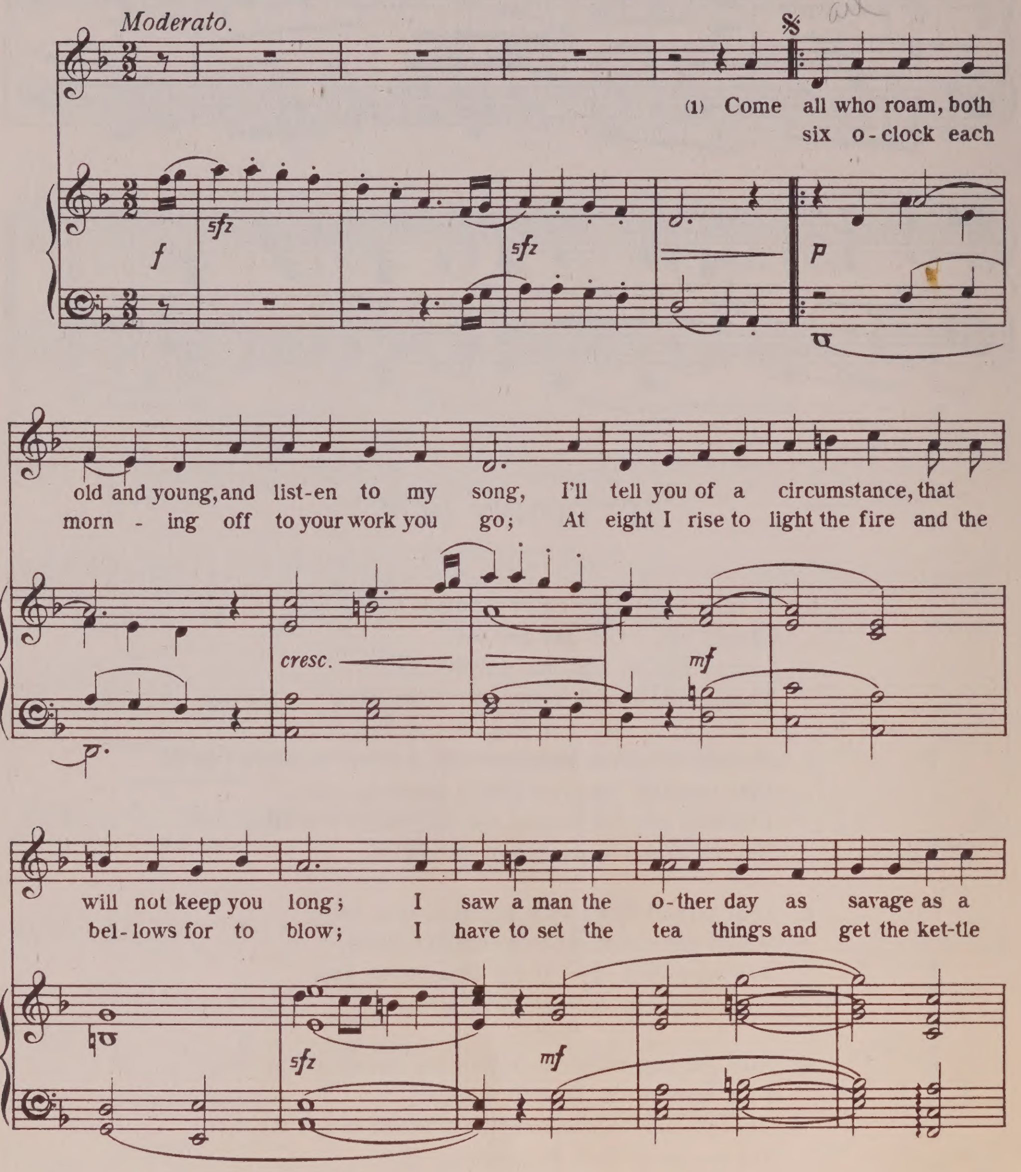
3. I sat myself down on a green, mossy bank,
Where the sun it shone wonderful warm;
And who did I spy but my own bonny boy,
Fast locked in another girl's arms?

4. Now the girl that's the joy of my bonny, bonny boy,
I am sure she is never to blame;
Though many a night she has robbed me of my rest,
Yet she never shall do it again.

A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

(BERKSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Moderato.
all
(1) Come all who roam, both
six o-clock each
f
sfz
sfz
p
old and young, and list-en to my song, I'll tell you of a circumstance, that
morn - ing off to your work you go; At eight I rise to light the fire and the
cresc.
mf
will not keep you long; I saw a man the o-ther day as savage as a
bel-lows for to blow; I have to set the tea things and get the ket-tle
sfz
mf

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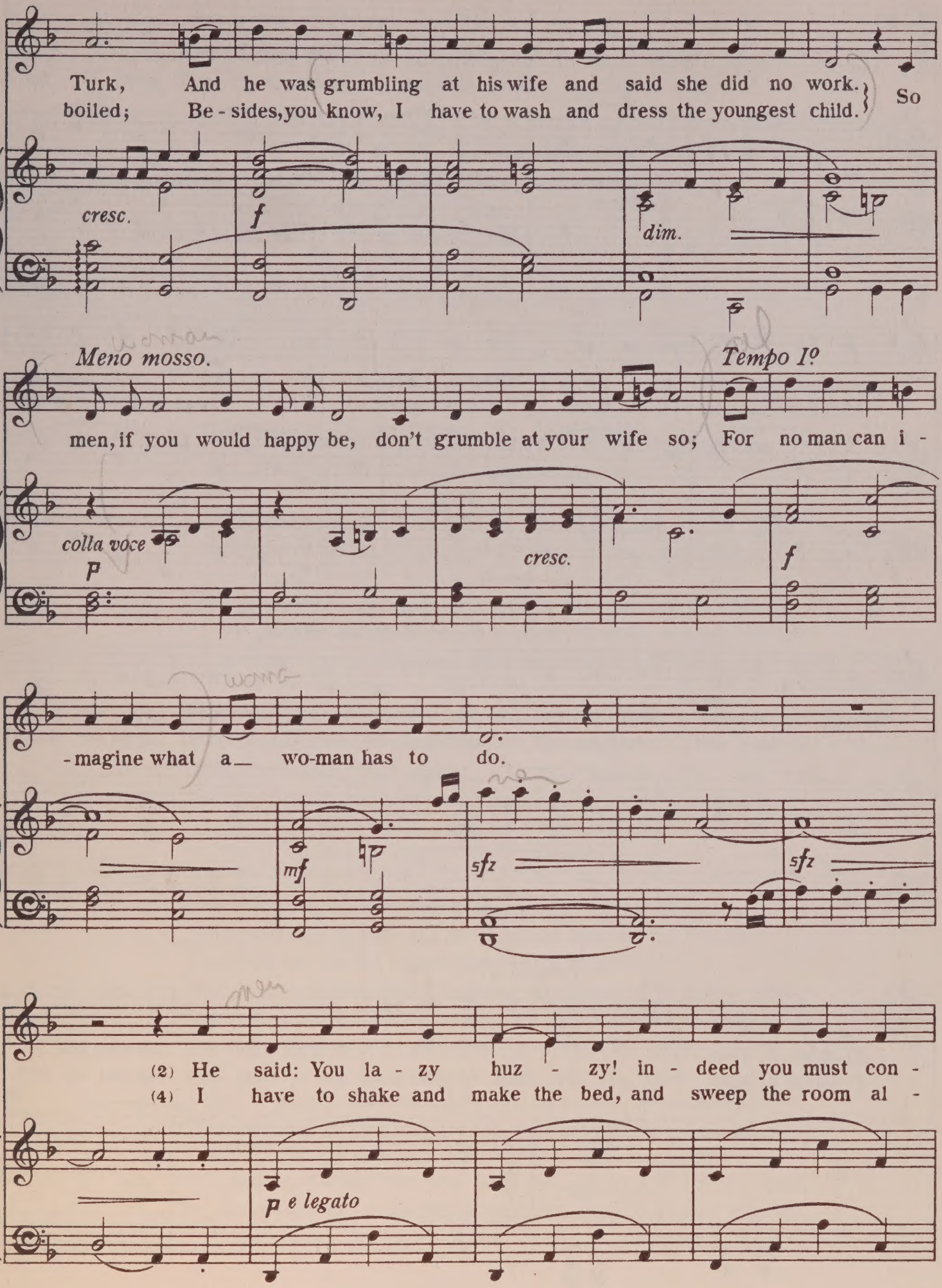
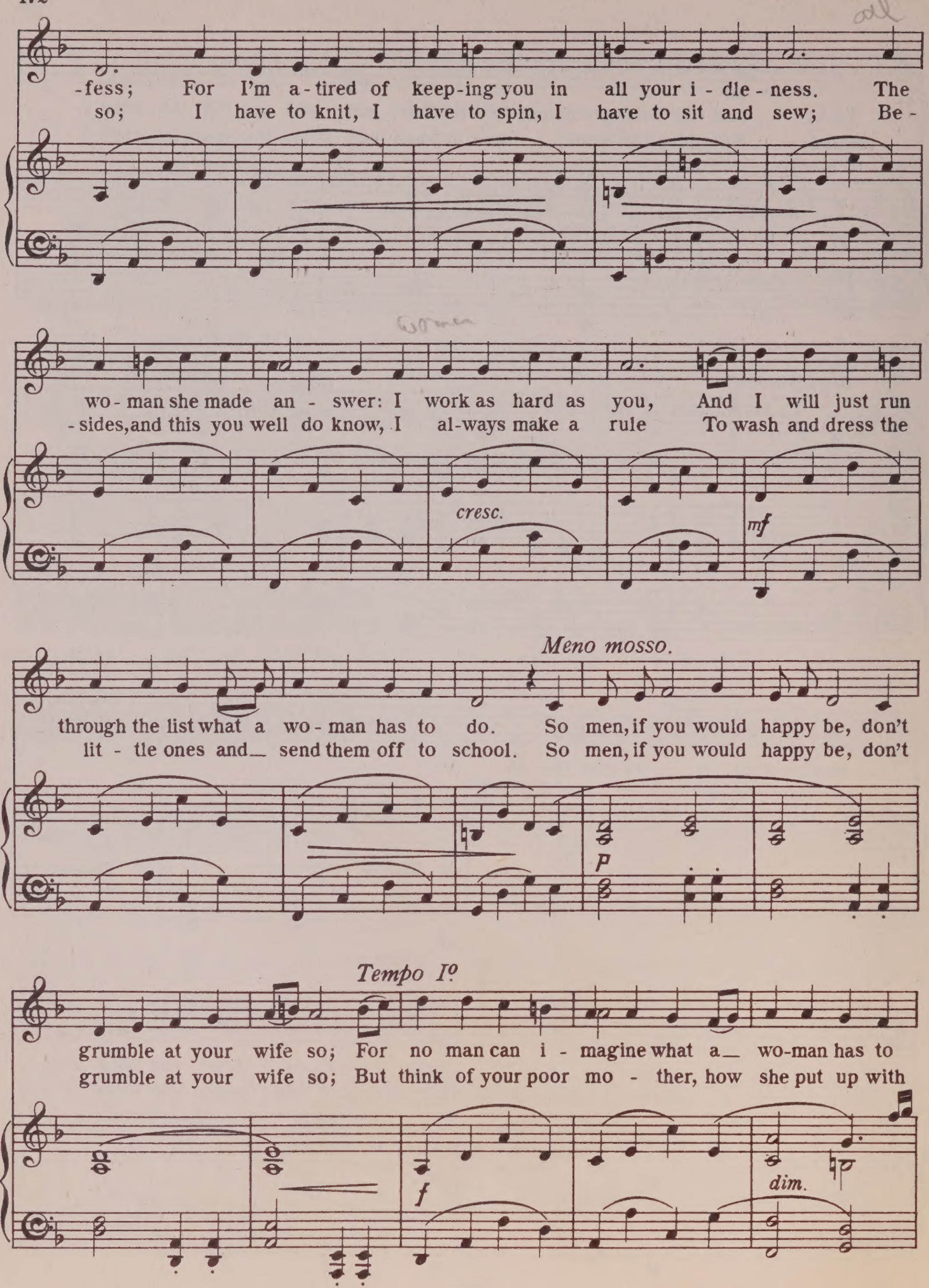
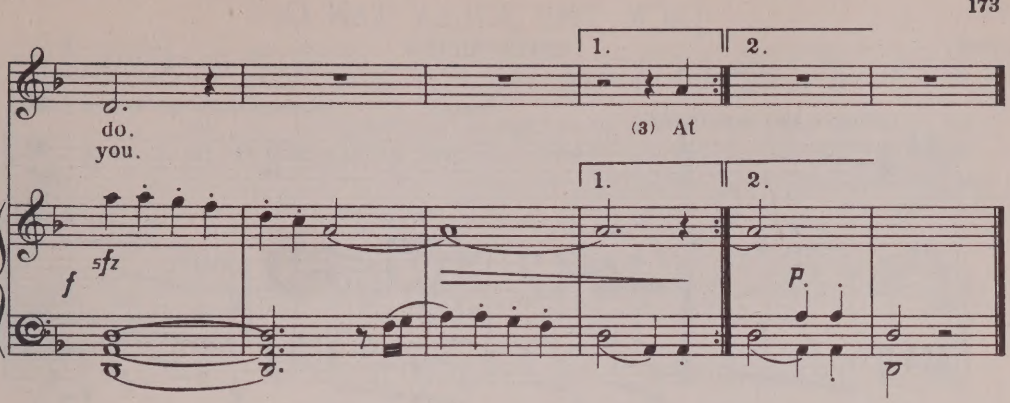

Turk, And he was grumbling at his wife and said she did no work.
boiled; Be-sides, you know, I have to wash and dress the youngest child.
So
cresc.
f
dim.
Meno mosso.
woman
Tempo I°
men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so; For no man can i-
colla voce
p
cresc.
f
woma
-magine what a — wo-man has to do.
mf
sfz
sfz
men
(2) He said: You la-zy huz-zy! in-deed you must con-
(4) I have to shake and make the bed, and sweep the room al-
p e legato


al
-fess; For I'm a-tired of keep-ing you in all your i-dle-ness. The
so; I have to knit, I have to spin, I have to sit and sew; Be-
Women
wo-man she made an-swer: I work as hard as you, And I will just run
-sides, and this you well do know, I al-ways make a rule To wash and dress the
cresc.
mf
Meno mosso.
through the list what a wo-man has to do. So men, if you would happy be, don't
lit-tle ones and_ send them off to school. So men, if you would happy be, don't
p
Tempo I°
grumble at your wife so; For no man can i-magine what a_ wo-man has to
grumble at your wife so; But think of your poor mo-ther, how she put up with
f
dim.



A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

1. Come all who roam, both old and young, and listen to my song,
I'll tell you of a circumstance, that will not keep you long;
I saw a man the other day, as savage as a Turk,
And he was grumbling at his wife and said she did no work.
So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so;
For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.

2. He said: You lazy huzzy! indeed you must confess;
For I'm a-tired of keeping you in all your idleness.
The woman she made answer: I work as hard as you,
And I will just run through the list what a woman has to do.
So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so;
For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.

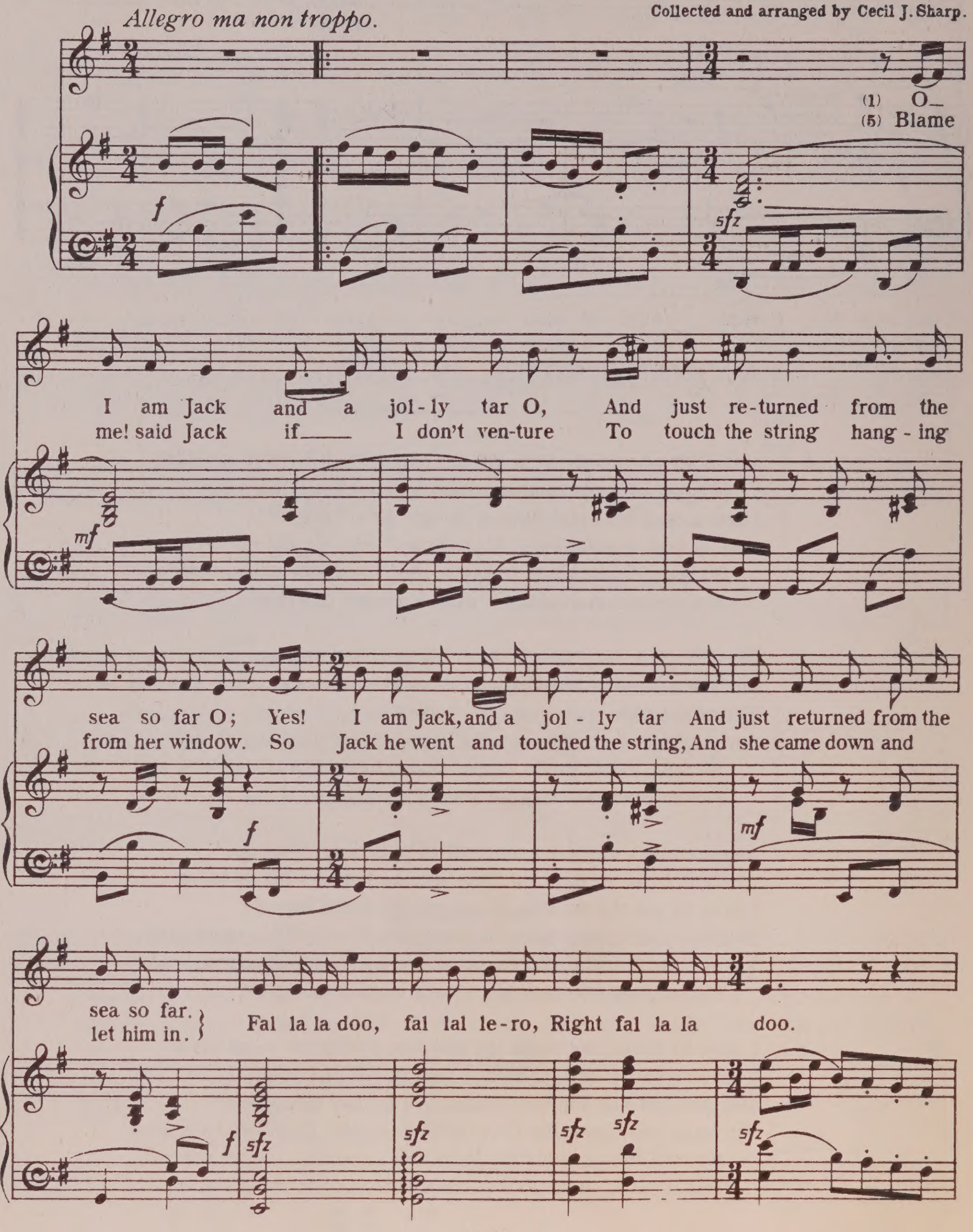
3. At six o'clock each morning off to your work you go;
At eight I rise to light the fire and the bellows for to blow;
I have to set the tea things and get the kettle boiled;
Besides, you know, I have to wash and dress the youngest child.
So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so;
For no man can imagine what a woman has to do.

4. I have to shake and make the bed, and sweep the room also,
I have to knit, I have to spin, I have to sit and sew;
Besides, and this you well do know, I always make a rule
To wash and dress the little ones and send them off to school.
So men, if you would happy be, don't grumble at your wife so;
But think of your poor mother, how she put up with you.

JACK THE JOLLY TAR O.

(DEVONSHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Allegro ma non troppo.
(1) O_
(5) Blame
I am Jack and a jol-ly tar O, And just re-turned from the
me! said Jack if___ I don't ven-ture To touch the string hang-ing
sea so far O; Yes! I am Jack, and a jol-ly tar And just returned from the
from her window. So Jack he went and touched the string, And she came down and
sea so far.
let him in.
Fal la la doo, fal lal le-ro, Right fal la la doo.
f
sfz
mf
f
mf
f
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz

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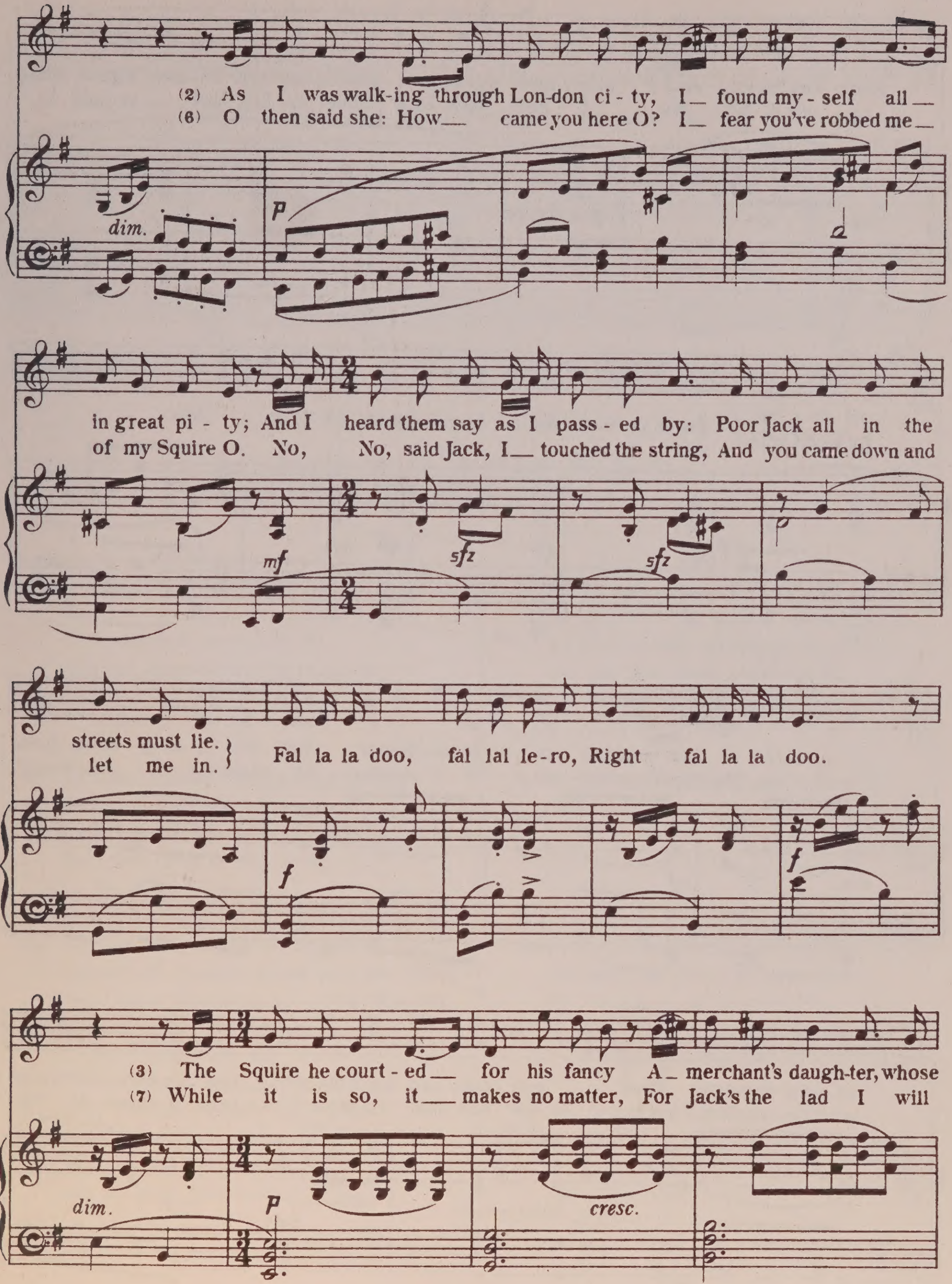
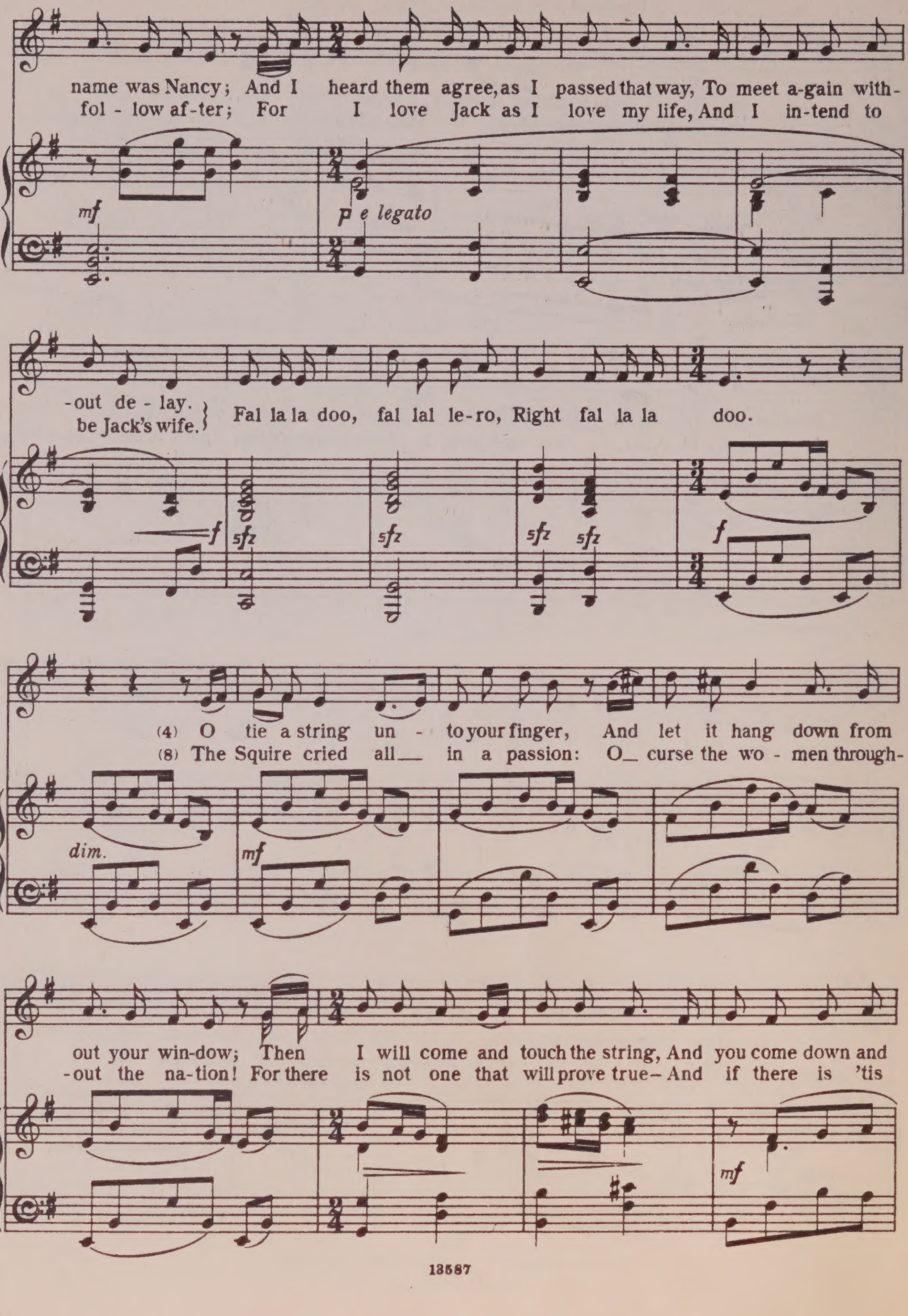
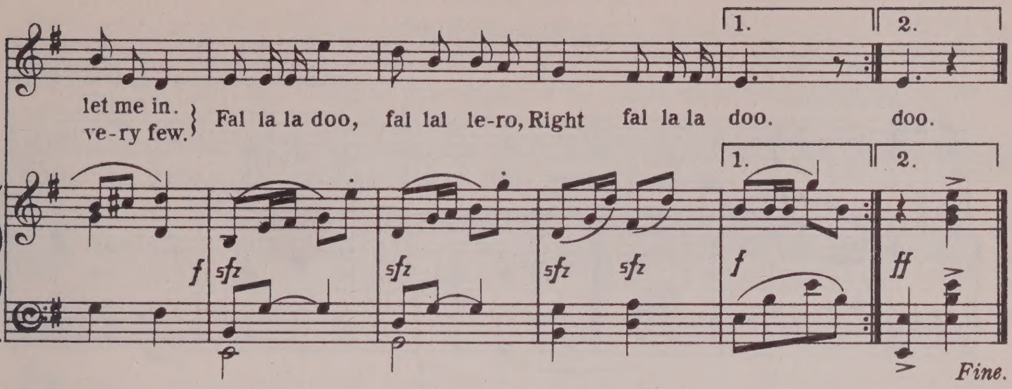

(2) As I was walk-ing through Lon-don ci - ty, I — found my - self all — in great pi - ty; And I heard them say as I pass - ed by: Poor Jack all in the streets must lie.
(6) O then said she: How — came you here O? I — fear you've robbed me — of my Squire O. No, No, said Jack, I — touched the string, And you came down and let me in.
Fal la la doo, fal lal le-ro, Right fal la la doo.
(3) The Squire he court - ed — for his fancy A — merchant's daugh-ter, whose
(7) While it is so, it — makes no matter, For Jack's the lad I will
dim.
p
mf
sfz
sfz
f
f
dim.
p
cresc.


name was Nancy; And I heard them agree, as I passed that way, To meet a-gain with-
fol - low af-ter; For I love Jack as I love my life, And I in-tend to
mf
p e legato
-out de - lay.
be Jack's wife.
Fal la la doo, fal lal le-ro, Right fal la la doo.
f
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
f
(4) O tie a string un - to your finger, And let it hang down from
(8) The Squire cried all in a passion: O curse the wo - men through-
dim.
mf
out your win-dow; Then I will come and touch the string, And you come down and
-out the na-tion! For there is not one that will prove true – And if there is 'tis
mf



JACK THE JOLLY TAR O.

1. O I am Jack and a jolly tar O,
And just returned from the sea so far O;
Yes! I am Jack, and a jolly tar
And just returned from the sea so far.
Fal la la doo, fal lal lero,
Right fal la la doo.

2. As I was walking through London city,
I found myself all in great pity;
And I heard them say as I passed by:
Poor Jack all in the streets must lie.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

3. The Squire he courted for his fancy
A merchant's daughter, whose name was Nancy;
And I heard them agree, as I passed that way,
To meet again without delay.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

4. O tie a string unto your finger,
And let it hang down from out your window;
Then I will come and touch the string,
And you come down and let me in.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

5. Blame me! said Jack if I don't venture
To touch the string hanging from her window.
So Jack he went and touched the string,
And she came down and let him in.
Fal la la doo, fal lal lero,
Right fal la la doo.

6. O then said she: How came you here O?
I fear you've robbed me of my Squire O.
No, No, said Jack, I touched the string,
And you came down and let me in.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

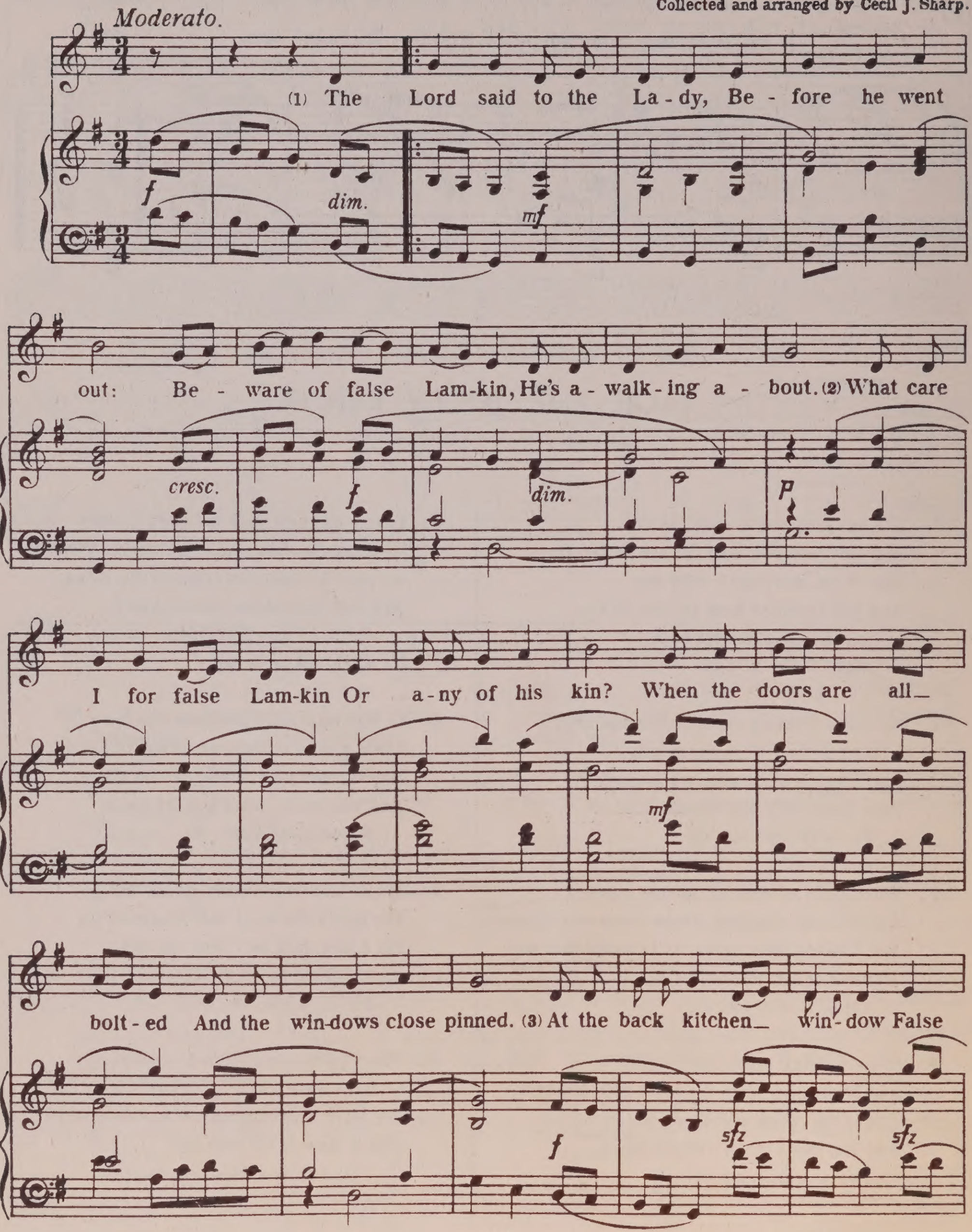
7. While it is so, it makes no matter,
For Jack's the lad I will follow after;
For I love Jack as I love my life,
And I intend to be Jack's wife.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

8. The Squire cried all in a passion:
O curse the women throughout the nation!
For there is not one that will prove true –
And if there is, 'tis very few.
Fal la la doo, etc. etc.

FALSE LAMKIN.

(CAMBRIDGESHIRE.)

Collected and arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.


Moderato.
(1) The Lord said to the La - dy, Be - fore he went
out: Be - ware of false Lam-kin, He's a - walk - ing a - bout. (2) What care
I for false Lam-kin Or a - ny of his kin? When the doors are all
bolt - ed And the win-dows close pinned. (3) At the back kitchen win - dow False
f
dim.
mf
cresc.
f
dim.
p
mf
f
sfz
sfz

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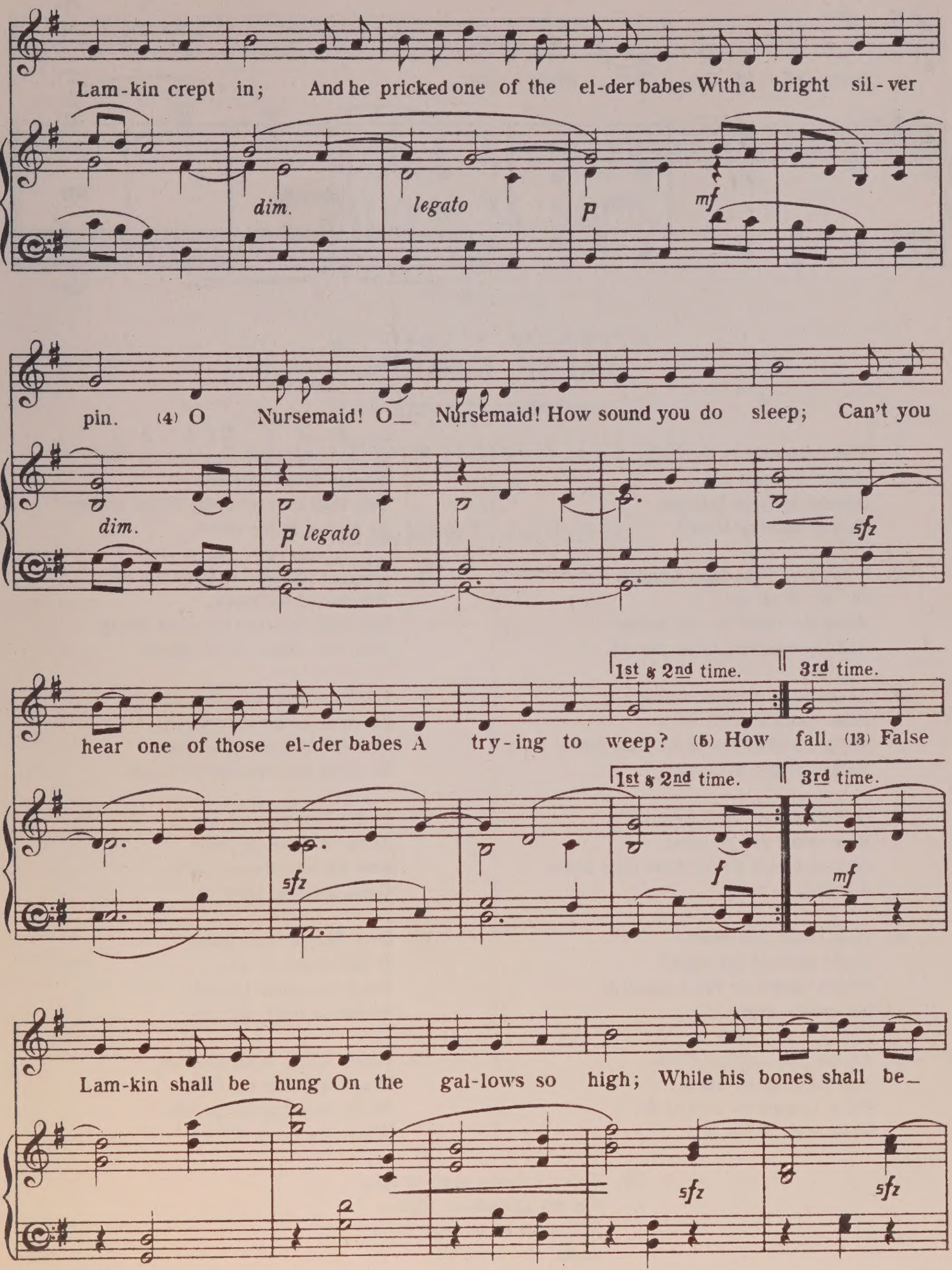
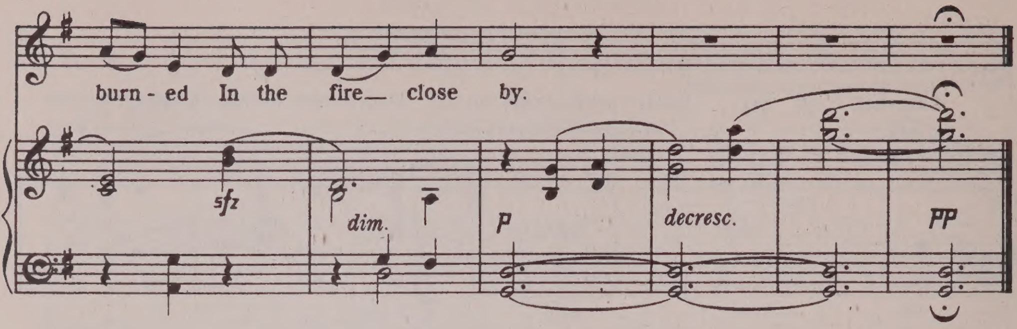

Lam-kin crept in; And he pricked one of the el-der babes With a bright sil-ver
dim.
legato
p
mf
pin. (4) O Nursemaid! O_ Nursemaid! How sound you do sleep; Can't you
dim.
p legato
sfz
hear one of those el-der babes A try-ing to weep? (5) How fall. (13) False
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.
sfz
f
mf
Lam-kin shall be hung On the gal-lows so high; While his bones shall be_
sfz
sfz



FALSE LAMKIN.

1. The Lord said to the Lady,
Before he went out:
Beware of false Lamkin,
He's a-walking about.

2. What care I for false Lamkin
Or any of his kin?
When the doors are all bolted
And the windows close pinned.

3. At the back kitchen window
False Lamkin crept in;
And he pricked one of the elder babes
With a bright silver pin.

4. O Nursemaid! O Nursemaid!
How sound you do sleep;
Can't you hear one of those elder babes
A-trying to weep?

5. How durst I go down
In the dead of the night?
Where there's no fire a-kindled,
No candle alight.

♩ | ♩ ♩ ♫ | ♪ ♪ ♩
6. As she was a-going down,
And thinking no harm,
False Lamkin he caught her
Right tight in his arm.

♩ | ♪ ♪ ♩ ♫ | ♪ ♪ ♩
7. O spare my life! O spare my life!
My life that's so sweet;
You shall have as many bright guineas
As stones in the street.

♩ | ♪ ♪ ♩ ♫ | ♪ ♪ ♩
8. O spare my life! O spare my life!
Till one of the clock;
You shall have my daughter Betsy,
She's the flower of the flock.

9. Fetch me your daughter Betsy,
She will do me some good;
She will hold the silver basin
To catch her own heart's blood.

♪ ♪ | ♩ ♩ ♪ ♪ | ♩
10. Pretty Betsy, being up
At the window so high,
Saw her own dearest father
Come a-riding close by.

11. Dear father! dear father!
O blame not of me;
For it was false Lamkin
Murdered baby and she.

12. Here's blood in the kitchen,
Here's blood in the hall,
Here's blood in the parlour,
Where the Lady did fall.

13. False Lamkin shall be hung
On the gallows so high;
While his bones shall be burn-ed
In the fire close by.

FOLK SONGS FROM SUSSEX

Collected by

W. PERCY MERRICK

with piano accompaniment by

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

and

ALBERT ROBINS

INTRODUCTION

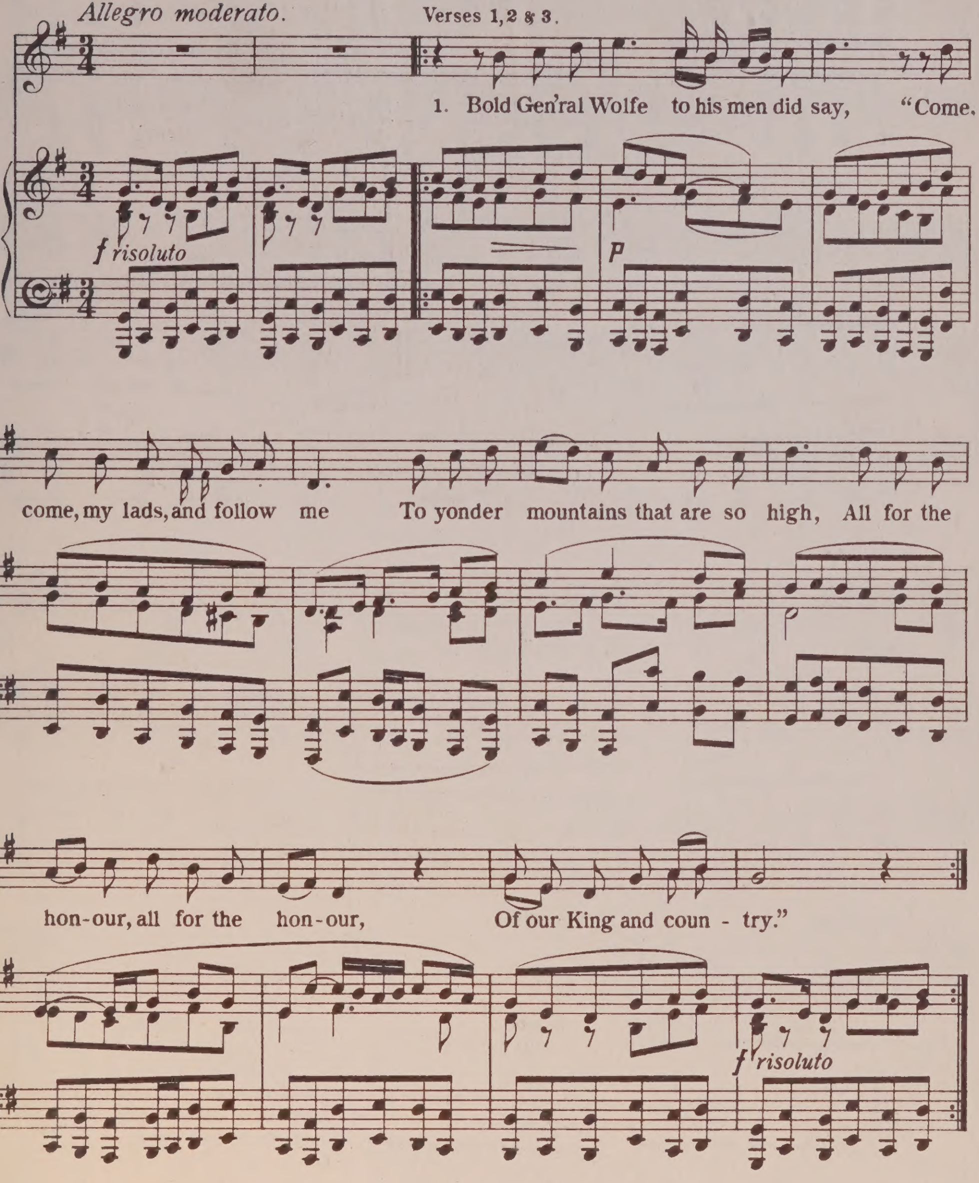
The following folk-songs are taken from a collection made about ten years ago by Mr. W. Percy Merrick and printed in the third and fifth numbers of the Journal of the Folk-Song Society with notes by the Editing Committee, but without accompaniments. The whole collection was obtained from one singer, a farmer, who was born in Sussex and had learned all his songs there.

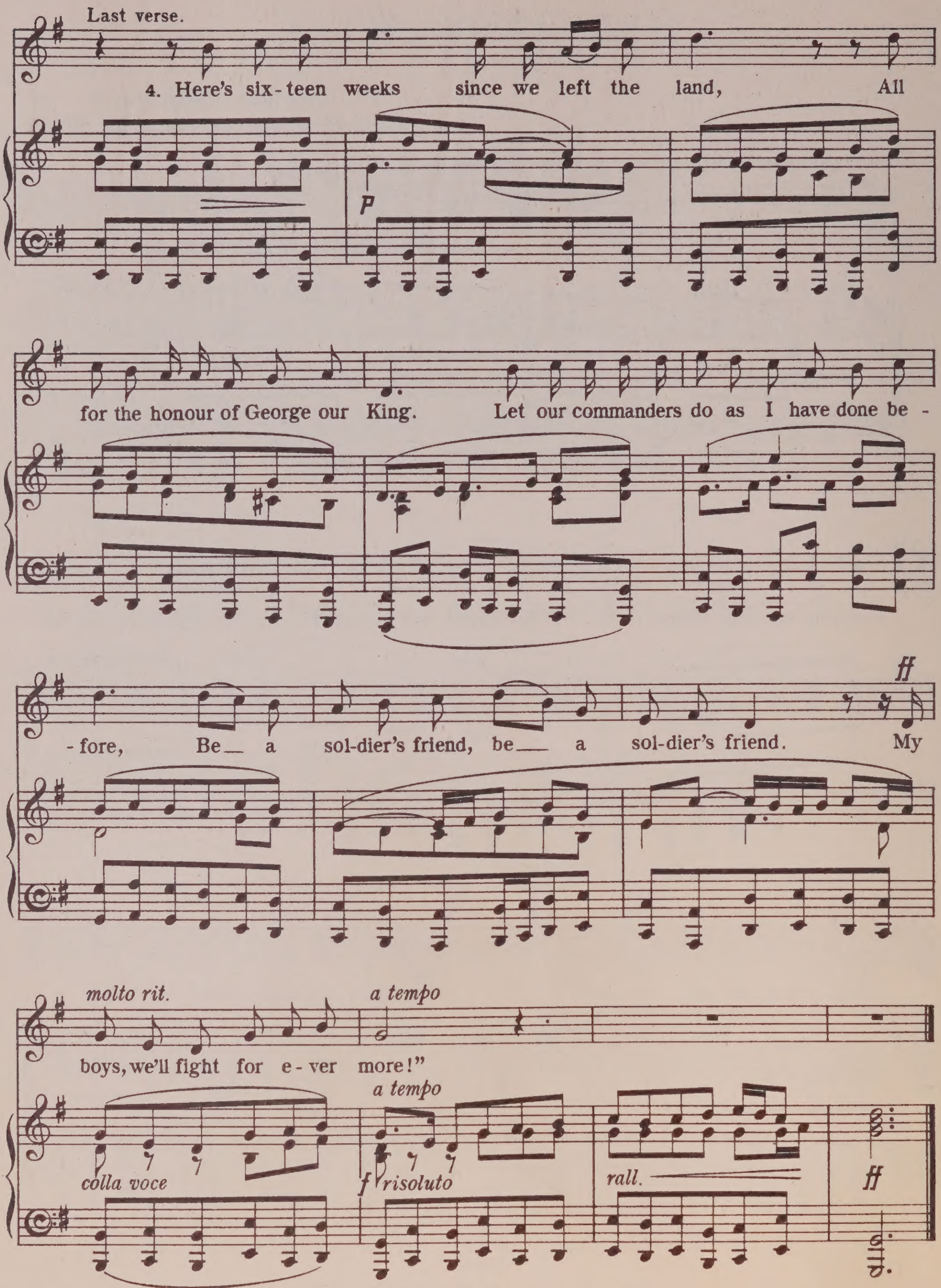
The pianoforte accompaniments to the first fourteen songs are by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams; that to No. 15 ("The Isle of France") is by Mr. Albert Robins.

The words of the songs in Mr. Merrick's collection were sometimes incomplete: in these cases the missing verses and lines have been supplied from other traditional sources.

BOLD GENERAL WOLFE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro moderato.
Verses 1, 2 & 3.
1. Bold Gen'ral Wolfe to his men did say, "Come, come, my lads, and follow me To yonder mountains that are so high, All for the hon-our, all for the hon-our, Of our King and coun - try."
f risoluto
p
f risoluto


Last verse.
4. Here's six-teen weeks since we left the land, All
p
for the honour of George our King. Let our commanders do as I have done be-
-fore, Be a sol-dier's friend, be a sol-dier's friend. My
ff
molto rit.
a tempo
boys, we'll fight for e-ver more!"
a tempo
colla voce
f risoluto
rall.
ff

BOLD GENERAL WOLFE.

1. Bold General Wolfe to his men did say,
"Come, come, my lads, and follow me
To yonder mountains that are so high,
All for the honour, all for the honour
Of our King and country."

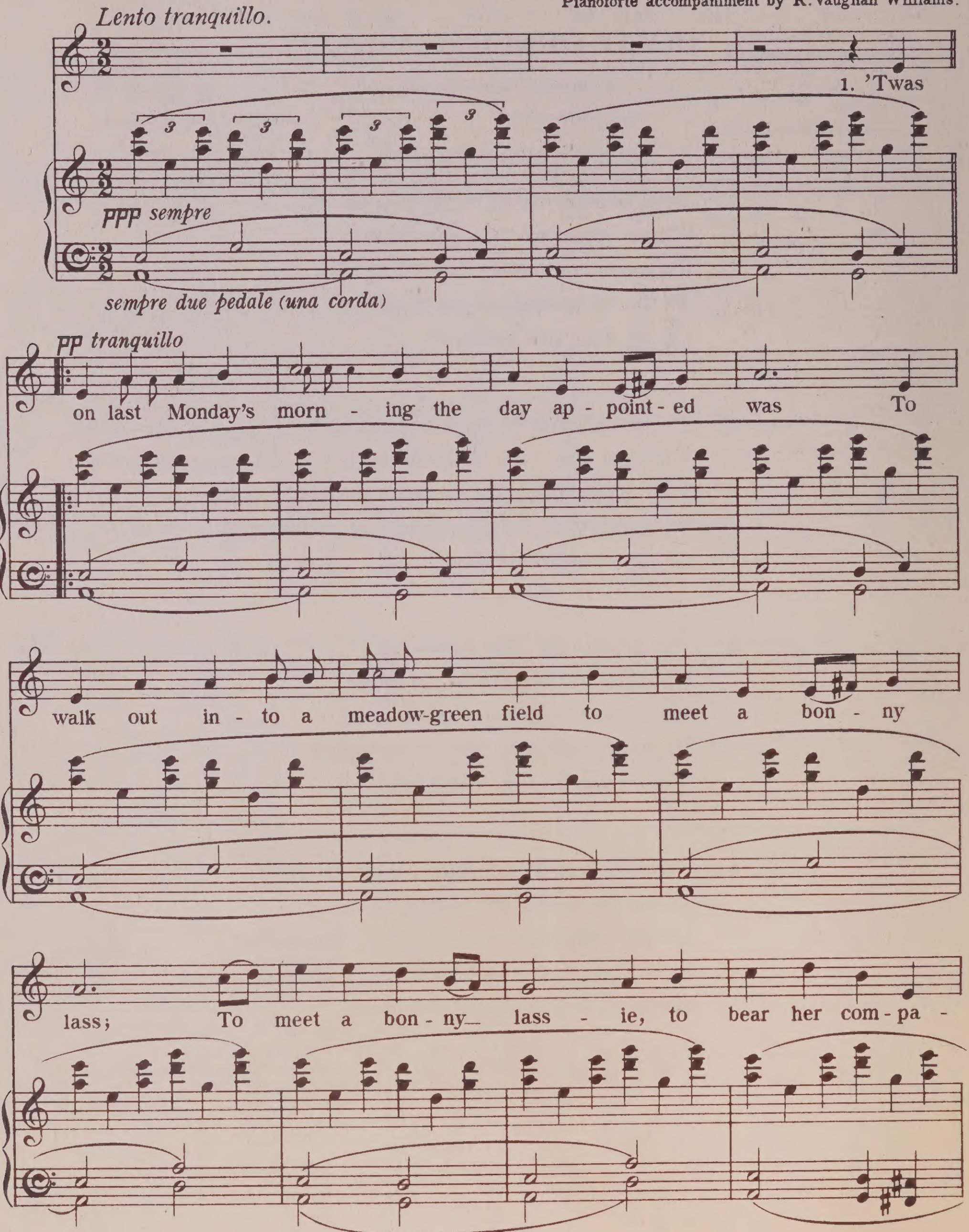
2. The French are on the mountains high,
While we poor lads in the valley lie.
I see them falling like motes in the sun,
Through smoke and fire, through smoke and fire,
All from the British guns.

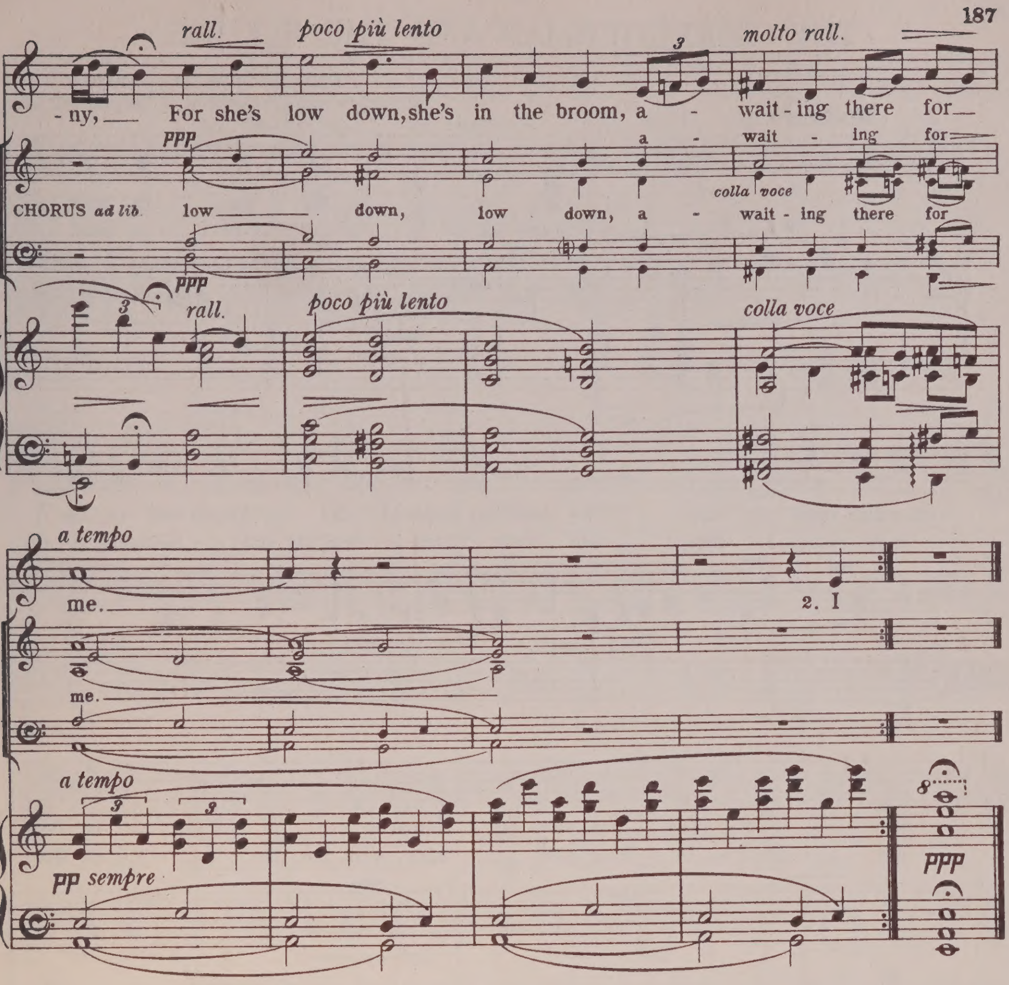
3. The first volley they gave to us
Wounded our General in his breast:
Yonder he sits, for he cannot stand,
"Fight on so boldly, fight on so boldly!
While I live I'll have command.

4. Here's sixteen weeks since we left the land,
All for the honour of George our King.
Let our commanders do as I have done before,
Be a soldier's friend, be a soldier's friend.
My boys, we'll fight for ever more!"

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Lento tranquillo.
1. 'Twas
ppp sempre
sempre due pedale (una corda)
pp tranquillo
on last Monday's morn - ing the day ap - point - ed was To
walk out in - to a meadow-green field to meet a bon - ny
lass; To meet a bon - ny lass - ie, to bear her com - pa -


rall.
poco più lento
molto rall.
-ny, For she's low down, she's in the broom, a - wait-ing there for
a - wait - ing for
CHORUS ad lib.
ppp
low down, low down, a - wait-ing there for
colla voce
rall.
poco più lento
colla voce
a tempo
me.
2. I
me.
a tempo
pp sempre
ppp

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

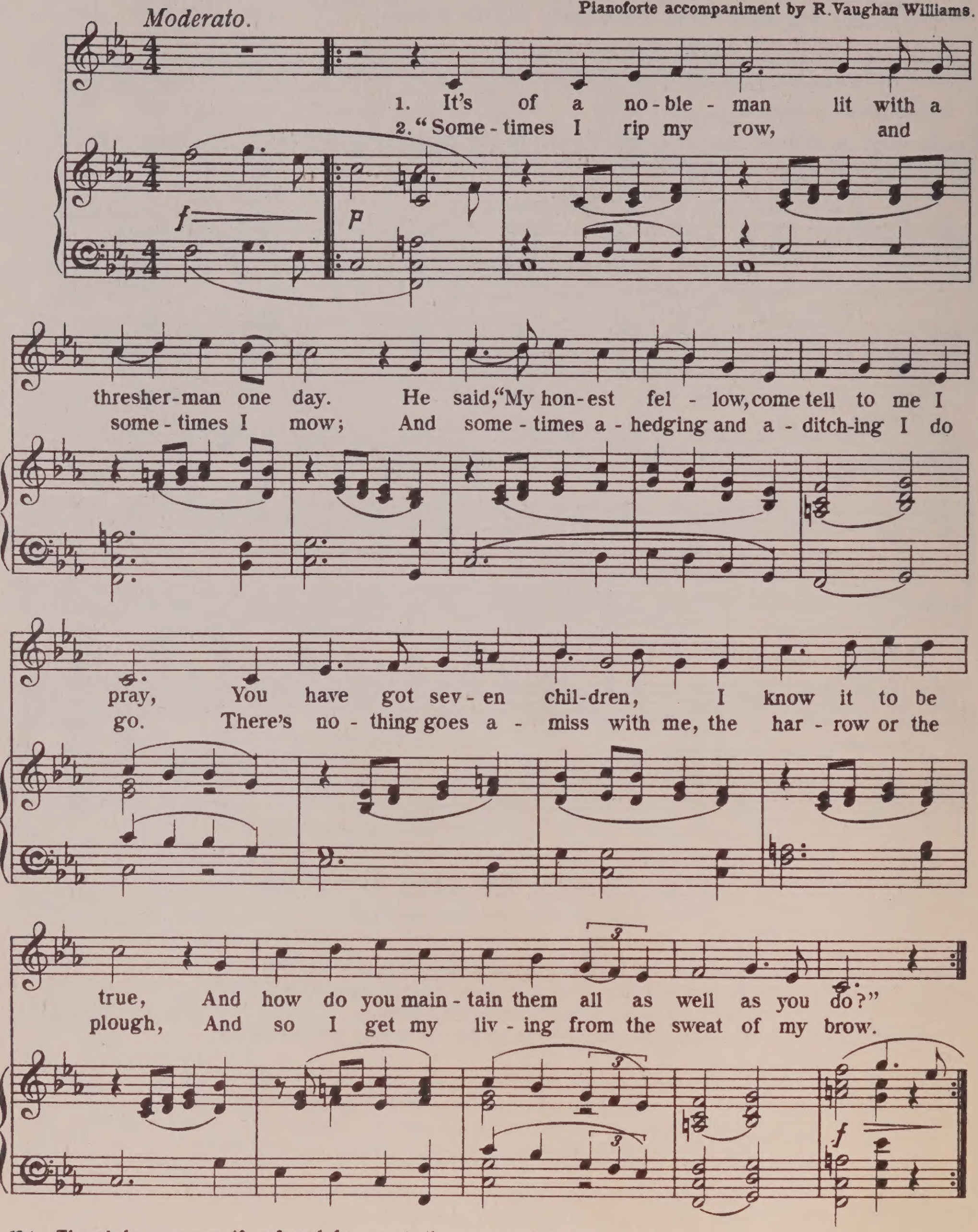
1. 'Twas on last Monday's morning the day appointed was
To walk out into a meadow-green field to meet a bonny lass;
To meet a bonny lassie, to bear her company,
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

2. I looked over my left shoulder, to see whom I could see,
And there I spied my own true love, come tripping down to me;
Her heart being brisk and bonny, to bear me company,
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

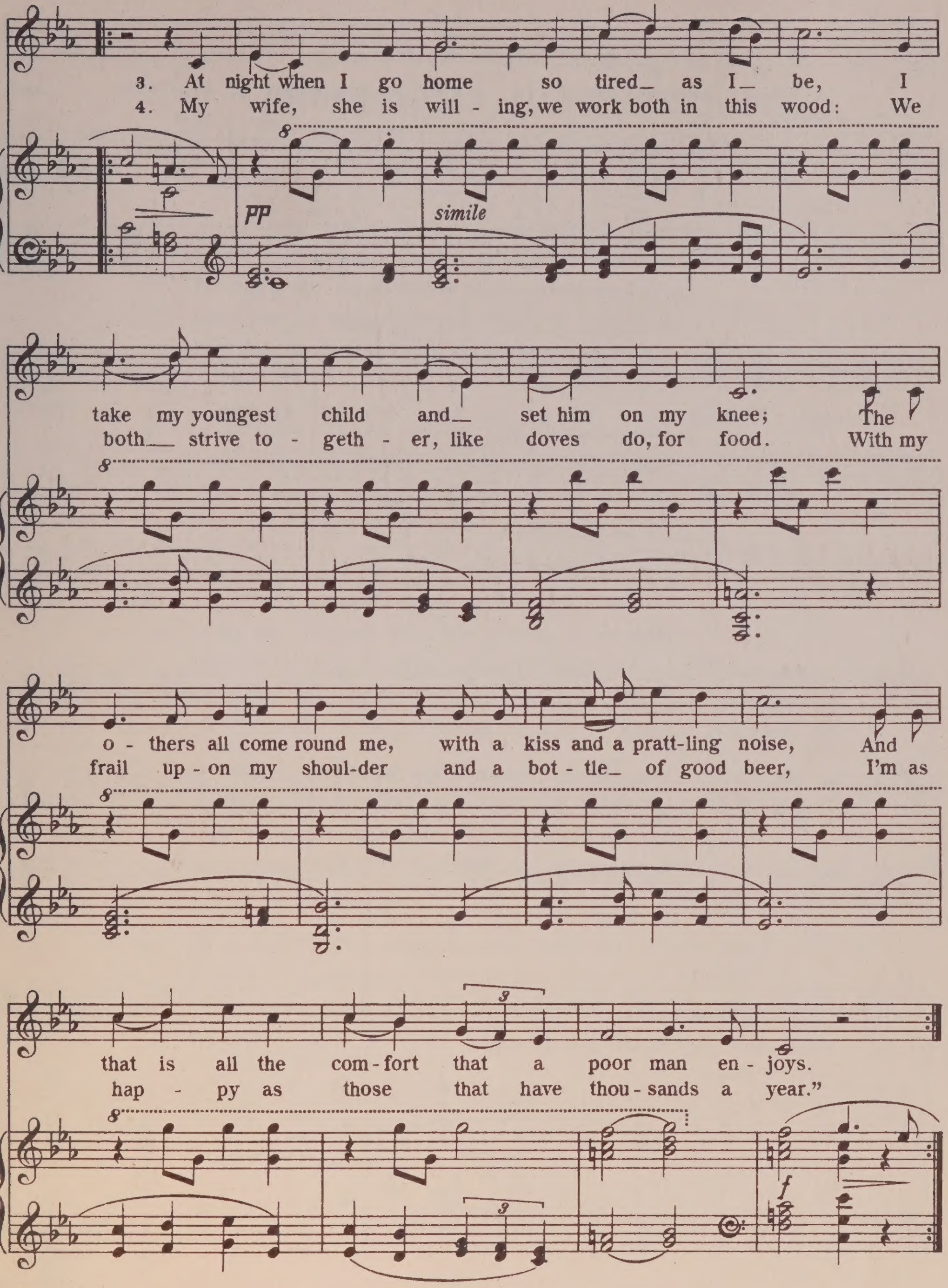
3. I took hold of her lily-white hand, and merry was her heart;
"And now we're met together, I hope we ne'er shall part."
"Oh, part, my dear? No never, until the day we die"
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

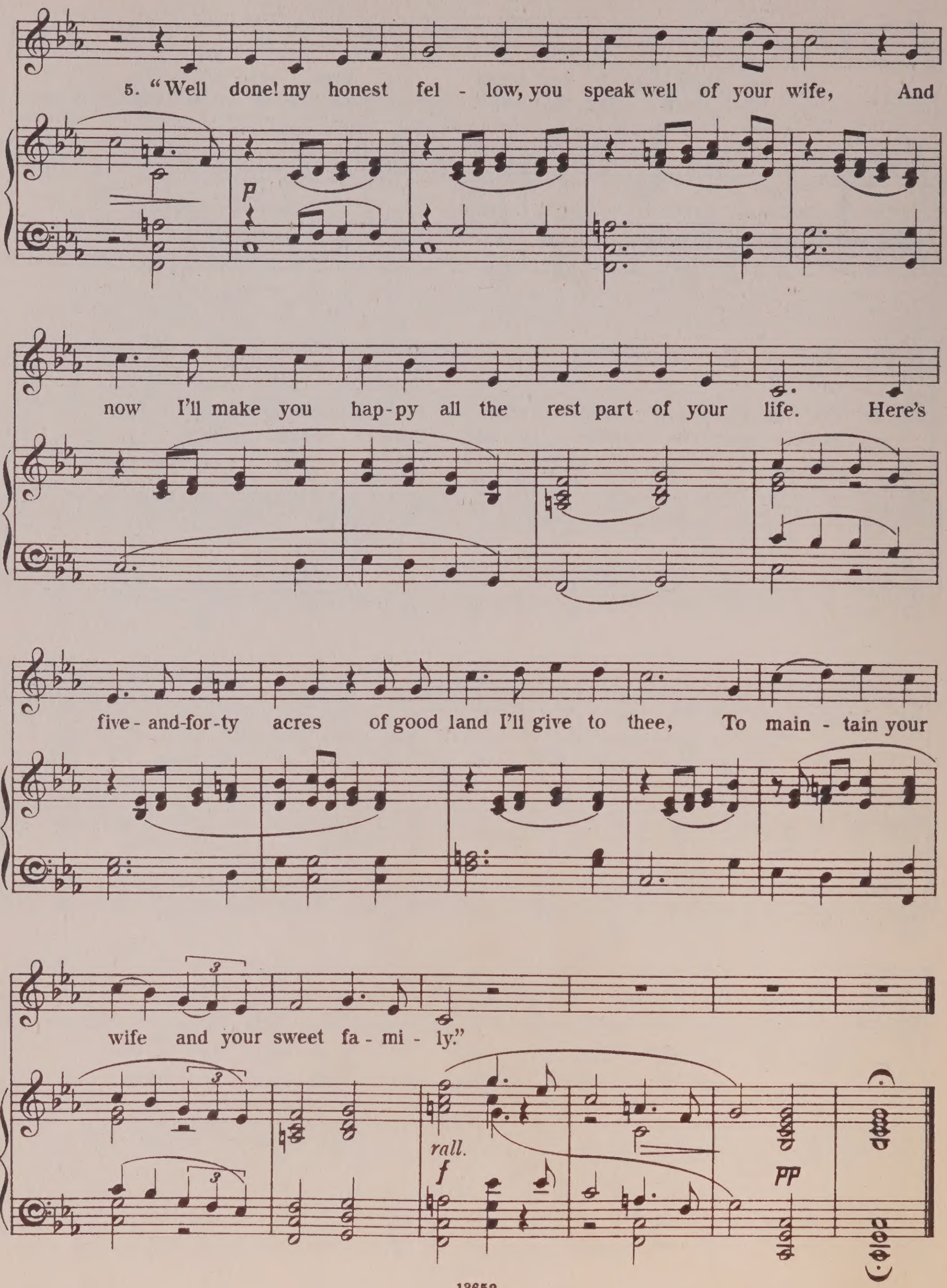
THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato.
f
p
1. It's of a no-ble-man lit with a
2. "Some-times I rip my row, and
thresher-man one day. He said, "My hon-est fel-low, come tell to me I
some-times I mow; And some-times a-hedging and a-ditch-ing I do
pray, You have got sev-en chil-dren, I know it to be
go. There's no-thing goes a-miss with me, the har-row or the
true, And how do you main-tain them all as well as you do?"
plough, And so I get my liv-ing from the sweat of my brow.
3
3
f

Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.


3. At night when I go home so tired_ as I_ be, I
4. My wife, she is will - ing, we work both in this wood: We
8
pp
simile
take my youngest child and_ set him on my knee; The
both_ strive to - geth - er, like doves do, for food. With my
8
o - thers all come round me, with a kiss and a pratt-ling noise, And
frail up - on my shoul-der and a bot - tle_ of good beer, I'm as
8
that is all the com - fort that a poor man en - joys.
hap - py as those that have thou - sands a year."
3
8
3
f


5. "Well done! my honest fel - low, you speak well of your wife, And
now I'll make you hap-py all the rest part of your life. Here's
five-and-for-ty acres of good land I'll give to thee, To main - tain your
wife and your sweet fa - mi - ly."
p
rall.
f
pp
3

THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

1. It's of a nobleman lit with a thresherman one day.
He said, "My honest fellow, come tell to me I pray,
You have got seven children, I know it to be true,
And how do you maintain them all as well as you do?"

2. "Sometimes I rip my row, and sometimes I mow;
And sometimes a-hedging and a-ditching I do go.
There's nothing goes amiss with me, the harrow or the plough,
And so I get my living from the sweat of my brow.

3. At night when I go home, so tired as I be,
I take my youngest child and set him on my knee;
The others all come round me, with a kiss and a prattling noise,
And that is all the comfort that a poor man enjoys.

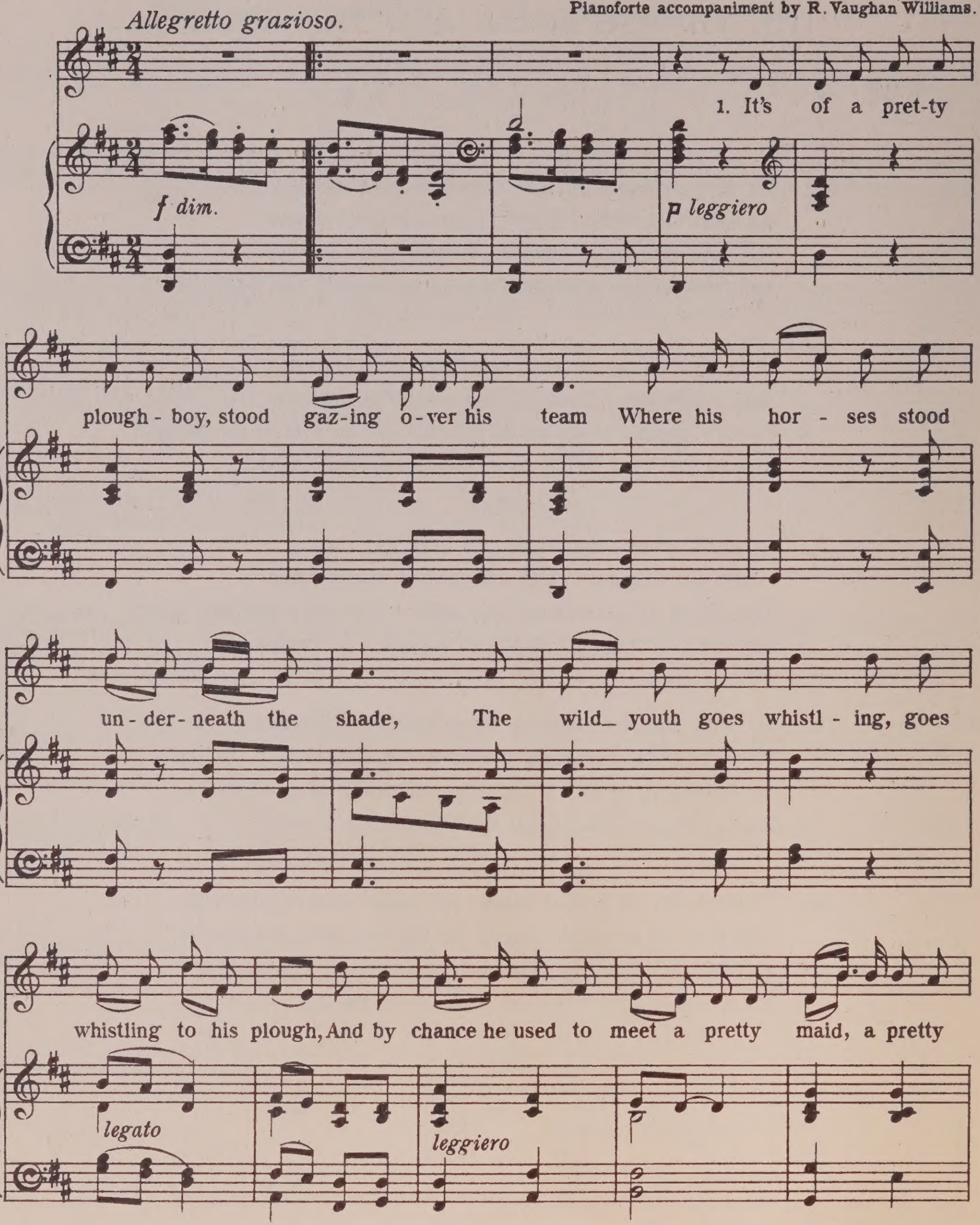
4. My wife, she is willing, we work both in this wood:
We both strive together, like doves do, for food.
With my frail upon my shoulder and bottle of good beer,
I'm as happy as those that have thousands a year."

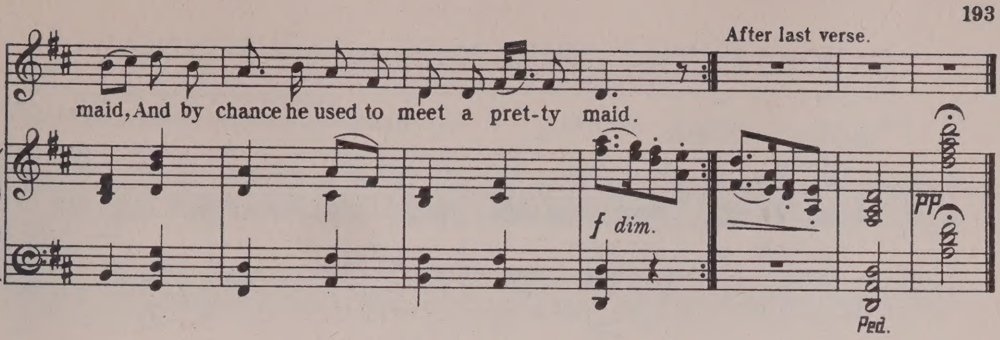
5. "Well done! my honest fellow, you speak well of your wife,
And now I'll make you happy all the rest part of your life.
Here's five and forty acres of good land I'll give to thee,
To maintain your wife and your sweet family.

Note: The first line of verse 3 and last two lines of verse 4 are borrowed from another Sussex version.

THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegretto grazioso.
f dim.
p leggiero
1. It's of a pret-ty
plough - boy, stood gaz-ing o-ver his team Where his hor - ses stood
un - der - neath the shade, The wild_ youth goes whistl - ing, goes
whistling to his plough, And by chance he used to meet a pretty maid, a pretty
legato
leggiero



THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

1. It's of a pretty ploughboy, stood gazing over his team
Where his horses stood underneath the shade,
The wild youth goes whistling, goes whistling to his plough,
And by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.

2. "If I should fall in love with you, it's my pretty maid,
And when your parents came for to know
The very first thing will be, they will send me to the sea;
They will send me in the wars to be slain."

3. Now when her aged parents they came for to know,
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain.
The press-gang was sent and they pressed her love away
And they sent him in the wars to be slain.

4. 'Twas early the next morning when she early rose,
With her pockets well lined with gold.
See how she traced the streets, with the tears all in her eyes,
In search of her jolly ploughboy bold.

5. The very first she met was a brisk young sailor bold.
"Have you seen my pretty ploughboy?" O she cried.
"He's gone unto the deep, he's a-sailing in the fleet,
Will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?"

6. She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
Then unto the captain did complain.
Said she "I've come to seek for my pretty ploughboy
That is sent to the wars to be slain."

7. She took out fifty guineas and trolled them on the floor
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she'd got her ploughboy all safe in her arms
Then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.

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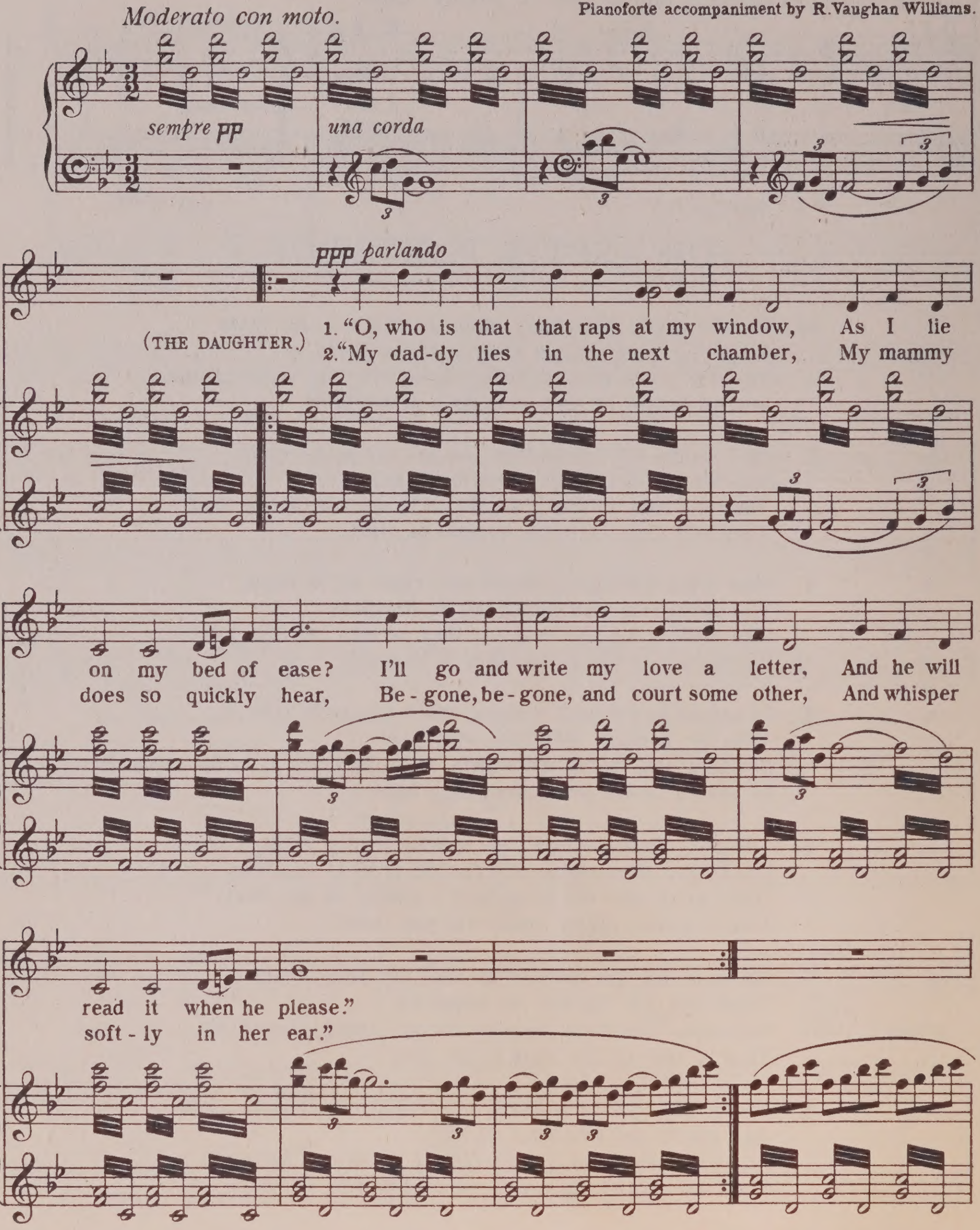
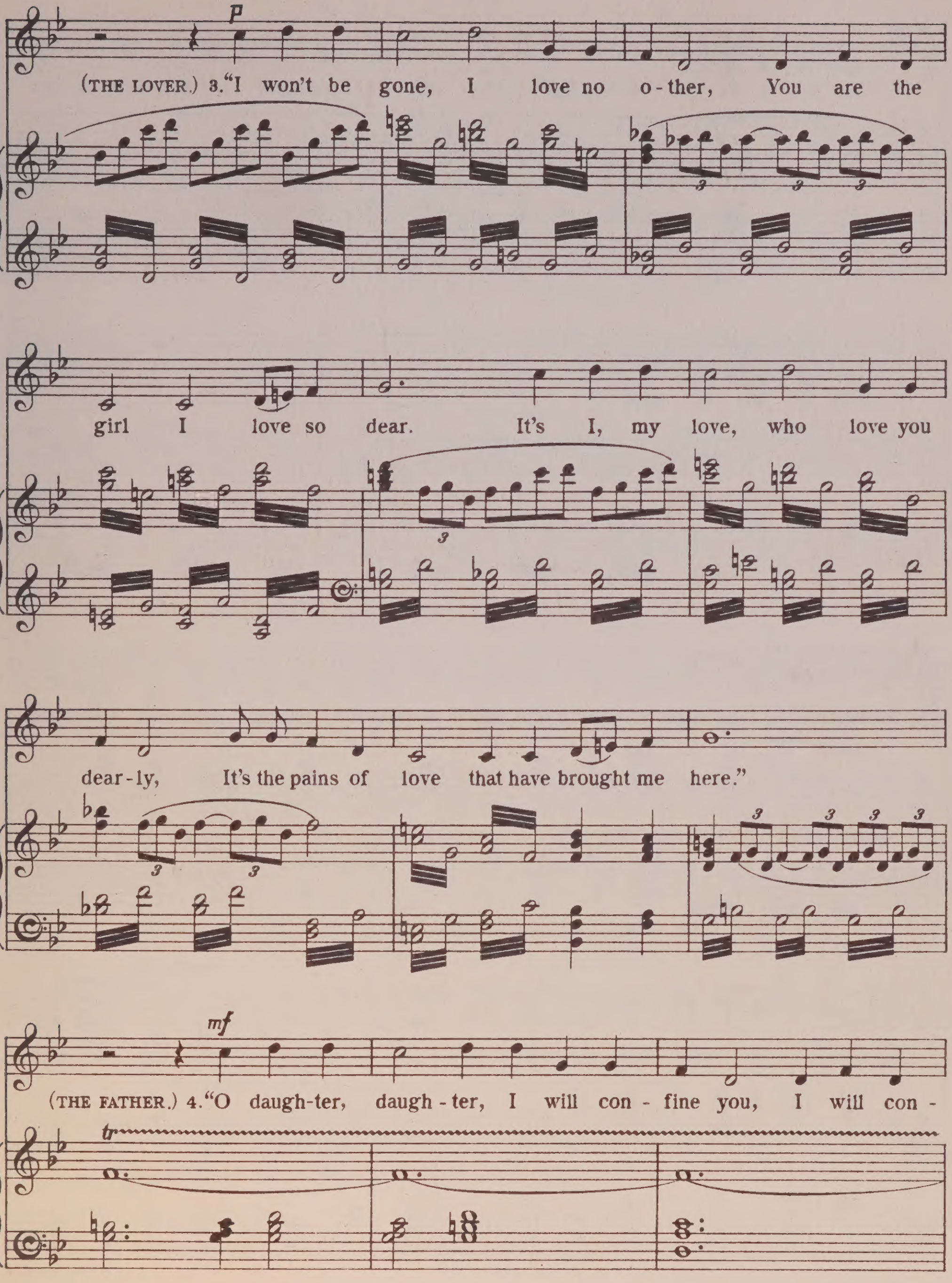
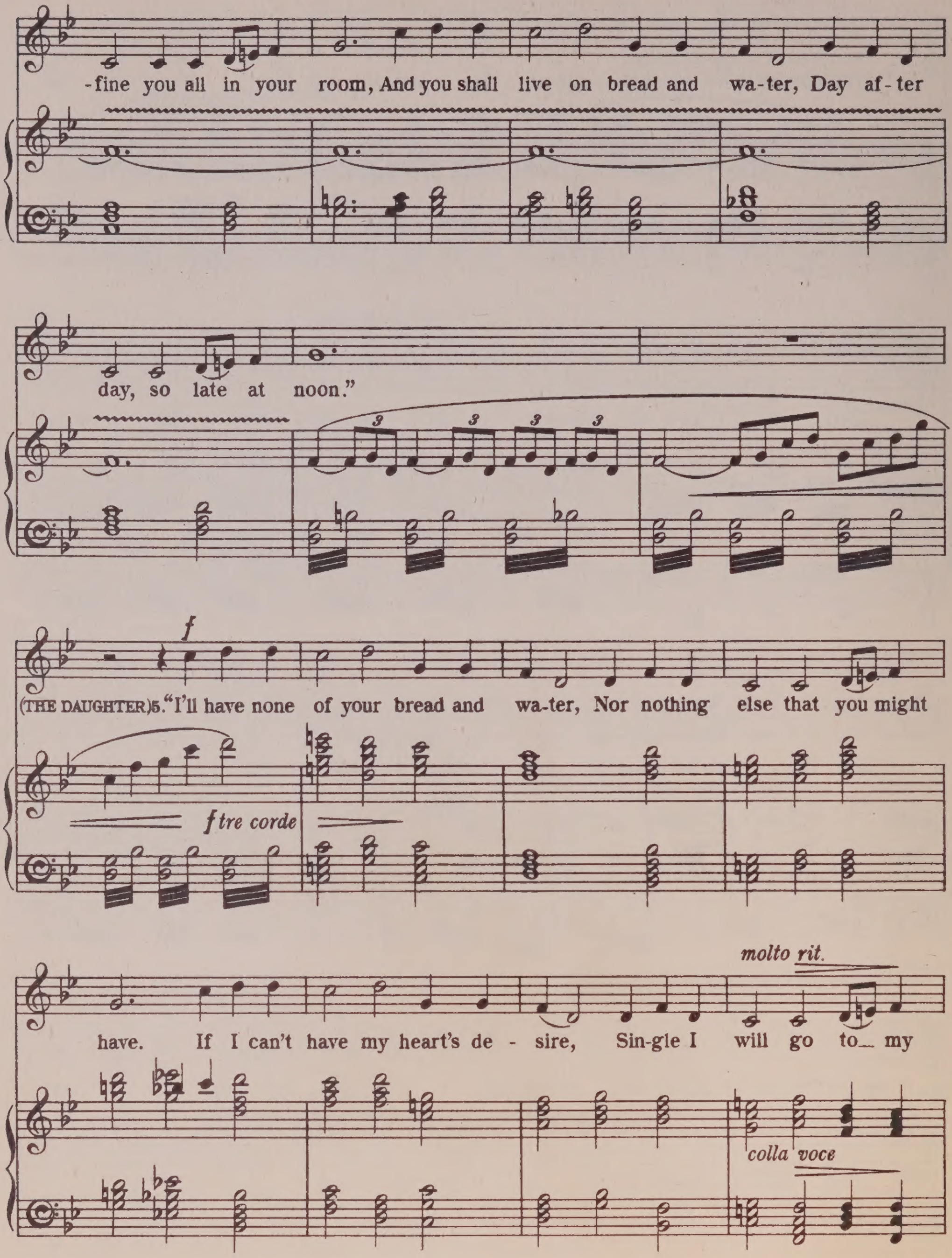
* A few lines are added from the collections of the late Mr. H.E.D. Hammond, Mr. Cecil Sharp and from a Broadside.

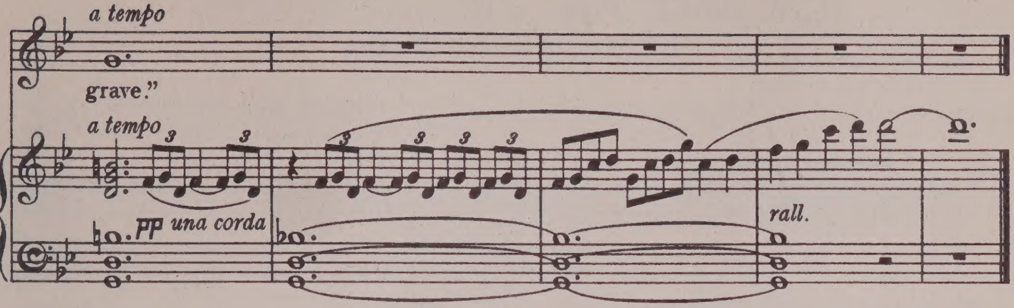
O WHO IS THAT THAT RAPS AT MY WINDOW?

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato con moto.
sempre pp
una corda
ppp parlando
(THE DAUGHTER.)
1. "O, who is that that raps at my window, As I lie on my bed of ease? I'll go and write my love a letter, And he will read it when he please."
2. "My dad-dy lies in the next chamber, My mammy does so quickly hear, Be-gone, be-gone, and court some other, And whisper soft-ly in her ear."
3


p
(THE LOVER.) 3. "I won't be gone, I love no o-ther, You are the girl I love so dear. It's I, my love, who love you dear-ly, It's the pains of love that have brought me here."
mf
(THE FATHER.) 4. "O daugh-ter, daugh-ter, I will con-fine you, I will con-
tr


-fine you all in your room, And you shall live on bread and wa-ter, Day af-ter
day, so late at noon."
3
f
(THE DAUGHTER) 5. "I'll have none of your bread and wa-ter, Nor nothing else that you might
f tre corde
molto rit.
have. If I can't have my heart's de - sire, Sin-gle I will go to_ my
colla voce



O WHO IS THAT THAT RAPS AT MY WINDOW?

(The Daughter.) 1. "O, who is that that raps at my window,
As I lie on my bed of ease?
I'll go and write my love a letter,
And he will read it when he please."

2. "My daddy lies in the next chamber,
My mammy does so quickly hear,
Begone, begone, and court some other
And whisper softly in her ear."

(The Lover.) 3. "I won't be gone, I love no other,
You are the girl I love so dear.
It's I, my love, who love you dearly,
It's the pains of love that have brought me here."

(The Father.) 4. "O daughter, daughter, I will confine you,
I will confine you all in your room,
And you shall live on bread and water,
Day after day so late at noon."

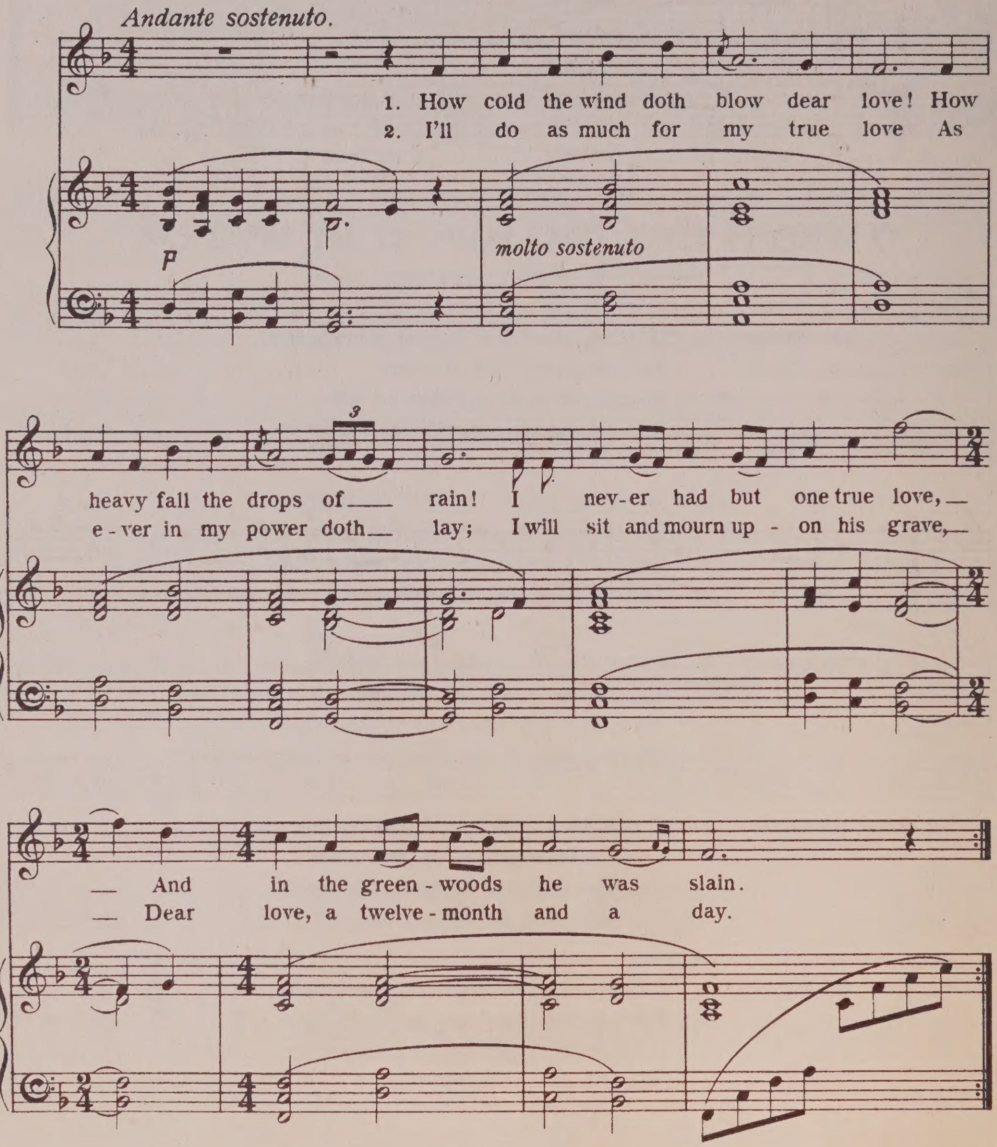
(The Daughter.) 5. "I'll have none of your bread and water,
Nor nothing else that you might have.
If I can't have my heart's desire
Single I will go to my grave."

Note: Verses 3, 4 & 5 are adapted from two versions of this ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp and are inserted here by his kind permission.

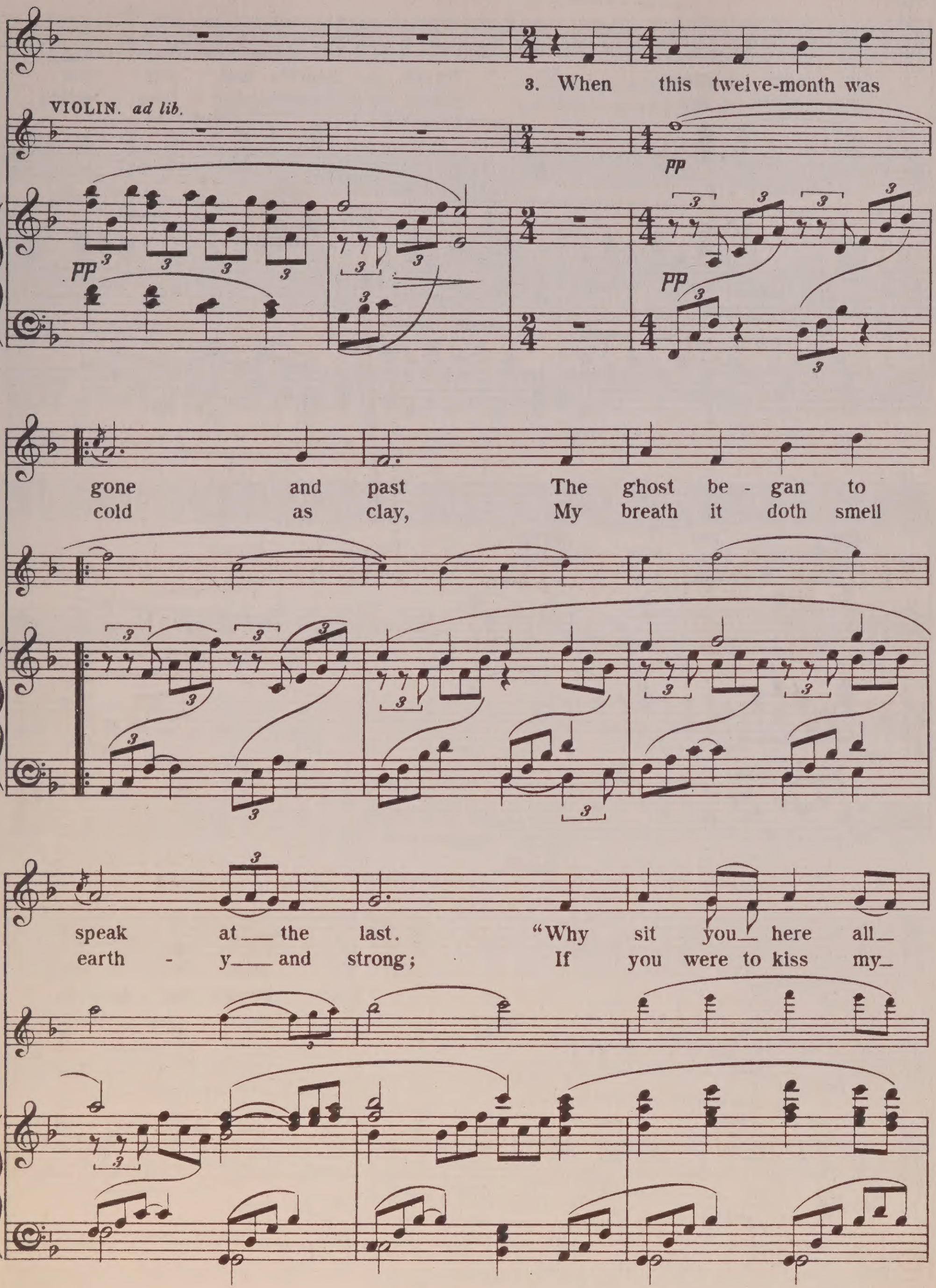
HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW.

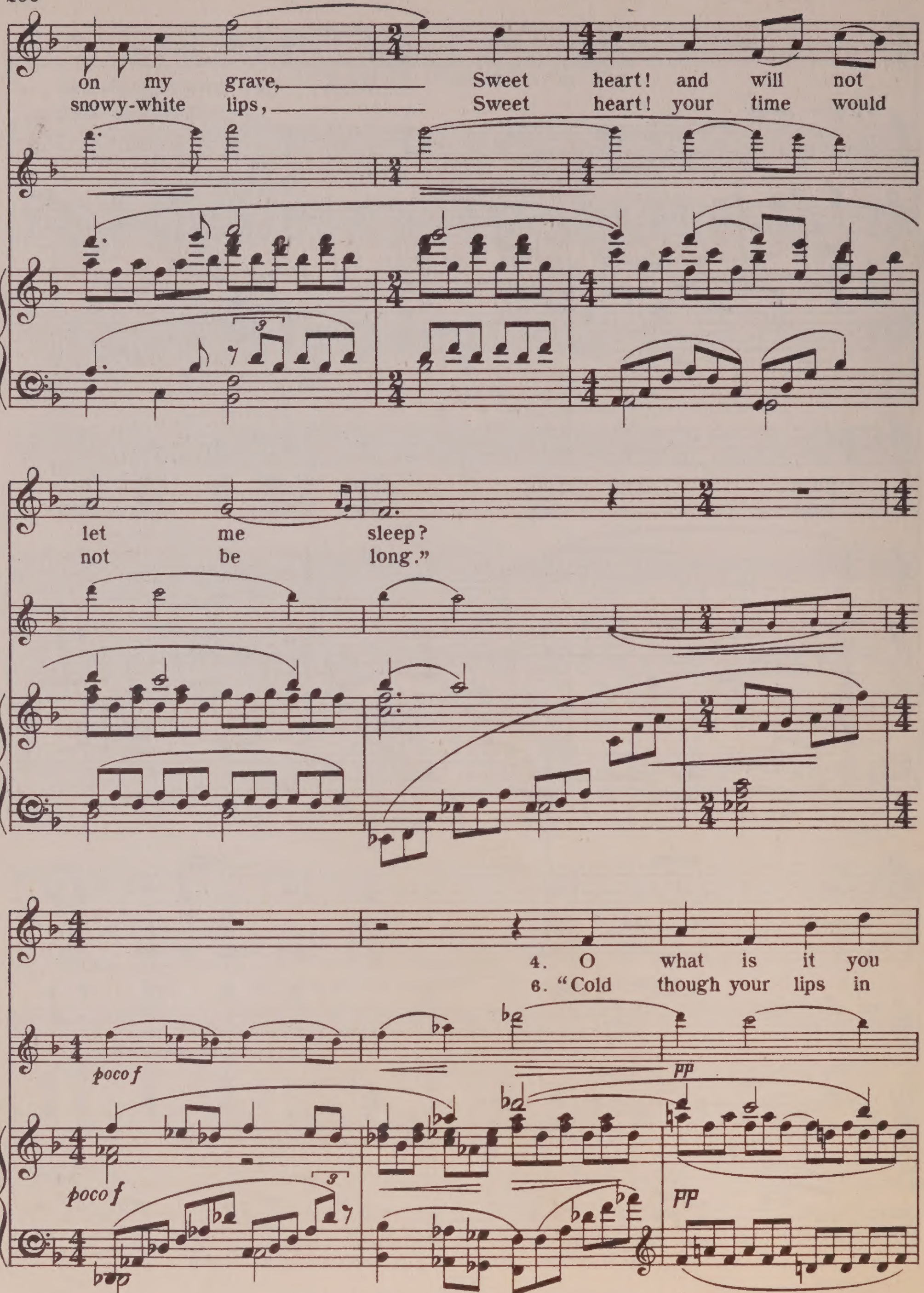
(OR "THE UNQUIET GRAVE.")

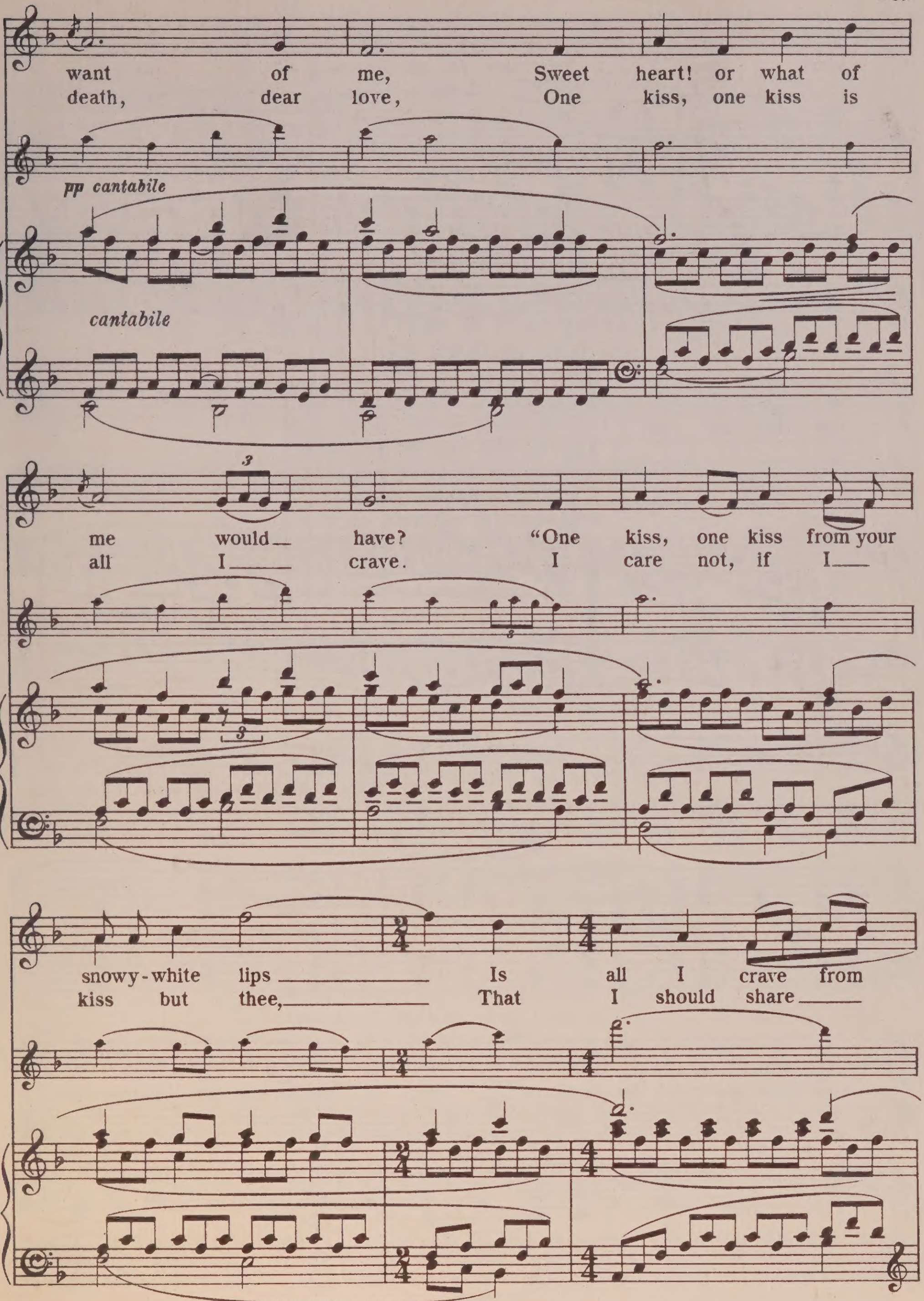
Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.

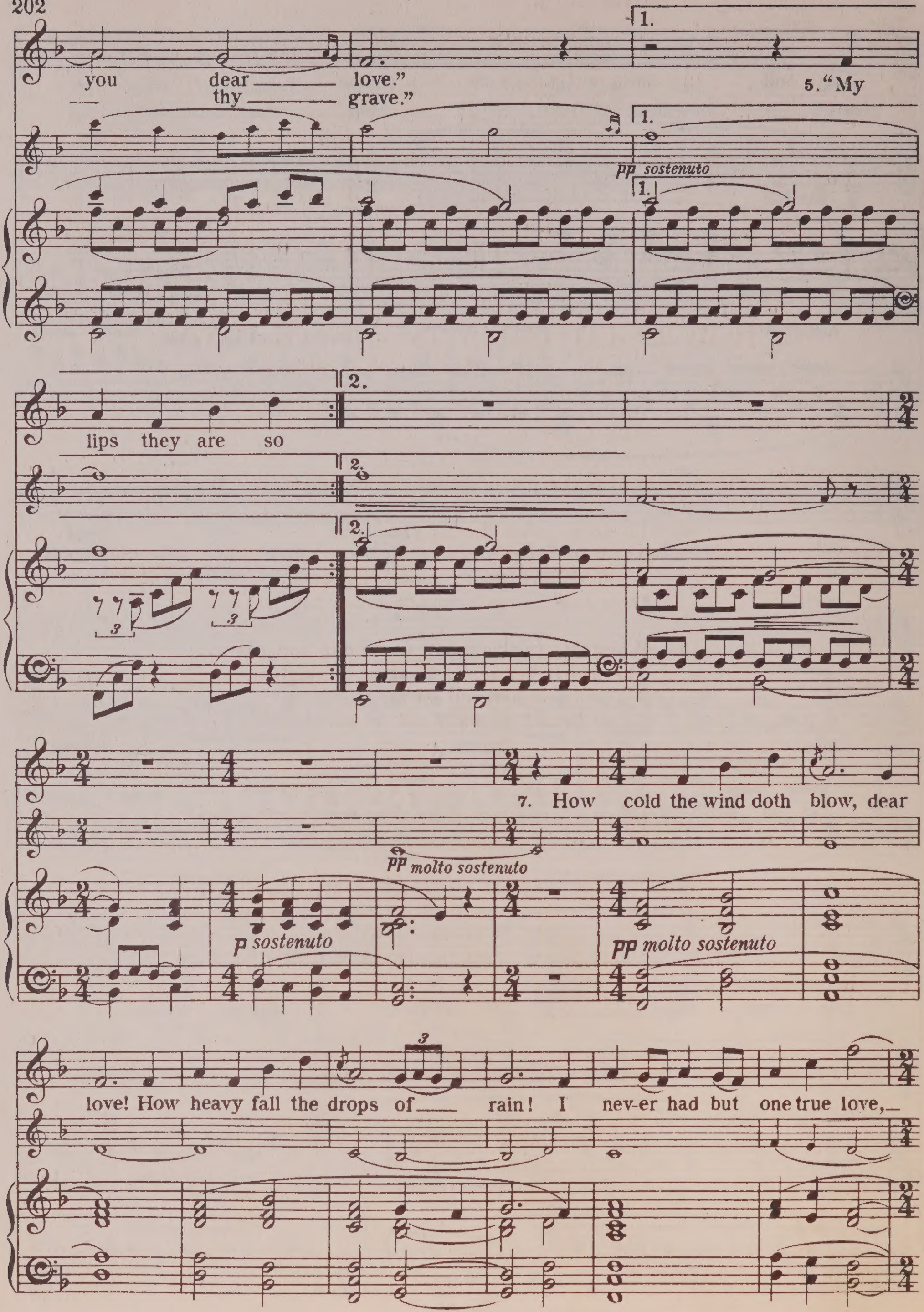

Andante sostenuto.
1. How cold the wind doth blow dear love! How
2. I'll do as much for my true love As
P
molto sostenuto
heavy fall the drops of — rain! I never had but one true love, —
e - ver in my power doth — lay; I will sit and mourn up - on his grave, —
3
— And in the green - woods he was slain.
— Dear love, a twelve - month and a day.

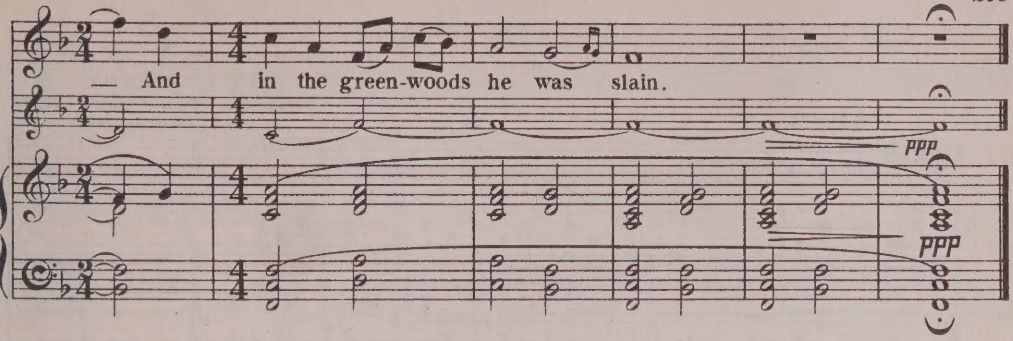
Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.


3. When this twelve-month was
VIOLIN. ad lib.
pp
pp
pp
gone and past The ghost be - gan to
cold as clay, My breath it doth smell
speak at — the last. "Why sit you — here all —
earth - y — and strong; If you were to kiss my —
3


on my grave, Sweet heart! and will not
snowy-white lips, Sweet heart! your time would
let me sleep?
not be long."
4. O what is it you
6. "Cold though your lips in
poco f
poco f
pp
pp
3
3
3


want of me, Sweet heart! or what of
death, dear love, One kiss, one kiss is
pp cantabile
cantabile
me would_ have? "One kiss, one kiss from your
all I_____ crave. I care not, if I___
snowy-white lips _________ Is all I crave from
kiss but thee,_________ That I should share _____


1.
you dear love."
— thy grave."
5. "My
1.
pp sostenuto
1.
3
3
lips they are so
2.
2.
2.
7. How cold the wind doth blow, dear
pp molto sostenuto
p sostenuto
pp molto sostenuto
3
love! How heavy fall the drops of rain! I nev-er had but one true love,—



HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW.

(OR "THE UNQUIET GRAVE")

1. How cold the wind doth blow, dear love!
How heavy fall the drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And in the green-woods he was slain.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
As ever in my power doth lay;
I will sit and mourn upon his grave,
Dear love, a twelvemonth and a day.

3. When this twelvemonth was gone and past
The ghost began to speak at the last.
"Why sit you here all on my grave,
Sweet heart! and will not let me sleep?

4. O what is it you want of me
Sweet heart! or what of me would have?"
"One kiss, one kiss from your snowy-white lips
Is all I crave from you dear love."

5. "My lips they are so cold as clay,
My breath it doth smell earthy and strong;
If you were to kiss my snowy-white lips,
Sweet heart! your time would not be long."

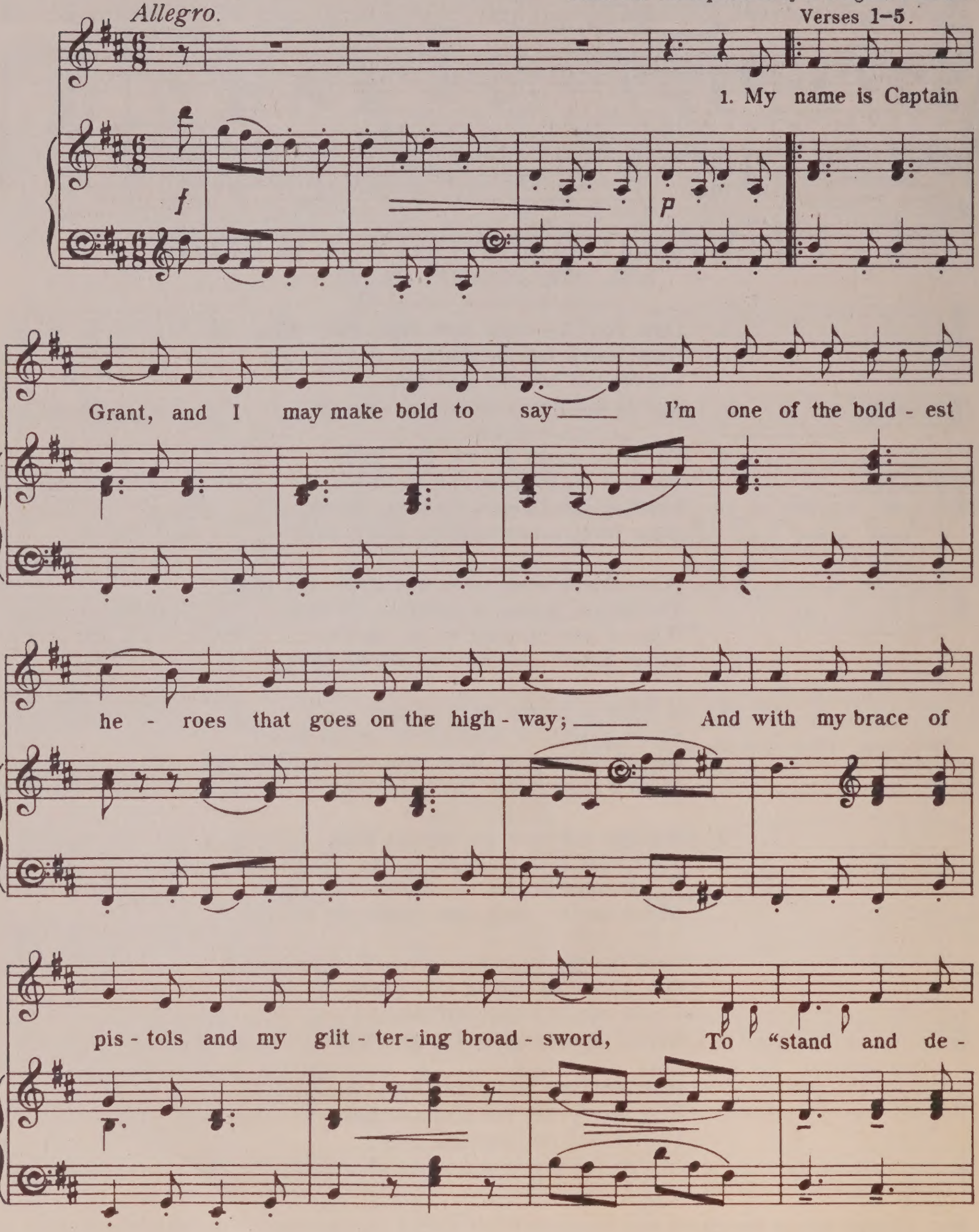
6. "Cold though your lips in death, dear love,
One kiss, one kiss is all I crave.
I care not, if I kiss but thee,
That I should share thy grave."

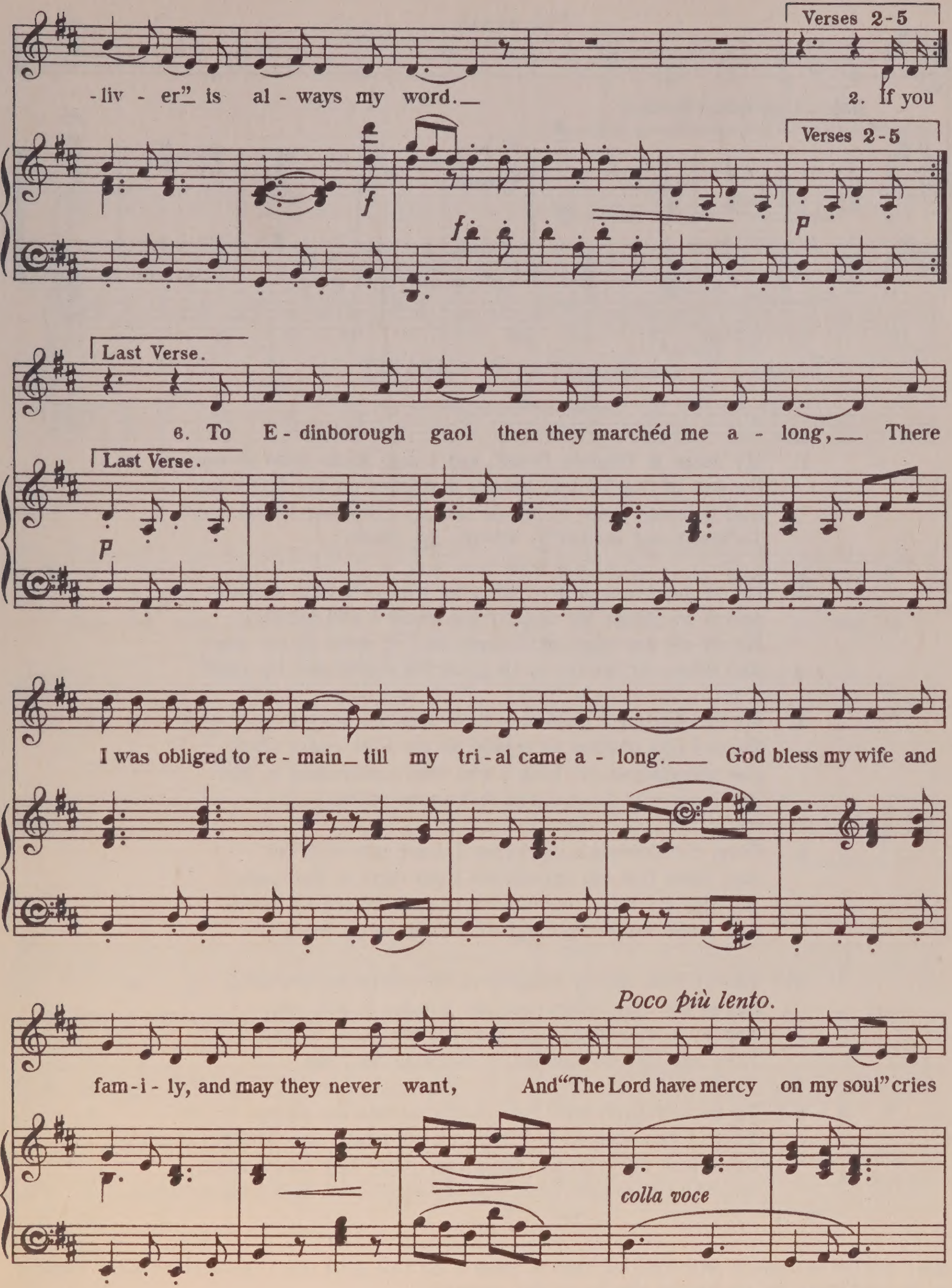
7. How cold the wind doth blow, dear love!
How heavy fall the drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And in the green-woods he was slain.

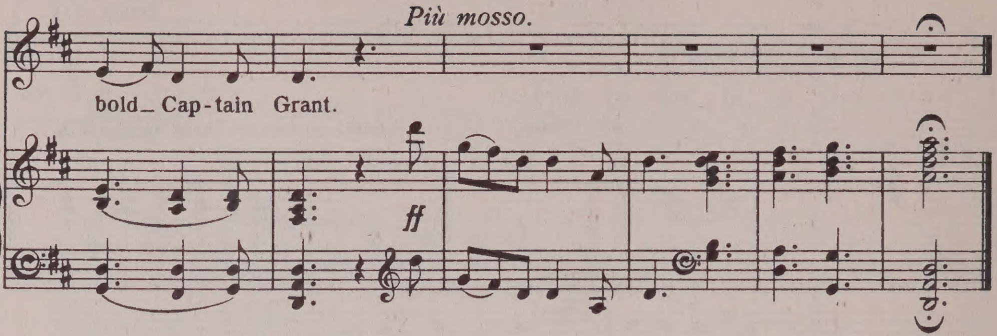
Note: A portion, only, of these words was transcribed by Mr. Merrick, namely verse 1 (repeated in verse 7), verse 2, the first half of verse 3 and the latter half of verse 4. The rest has been adapted from traditional versions collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, Mr. Cecil Sharp (and inserted by their kind permission), and the late Mr. H. E. D. Hammond.

CAPTAIN GRANT.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Allegro.
Verses 1–5.
f
p
1. My name is Captain
Grant, and I may make bold to say ___ I'm one of the bold - est
he - roes that goes on the high - way; ___ And with my brace of
pis - tols and my glit - ter - ing broad - sword, To "stand and de -


Verses 2-5
-liv - er" is al - ways my word. 2. If you
Verses 2-5
f
f
p
Last Verse.
6. To E - dinborough gaol then they marchéd me a - long, There
Last Verse.
p
I was obliged to re - main till my tri - al came a - long. God bless my wife and
Poco più lento.
fam - i - ly, and may they never want, And "The Lord have mercy on my soul" cries
colla voce



CAPTAIN GRANT.

1. My name is Captain Grant, and I may make bold to say
I'm one of the boldest heroes that goes on the highway;
And with my brace of pistols and my glittering broad-sword,
To"stand and deliver"is always my word.

2. If you meet with a poor traveller who is hungry and dry
And if he craves for charity his wants I will supply;
Here's ale and wine and brandy, till I've spent all my store,
And when my money is all gone I'll boldly rob for more.

3. To Edinborough gaol then they marchéd me along,
There I was obliged to remain till my trial came along.
For shooting at the king I was then condemned to die,
But I never had a hand in that same robbery.

4. From Edinborough gaol then I made my way out
And those that did oppose me I put them to the rout;
All with my metal bullets I knocked the sentry down
And made my escape out of Edinborough town.

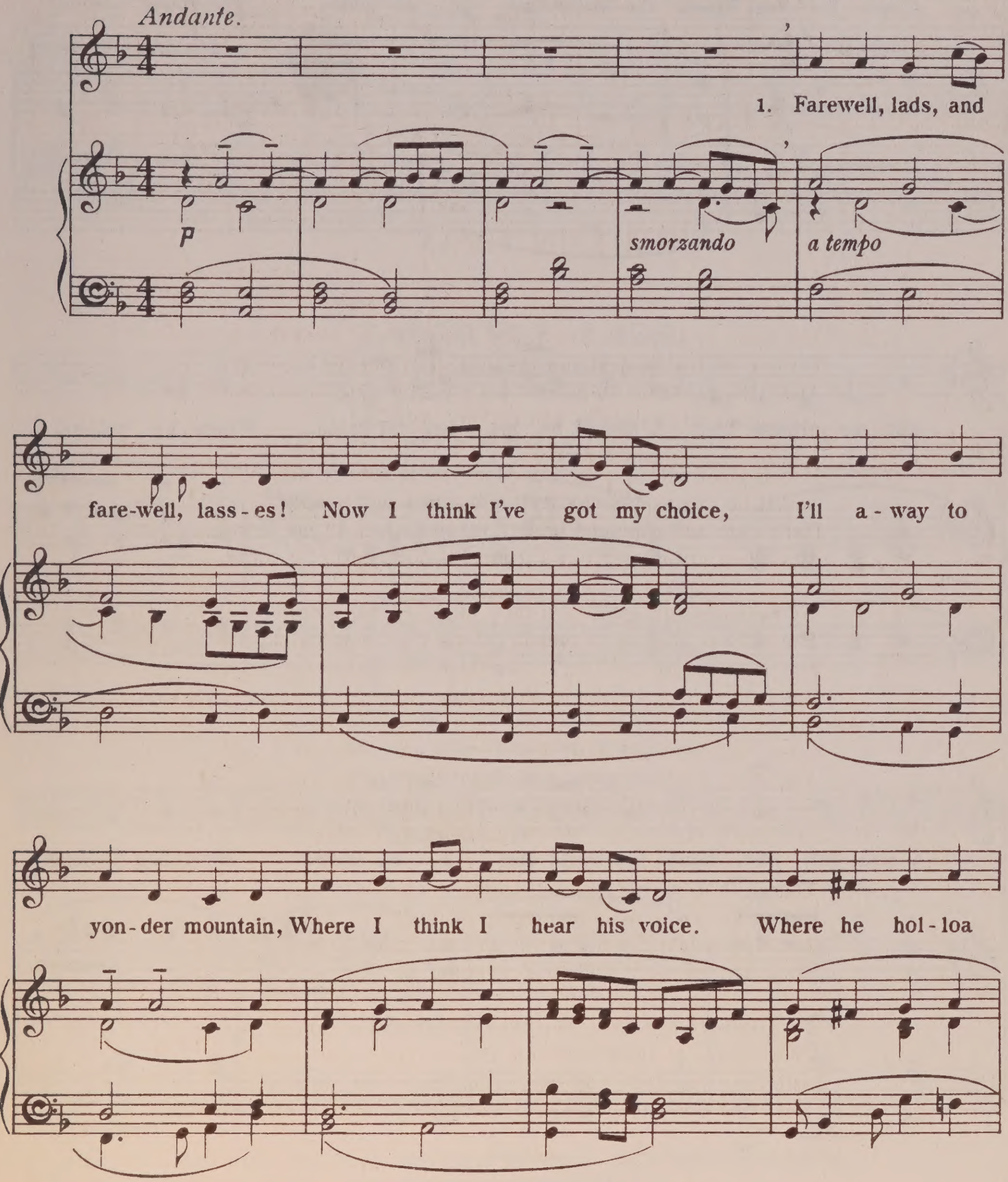
5. Then I took up my lodging in the centre of a wood,
But to my sad misfortune my powder it got wet,
And by a wicked woman, who did me there betray,
They had me surrounded, a-sleeping as I lay.

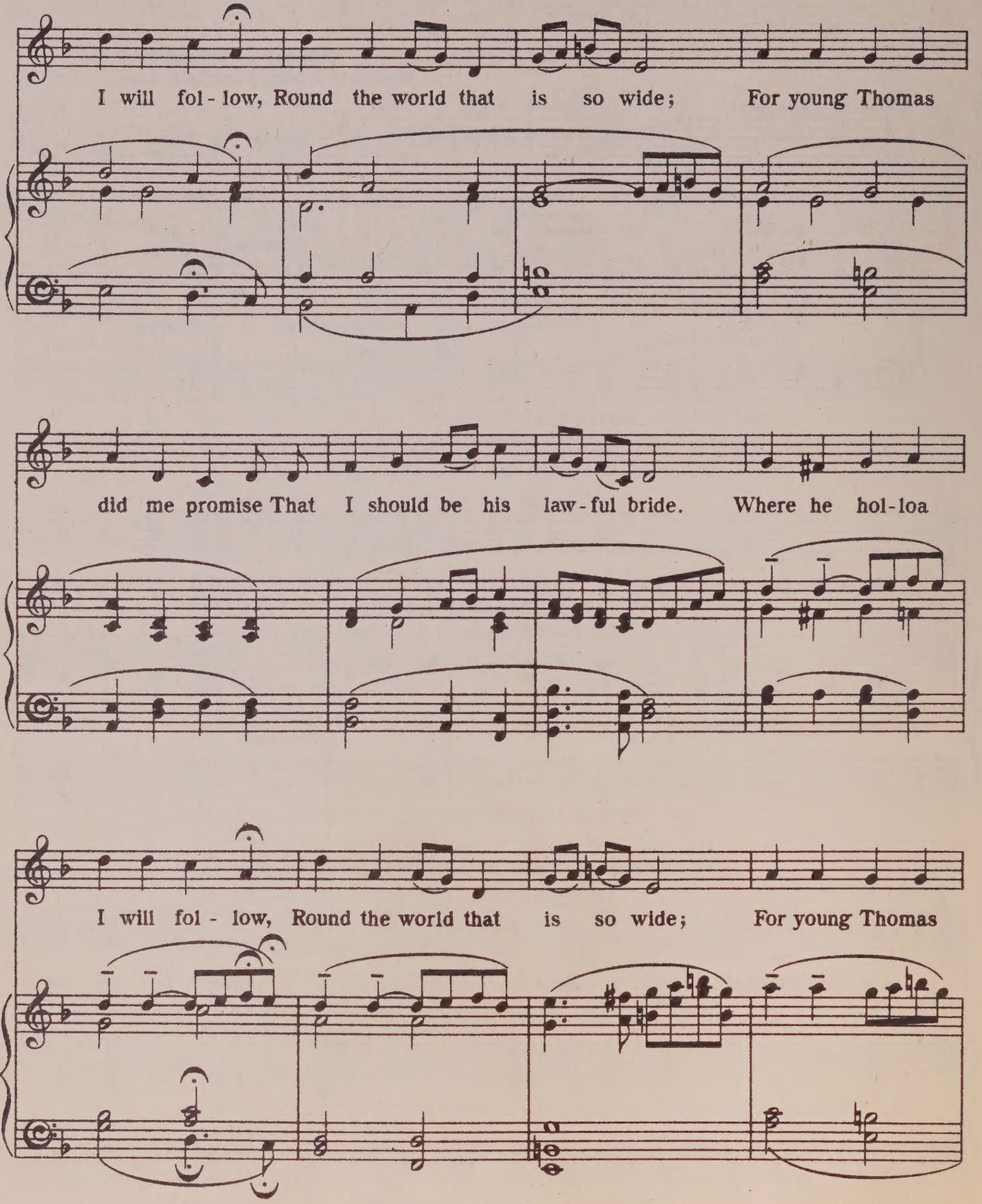
6. To Edinborough gaol then they marchéd me along,
There I was obliged to remain till my trial came along.
God bless my wife and family, and may they never want,
And "The Lord have mercy on my soul" cries bold Captain Grant.

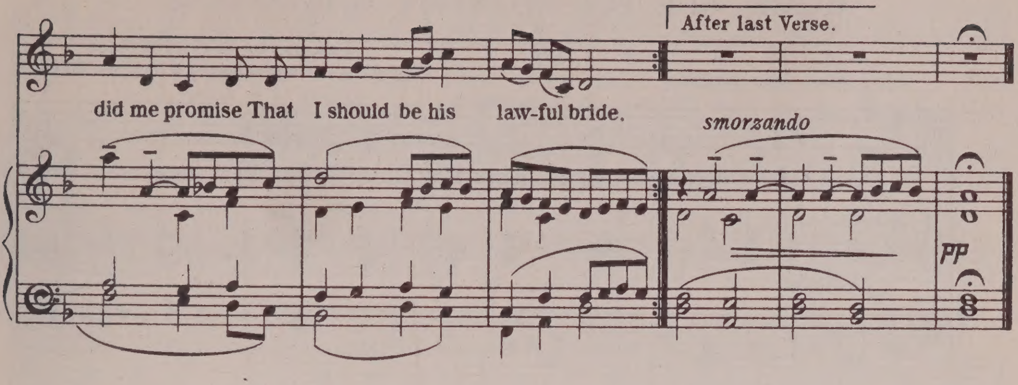
Note: **The last two lines of verse 3 and the whole of verses 4 and 6 are added from a version of this ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp, and are inserted here by his kind permission.**

FAREWELL, LADS.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante.
p
smorzando
a tempo
1. Farewell, lads, and fare-well, lass-es! Now I think I've got my choice, I'll a-way to yon-der mountain, Where I think I hear his voice. Where he hol-loa


I will fol - low, Round the world that is so wide; For young Thomas
did me promise That I should be his law - ful bride. Where he hol - loa
I will fol - low, Round the world that is so wide; For young Thomas



FAREWELL, LADS.

1. Farewell, lads, and farewell, lasses!
Now I think I've got my choice,
I'll away to yonder mountain,
Where I think I hear his voice.
  Where he holloa I will follow,
  Round the world that is so wide;
  For young Thomas did me promise
  That I should be his lawful bride.

* 2. Come all maids that live at a distance,
Many a mile from your true love;
My heart's with him altogether,
Though I live not where I love.
  Where he, etc.

3. Singing sweetly and completely
Songs of pleasure from above.
My heart's with him altogether
Though I live not where I love.
  Where he, etc.

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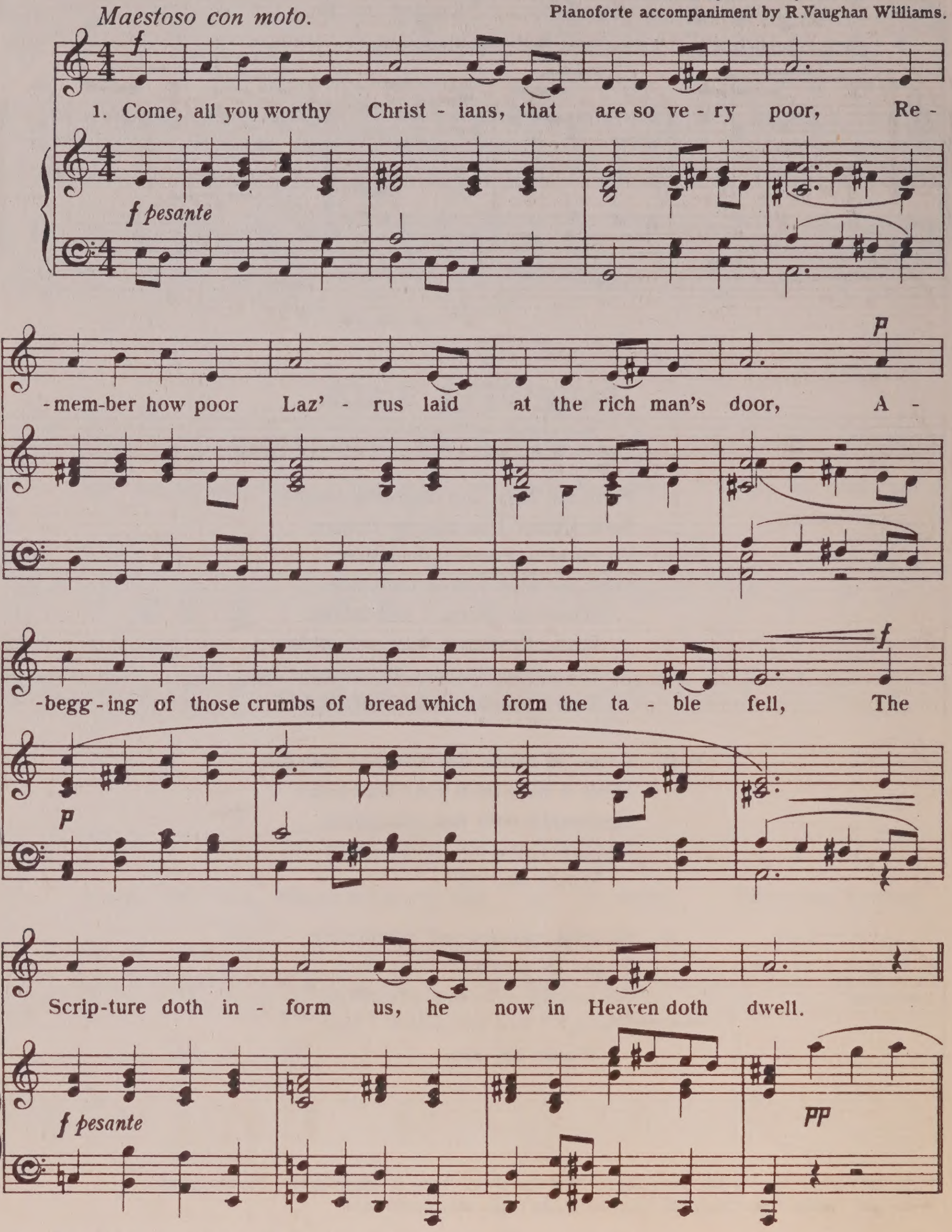
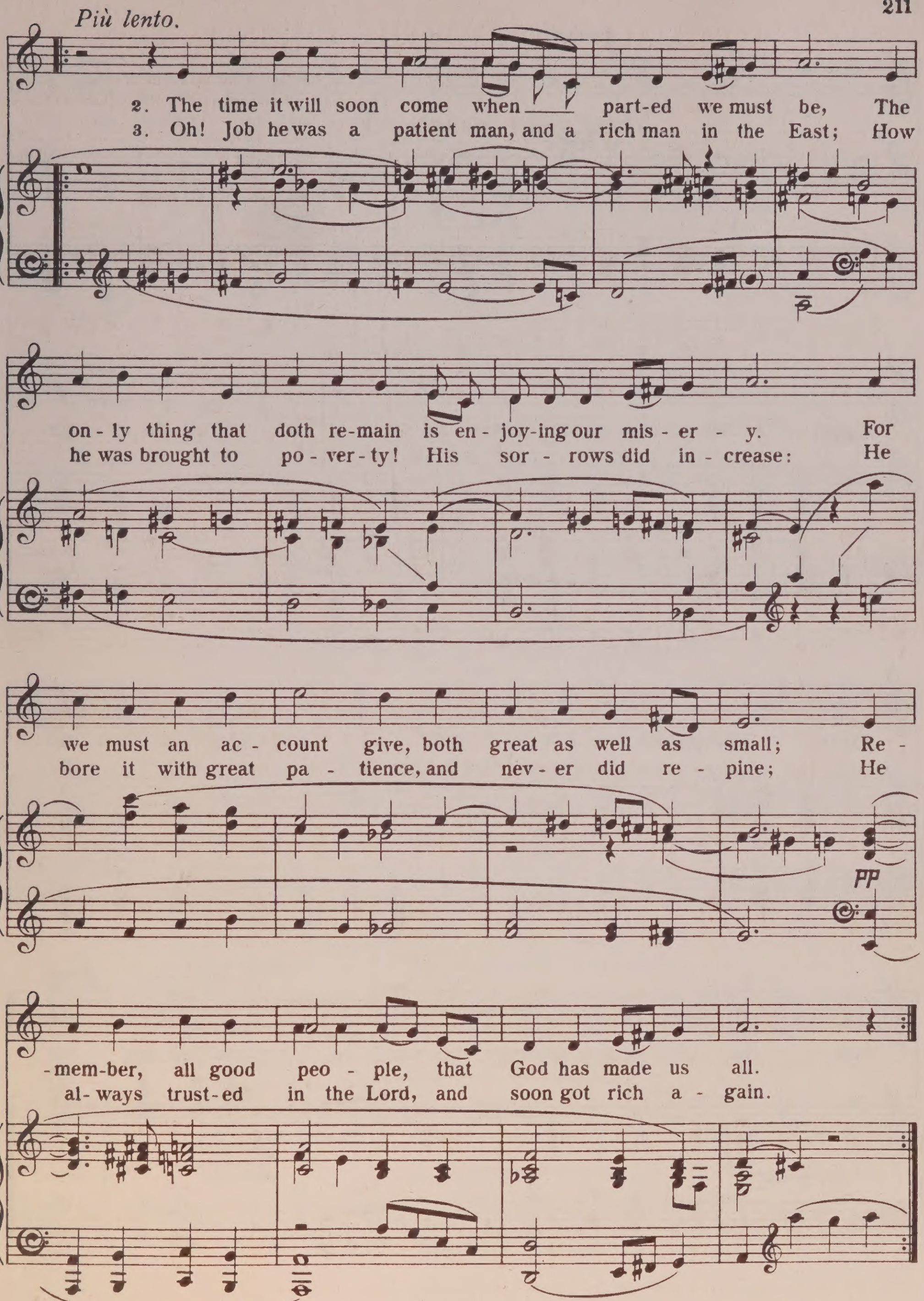
* In the version sung to Mr. Merrick, the first line of this verse is unintelligible. The line given in the text (taken from Chappell's 'Popular Music') has been substituted.

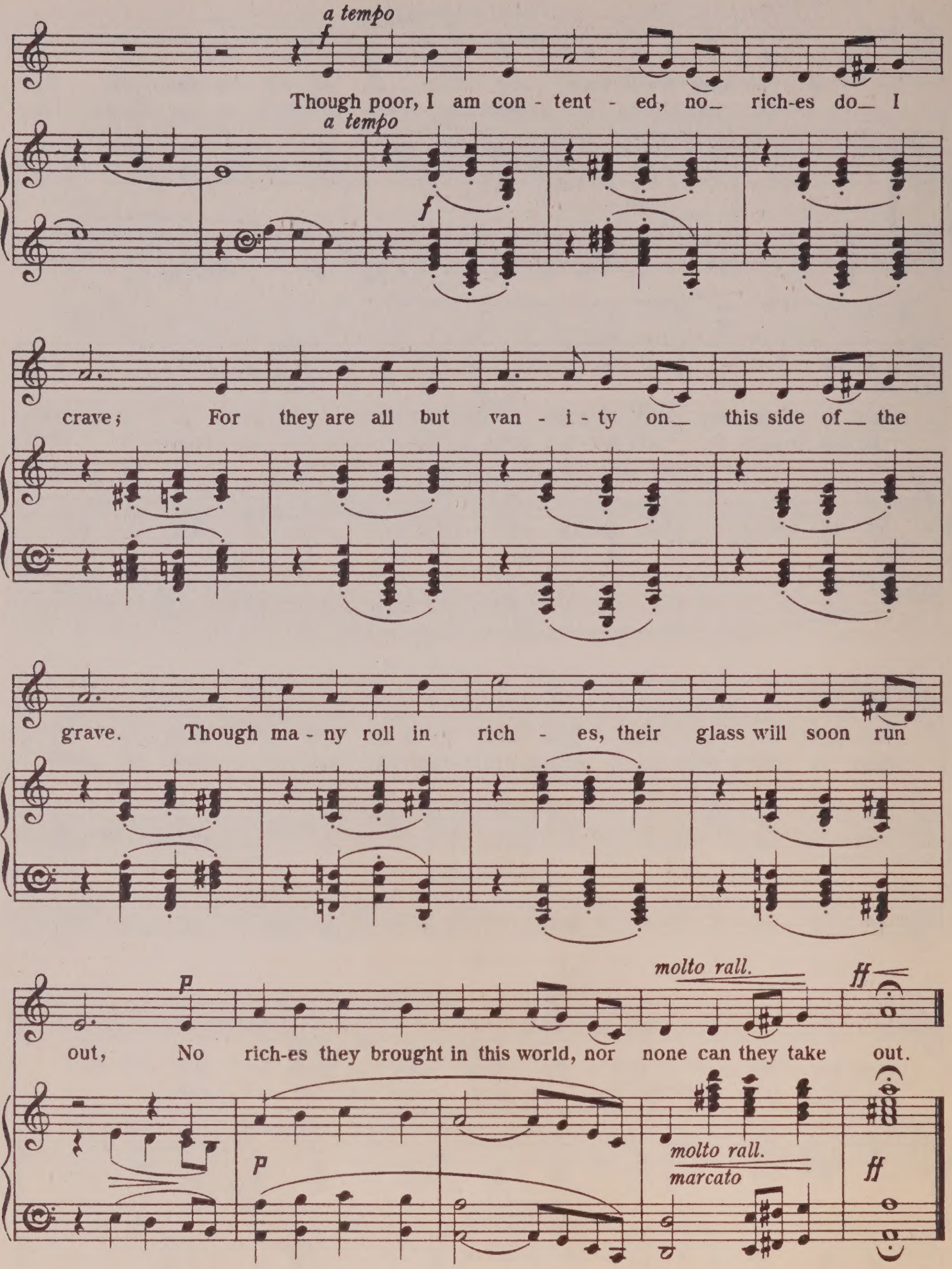
COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Maestoso con moto.
f
1. Come, all you worthy Christ - ians, that are so ve - ry poor, Re -
f pesante
-mem-ber how poor Laz' - rus laid at the rich man's door, A -
p
-begg - ing of those crumbs of bread which from the ta - ble fell, The
p
f
Scrip-ture doth in - form us, he now in Heaven doth dwell.
f pesante
pp

Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.


Più lento.
2. The time it will soon come when parted we must be, The
3. Oh! Job he was a patient man, and a rich man in the East; How
only thing that doth remain is enjoying our misery. For
he was brought to poverty! His sorrows did increase: He
we must an account give, both great as well as small; Re-
bore it with great patience, and never did repine; He
-member, all good people, that God has made us all.
always trusted in the Lord, and soon got rich again.
pp


a tempo
f
Though poor, I am con - tent - ed, no_ rich-es do_ I
a tempo
f
crave; For they are all but van - i - ty on_ this side of_ the
grave. Though ma - ny roll in rich - es, their glass will soon run
out, No rich-es they brought in this world, nor none can they take out.
p
molto rall.
ff
p
molto rall.
marcato
ff

COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

1. Come, all you worthy Christians, that are so very poor,
Remember how poor Lazarus laid at the rich man's door,
A-begging of those crumbs of bread which from the table fell,
The Scripture doth inform us, he now in Heaven doth dwell.

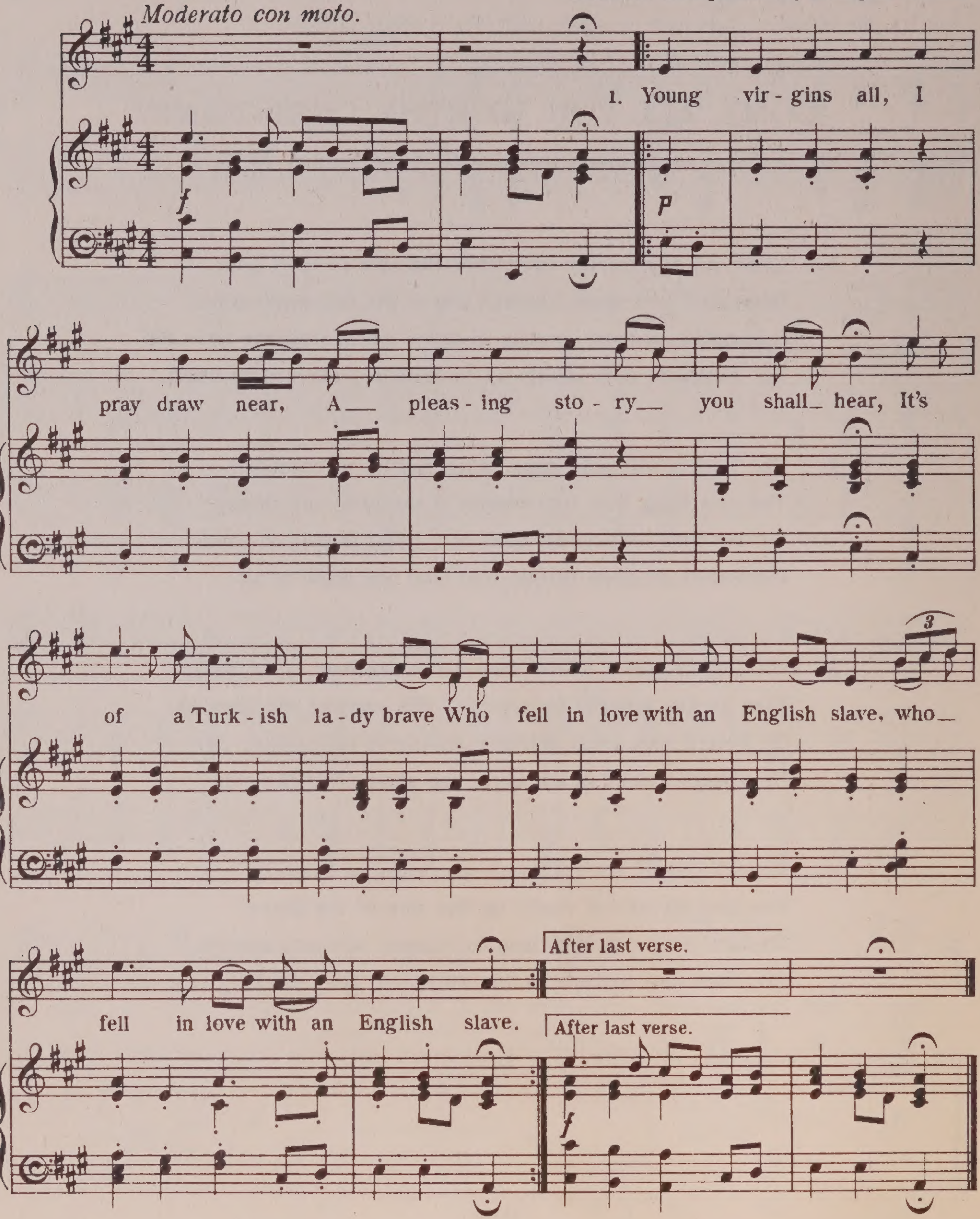
2. The time it will soon come when parted we must be,
The only thing that doth remain is enjoying our misery.
For we must an account give, both great as well as small;
Remember, all good people, that God has made us all.

3. Oh! Job he was a patient man, and a rich man in the East;
How he was brought to poverty! His sorrows did increase:
He bore it with great patience, and never did repine;
He always trusted in the Lord, and soon got rich again.

4. Though poor, I am contented, no riches do I crave;
For they are all but vanity on this side of the grave.
Though many roll in riches, their glass will soon run out,
No riches they brought in this world, nor none can they take out.

THE TURKISH LADY.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato con moto.
f
p
1. Young vir - gins all, I
pray draw near, A___ pleas - ing sto - ry___ you shall___ hear, It's
of a Turk - ish la - dy brave Who fell in love with an English slave, who___
3
fell in love with an English slave.
After last verse.
After last verse.
f

THE TURKISH LADY.

1. Young virgins all, I pray draw near,
A pleasing story you shall hear,
It's of a Turkish lady brave
Who fell in love with an English slave.

2. There was a ship of Bristol town;
As we were sailing over the main
By a Turkish rover took were we
And he made us all their slaves to be.

3. One of the seamen that were there,
An Englishman both fresh and fair,
It happened for his lot to be
A slave unto a rich lady.

4. She dressed herself in rich array
And went to view her slaves one day;
Hearing the moan this young man made,
She went to him and thus she said:

5. "What countryman, young man, are you?"
"I'm an Englishman and that is true."
"I wish you were a Turk," said she,
"I would ease you of your slavery."

6. "If you'd consent to be a Turk
I would ease you of your slavish work.
I'd own myself to be your wife,
For it's I do love you as my life."
(This verse may be omitted.)

7. "O no, O no, O no," said he,
"A slave I am and I will be.
I'd sooner be burnt all at the stake
Than before I would my God forsake."

8. This lady to her chamber went
And spent the night in discontent;
Sly Cupid with his piercing dart
Did deeply wound this lady's heart.

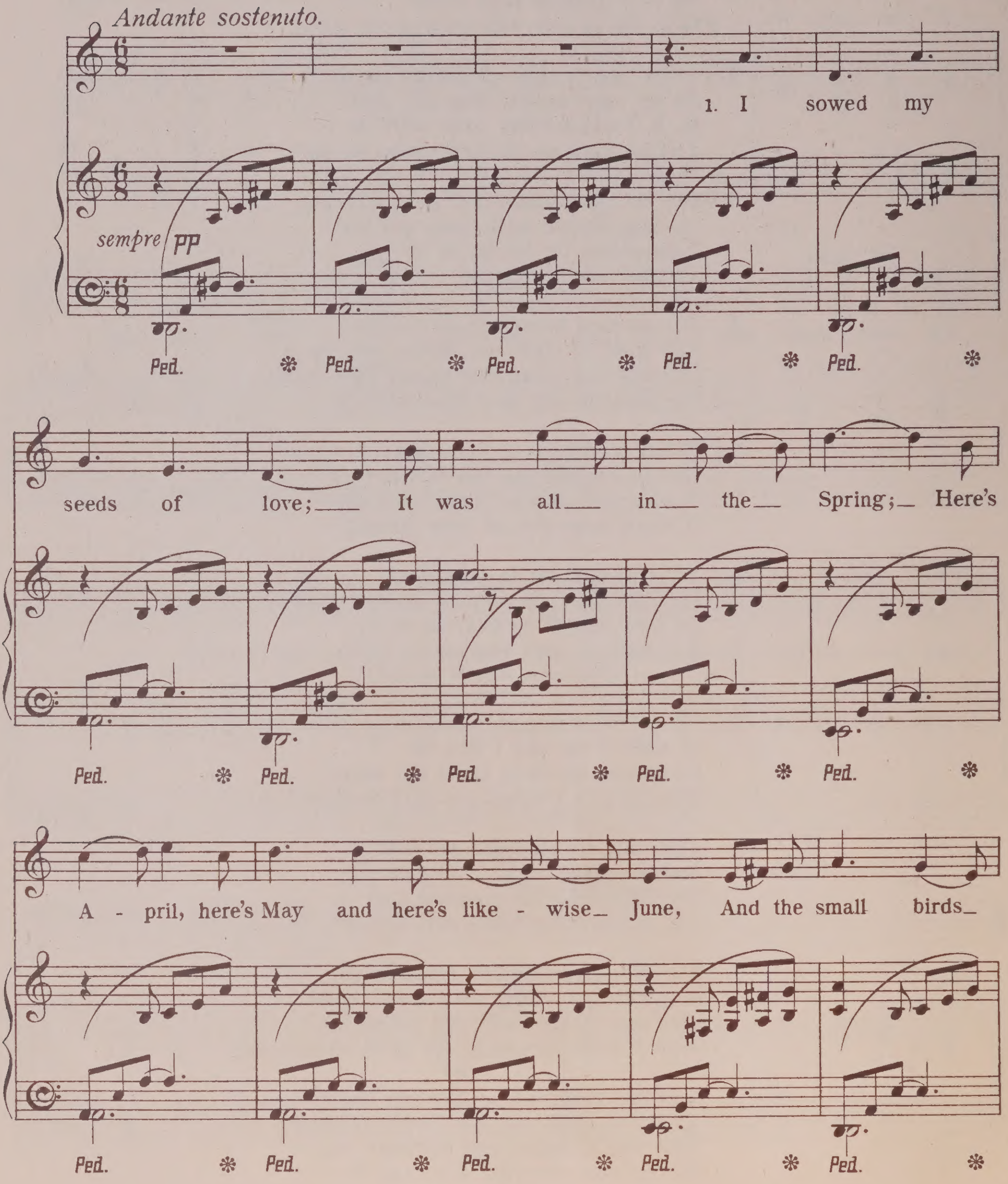
9. She dressed herself in rich array
And with this young man sailed away
Until they came to Bristol shore
With jewels, diamonds and gold, great store.

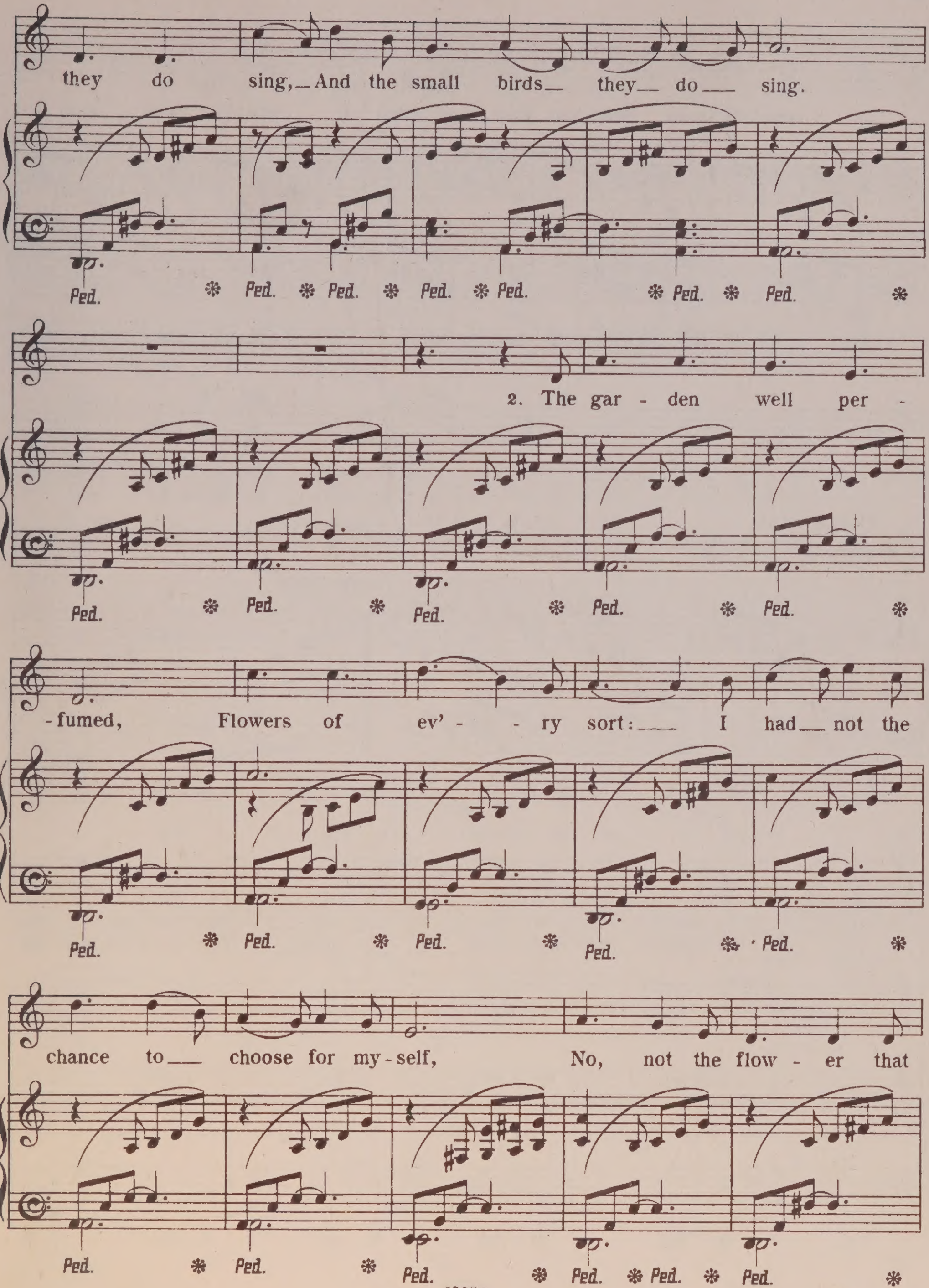
10. Now she is turned a Christian brave
All for to wed with her own true slave
That was in chains and bondage too,
By this you see what love can do.

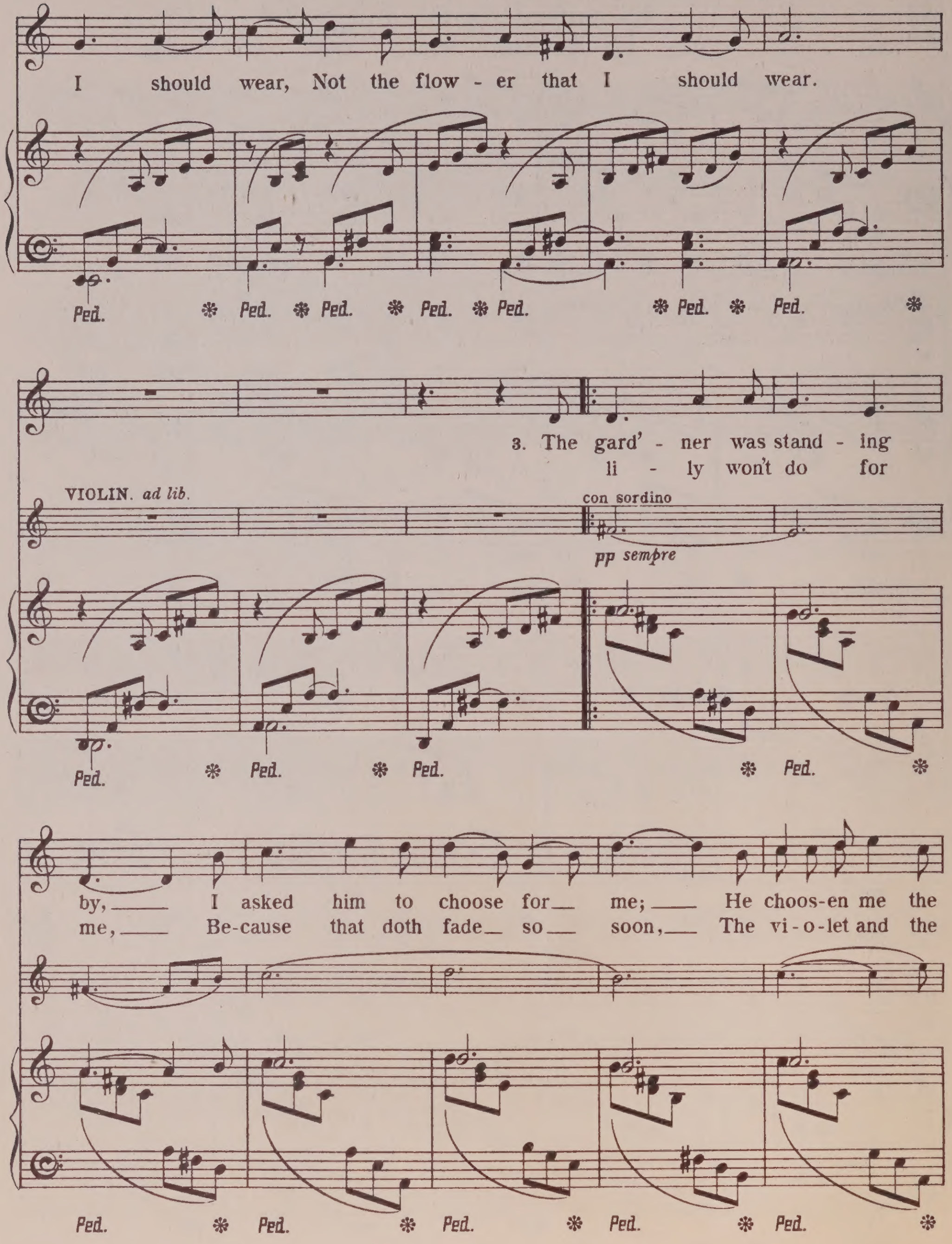
Note: Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9 and 10 are added from a version of the ballad in Logan's "Pedlar's Pack of Ballads" and from a Norfolk version.

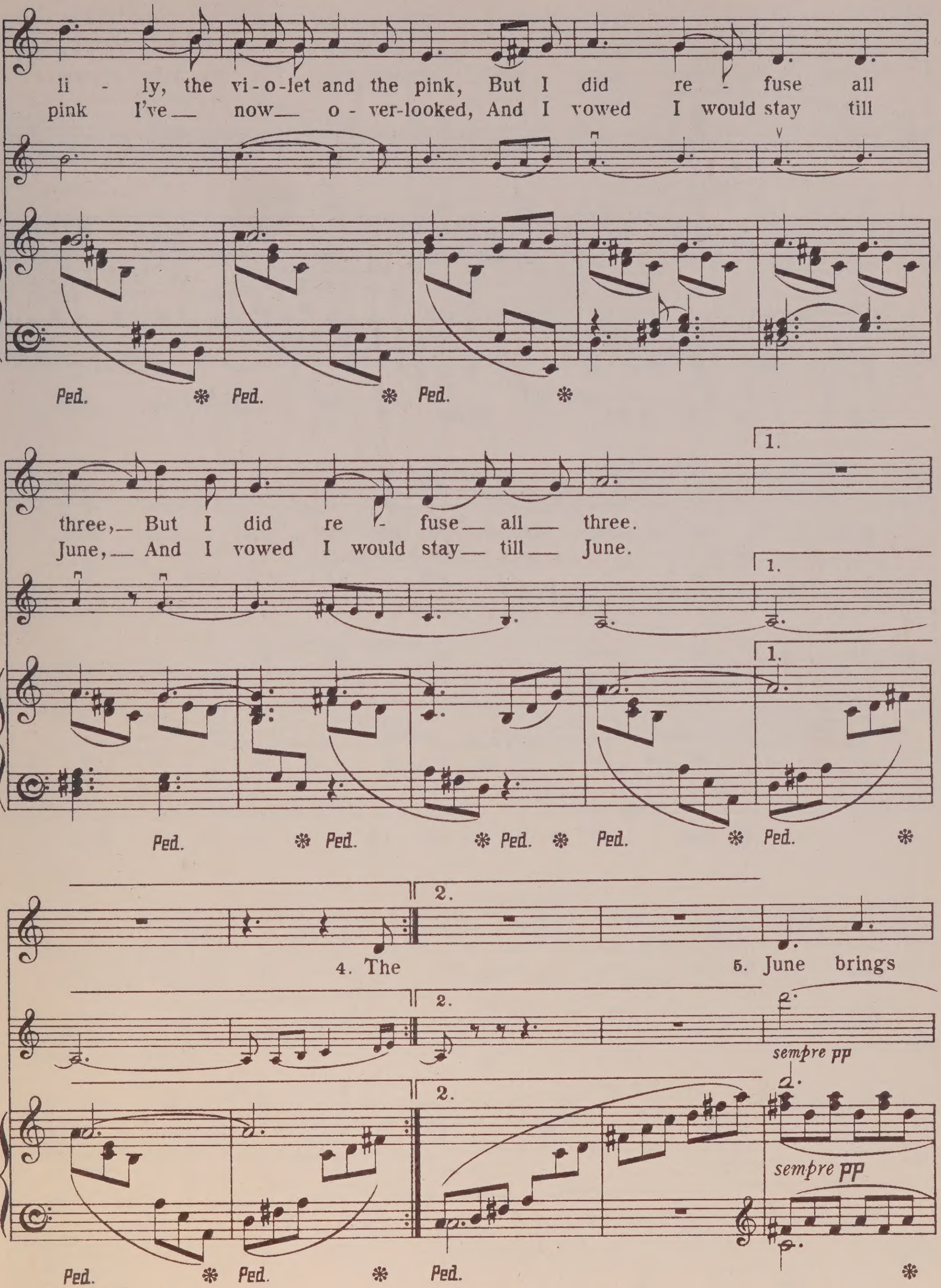
THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

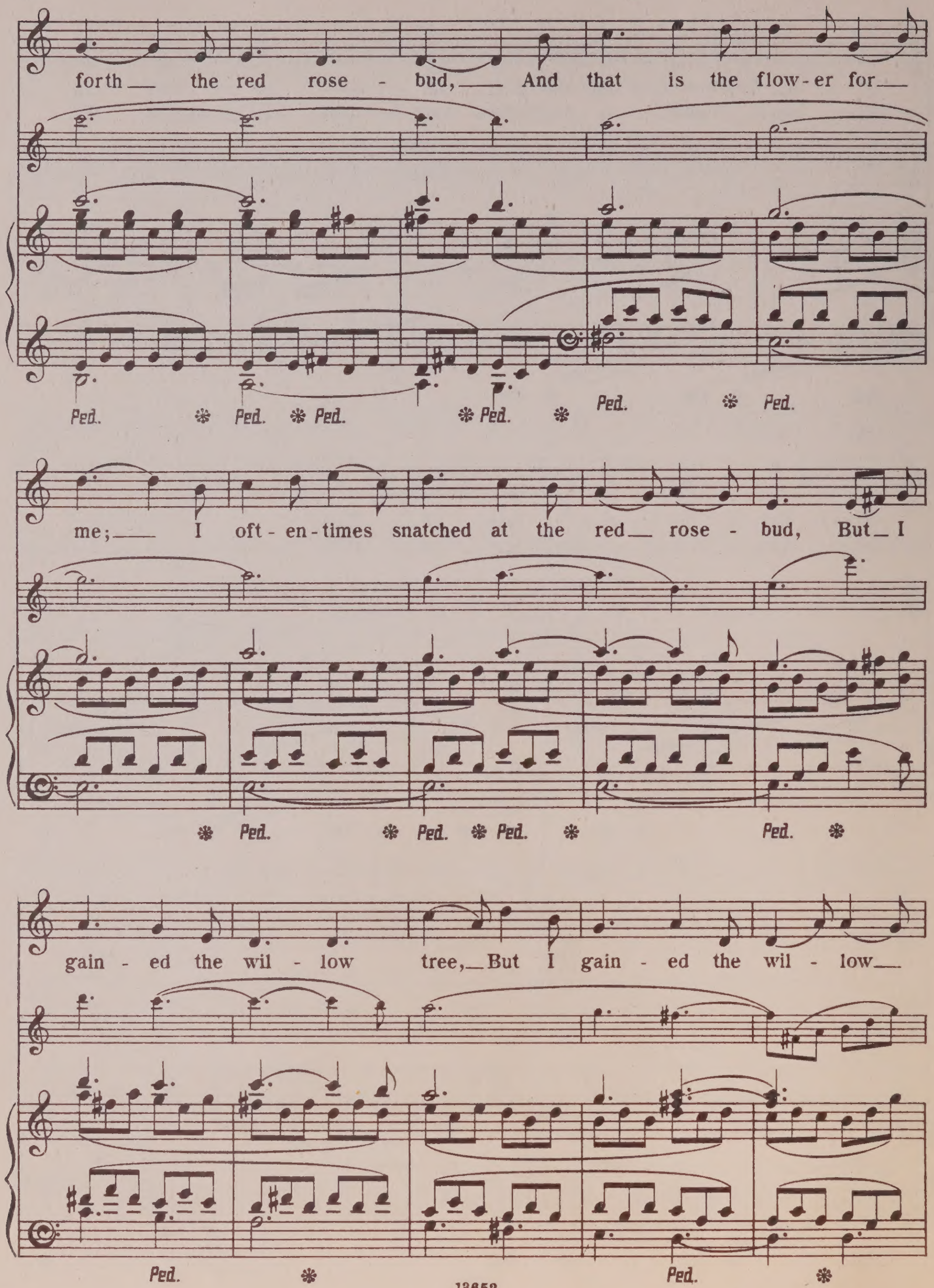
Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.

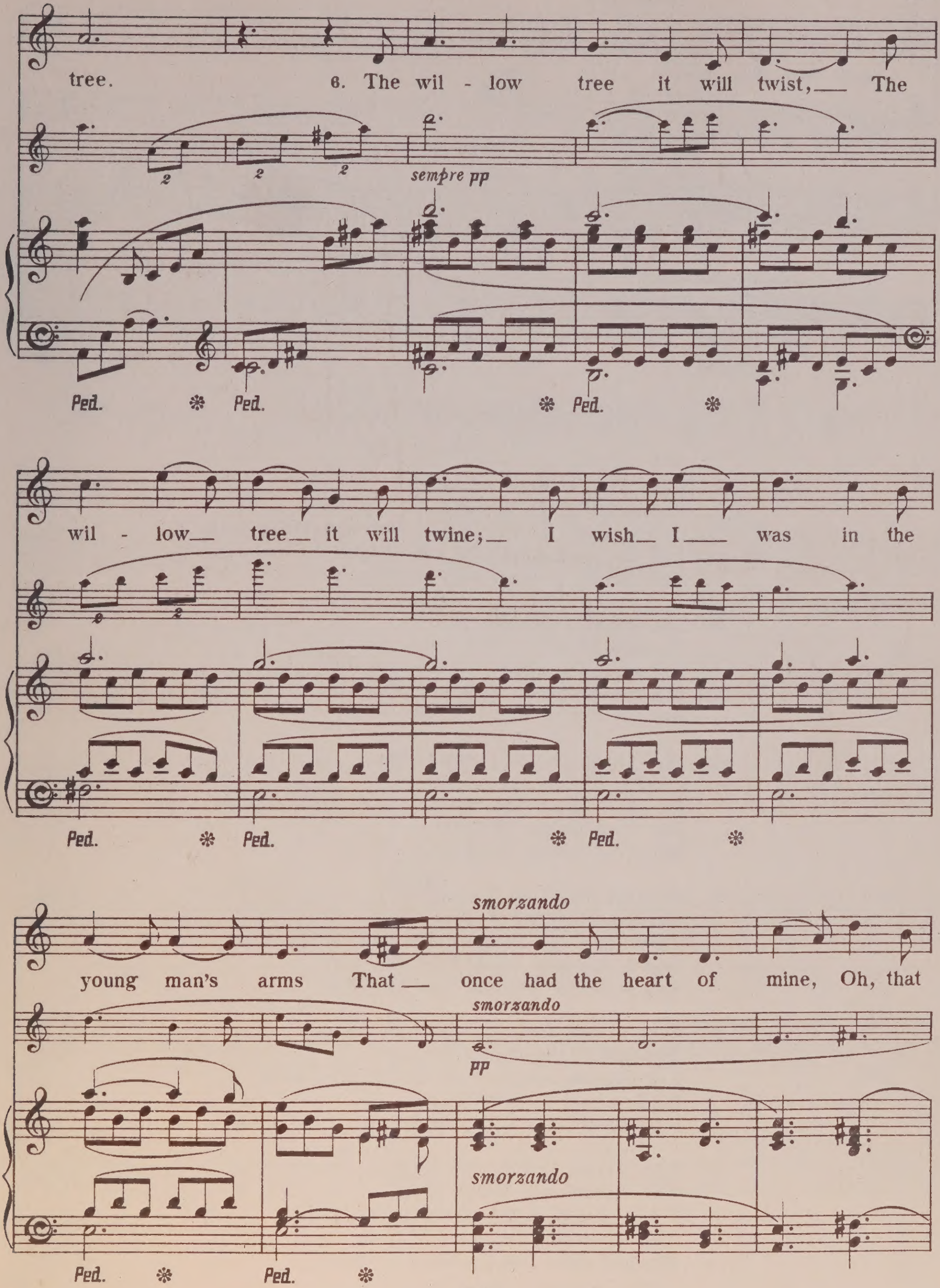

Andante sostenuto.
sempre pp
1. I sowed my
seeds of love; It was all in the Spring; Here's
A - pril, here's May and here's like - wise June, And the small birds
Ped. ❊

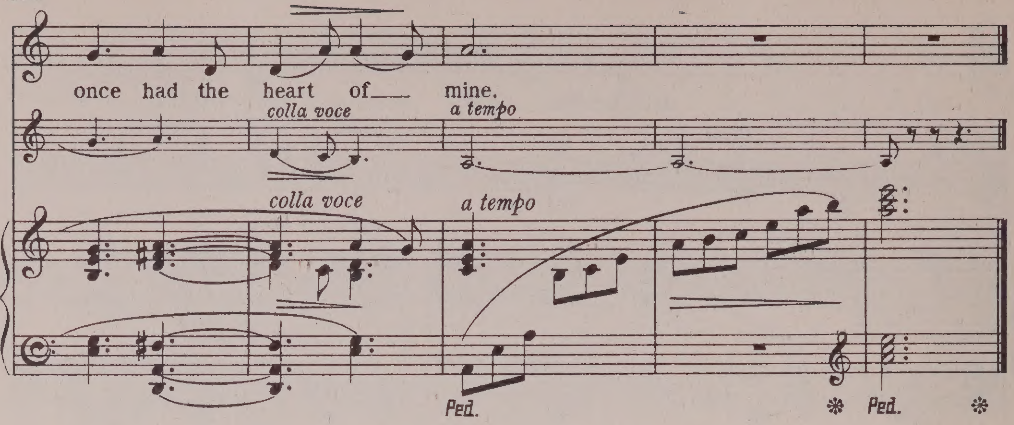

they do sing,—And the small birds— they— do— sing.
2. The gar - den well per -
-fumed, Flowers of ev' - - ry sort:— I had— not the
chance to— choose for my-self, No, not the flow - er that
Ped.
*


I should wear, Not the flow - er that I should wear.
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊
3. The gard' - ner was stand - ing
li - ly won't do for
VIOLIN. ad lib.
con sordino
pp sempre
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊
by, I asked him to choose for me; He choos-en me the
me, Be-cause that doth fade so soon, The vi-o-let and the
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊


li - ly, the vi-o-let and the pink, But I did re - fuse all
pink I've now o - ver-looked, And I vowed I would stay till
three, But I did re - fuse all three.
June, And I vowed I would stay till June.
1.
4. The
2.
5. June brings
sempre pp
Ped.
❋


forth the red rose - bud, And that is the flow-er for
me; I oft-en-times snatched at the red rose - bud, But I
gain-ed the wil - low tree, But I gain-ed the wil - low
Ped.


tree. 6. The wil - low tree it will twist, The
sempre pp
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊
wil - low tree it will twine; I wish I was in the
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊
smorzando
young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, Oh, that
smorzando
pp
smorzando
Ped. ❊ Ped. ❊



THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

1. I sowed my seeds of love;
It was all in the Spring;
Here's April, here's May and here's likewise June,
And the small birds they do sing,
And the small birds they do sing.

2. The garden well perfumed,
Flowers of every sort:
I had not the chance to choose for myself,
No, not the flower that I should wear,
Not the flower that I should wear.

3. The gardener was standing by,
I asked him to choose for me;
He choosen me the lily, the violet and the pink,
But I did refuse all three,
But I did refuse all three.

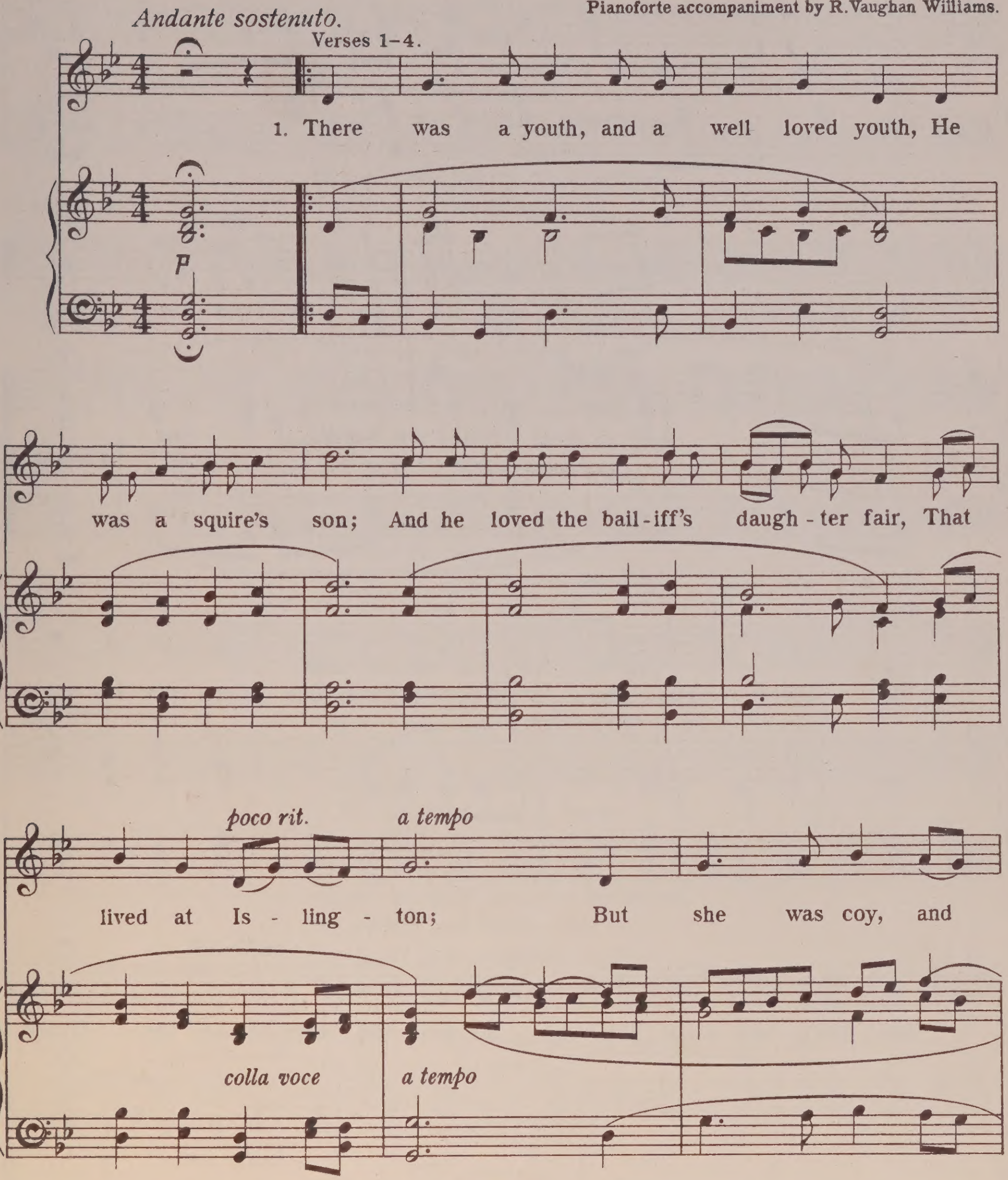
4. The lily won't do for me,
Because that doth fade so soon,
The violet and the pink I've now overlooked,
And I vowed I would stay till June,
And I vowed I would stay till June.

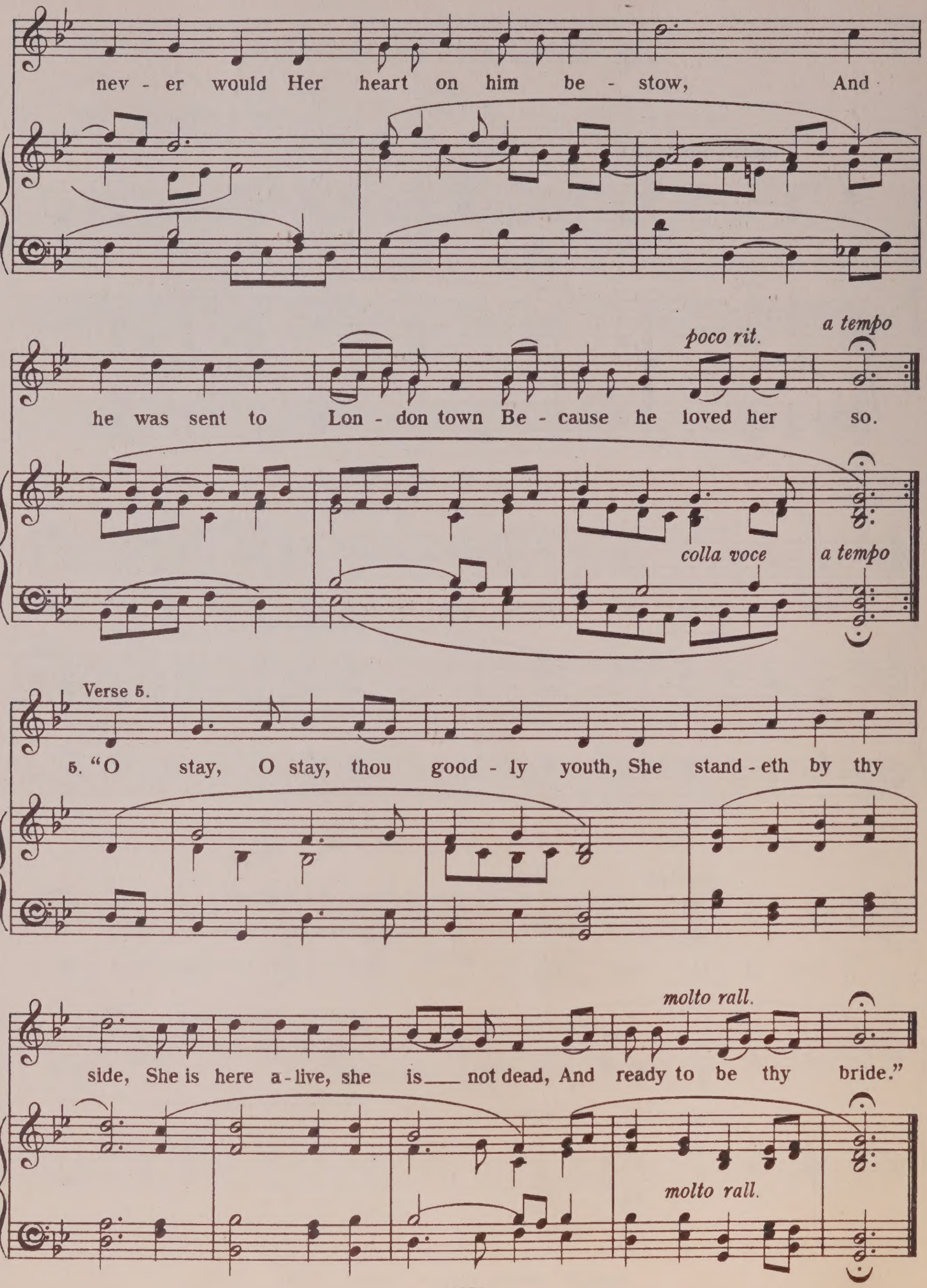
5. June brings forth the red rose-bud,
And that is the flower for me;
I oftentimes snatched at the red rose-bud,
But I gained the willow tree,
But I gained the willow tree.

6. The willow tree it will twist,
The willow tree it will twine;
I wish I was in the young man's arms
That once had the heart of mine,
Oh, that once had the heart of mine.

THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante sostenuto.
Verses 1–4.
1. There was a youth, and a well loved youth, He
p
was a squire's son; And he loved the bail-iff's daugh-ter fair, That
poco rit.
a tempo
lived at Is - ling - ton; But she was coy, and
colla voce
a tempo


never would Her heart on him bestow, And
he was sent to London town Because he loved her so.
poco rit.
a tempo
colla voce
a tempo
Verse 5.
5. "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth, She standeth by thy
side, She is here alive, she is not dead, And ready to be thy bride."
molto rall.
molto rall.

THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.

1. There was a youth, and a well loved youth,
He was a squire's son;
And he loved the bailiff's daughter fair,
That lived at Islington;
But she was coy, and never would
Her heart on him bestow,
And he was sent to London town
Because he loved her so.

2. And when he had been seven long years
And never his love could see;
"O many tears have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me."
Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter fair;
She secretly stole away.

3. She pulled off her gown of green
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.
And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

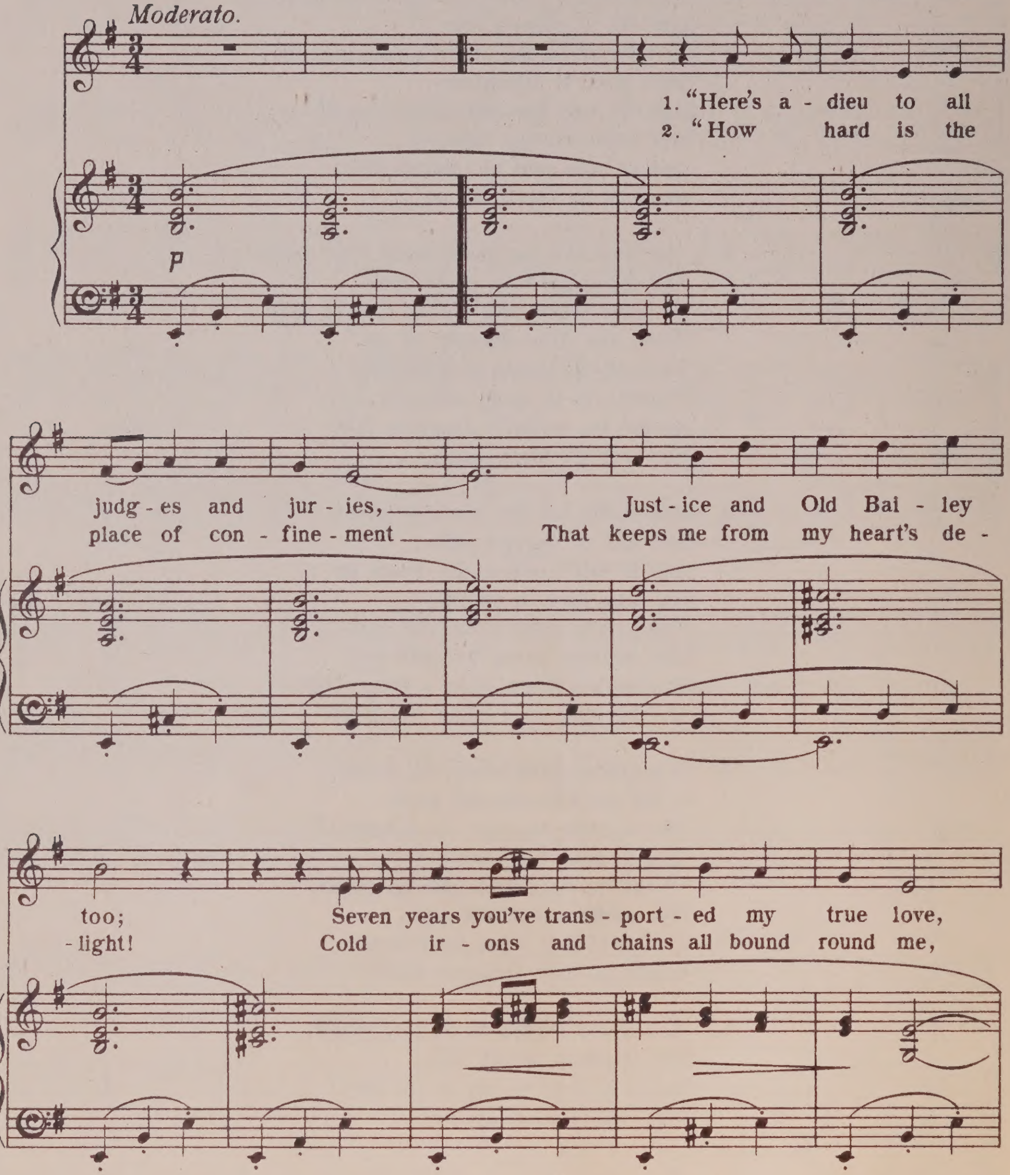
4. "I prythee, sweetheart, tell to me,
O tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, Sir, long ago."
"If she be dead then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will into some far country
Where no man shall me know."

5. "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

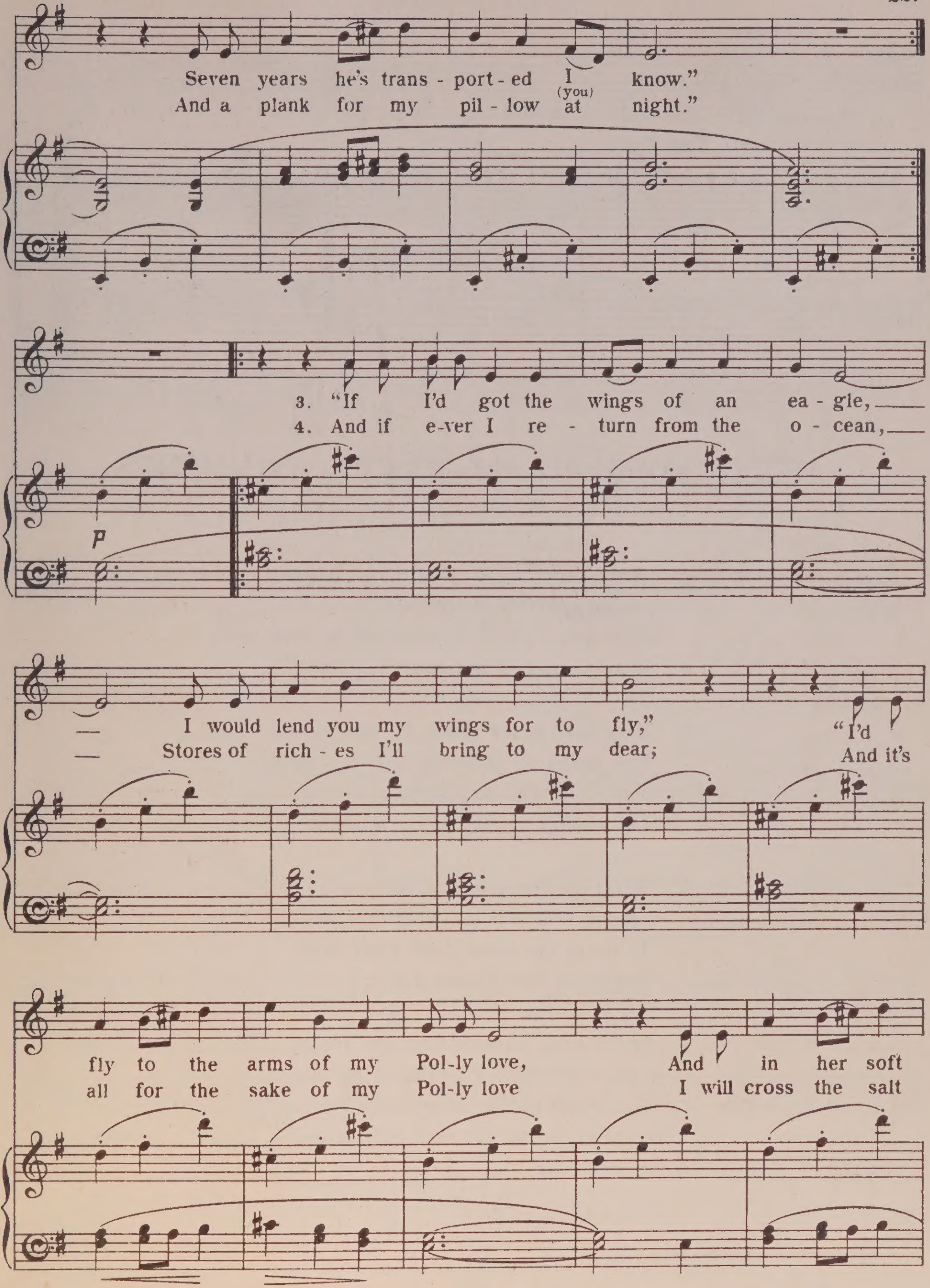
Note: **Verses 2, 3, 4 and 5 are added from Chappell's "Popular Music."**

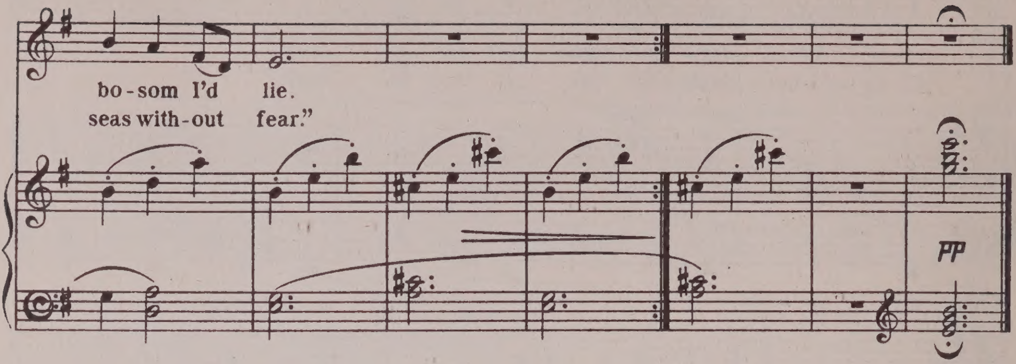
HERE'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Moderato.
1. "Here's a - dieu to all
2. "How hard is the
p
judg - es and jur - ies, Just - ice and Old Bai - ley
place of con - fine - ment That keeps me from my heart's de -
too; Seven years you've trans - port - ed my true love,
- light! Cold ir - ons and chains all bound round me,

Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.


Seven years he's trans - port - ed I know."
(you)
And a plank for my pil - low at night."
3. "If I'd got the wings of an ea - gle,
4. And if e-ver I re - turn from the o - cean,
I would lend you my wings for to fly," "I'd
Stores of rich - es I'll bring to my dear; And it's
fly to the arms of my Pol-ly love, And in her soft
all for the sake of my Pol-ly love I will cross the salt
p



HERE'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.

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1. "Here's adieu to all judges and juries,
Justice and Old Bailey too;
Seven years you've transported my true love,
* Seven years he's transported I (you) know."

2. "How hard is the place of confinement
That keeps me from my heart's delight!
Cold irons and chains all bound round me,
And a plank for my pillow at night."

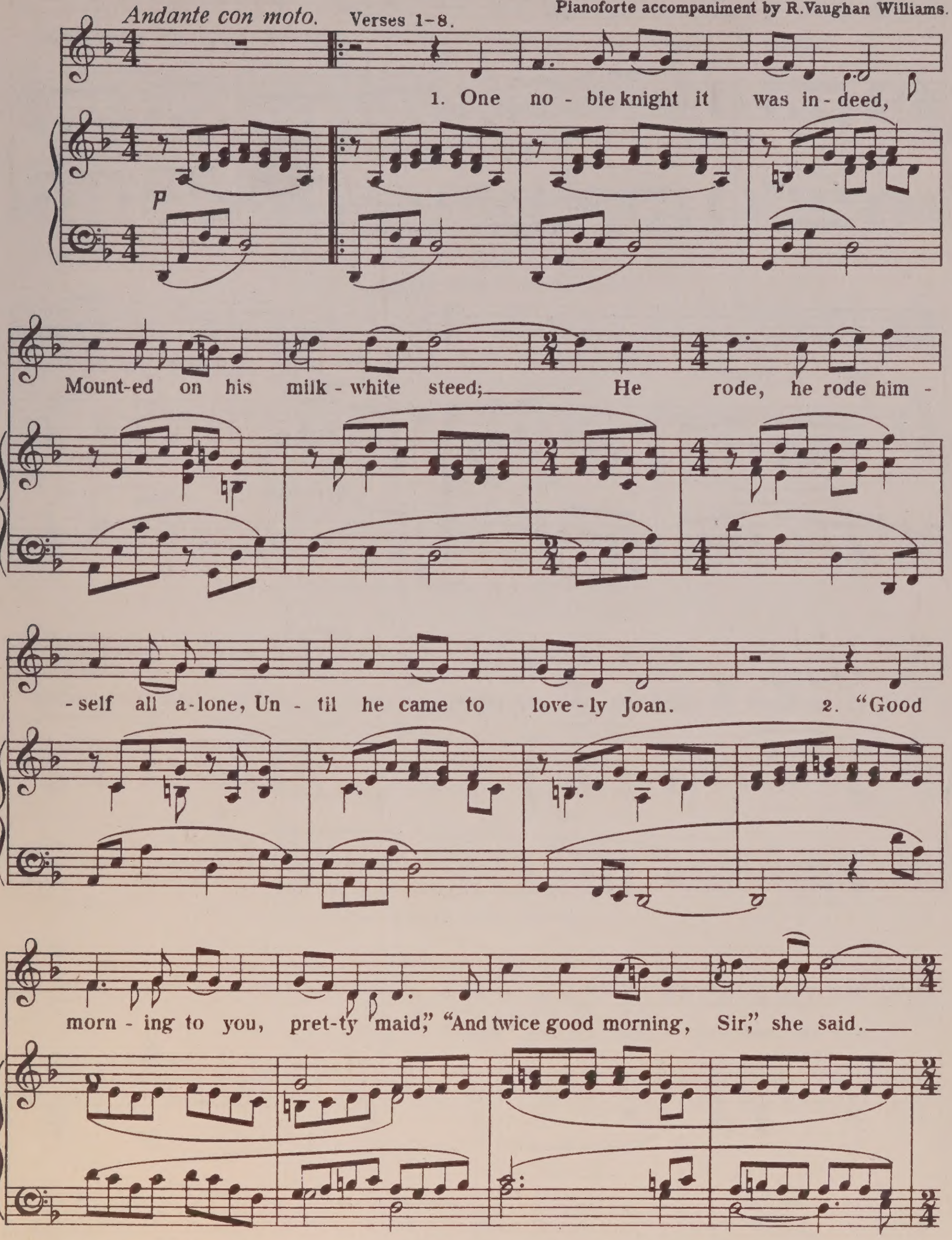
3. "If I'd got the wings of an eagle,
I would lend you my wings for to fly,"
"I'd fly to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her soft bosom I'd lie.

4. And if ever I return from the ocean,
Stores of riches I'll bring to my dear;
And it's all for the sake of my Polly love
I will cross the salt seas without fear."

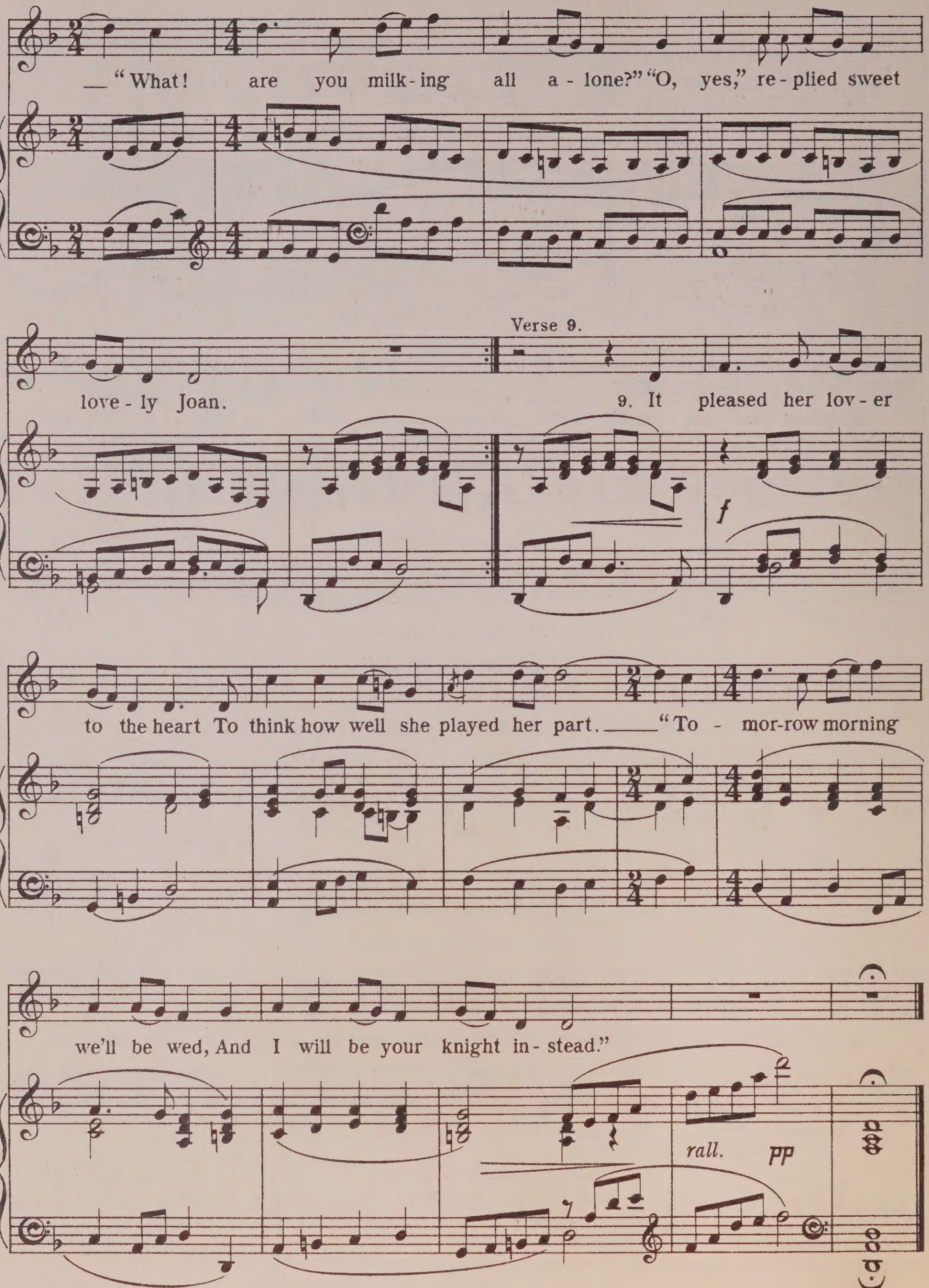
* "you know" as originally sung.

LOVELY JOAN.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.


Andante con moto.
Verses 1-8.
p
1. One noble knight it was indeed,
Mounted on his milk-white steed; He rode, he rode himself all alone, Until he came to lovely Joan.
2. "Good morning to you, pretty maid," "And twice good morning, Sir," she said.

Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of the last verse.


— "What! are you milk-ing all a-lone?" "O, yes," re-plied sweet
love-ly Joan.
Verse 9.
9. It pleased her lov-er
f
to the heart To think how well she played her part. — "To-mor-row morning
we'll be wed, And I will be your knight in-stead."
rall.
pp

LOVELY JOAN.

1. One noble knight it was indeed,
Mounted on his milk-white steed;
He rode, he rode himself all alone,
Until he came to lovely Joan.

2. "Good morning to you, pretty maid,"
"And twice good morning, Sir," she said.
"What! are you milking all alone?"
"O yes," replied sweet lovely Joan.

3. Then he pulled out a purse of gold
And said, "Pretty maid, all this behold;
All this I'll give with me to wed."
Her cheeks they blushed like roses red.

4. "Oh, no, noble knight, I pray you forbear,
To marry you I do not dare,
For on to-morrow I shall wed
All with my own true love instead."

5. 'Twas then he made a solemn vow
That he would wed whether or no,
But this he said to frighten Joan
As she sat milking all alone.

6. "Give me the gold, Sir, in my hand
That I may neither stay nor stand,
For that will do more good to me
Than twenty husbands, Sir," said she.

7. But as these very words she said
She mounted on his milk white steed.
He called, he called; 'twas all in vain,
She never looked back again.

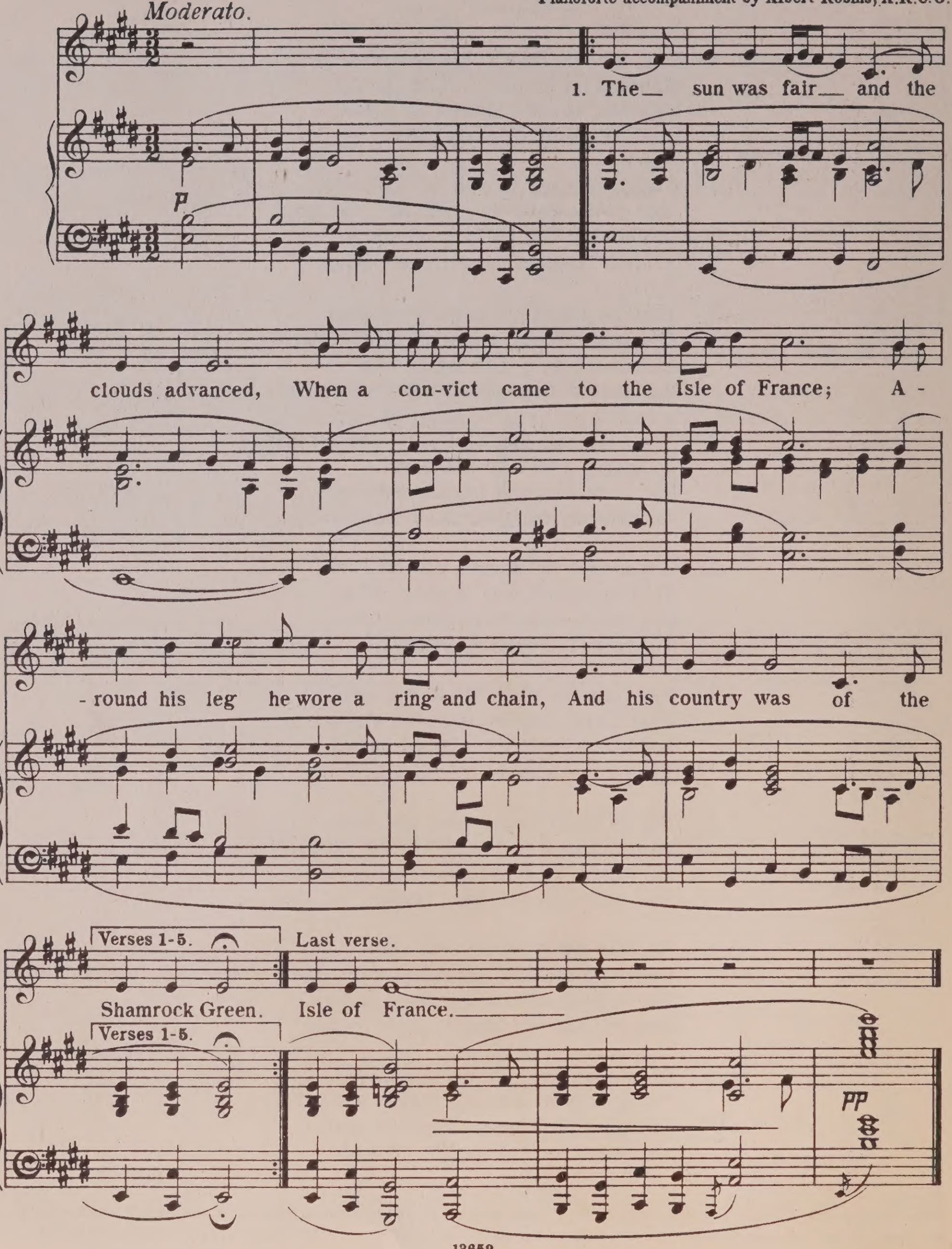
8. She did not think herself quite safe
Until she reached her true lover's gate,
She robbed him of his steed and gold
And left him the empty purse to hold.

9. It pleased her lover to the heart
To think how well she played her part.
"To-morrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be your knight instead."

Note: Verses 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9 and parts of verses 3 and 6 are added partly from a version of the ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp and inserted here by his kind permission, and partly from a broadside version (slightly altered).

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by Albert Robins, A.R.C.O.


Moderato.
p
1. The sun was fair and the
clouds advanced, When a con-vict came to the Isle of France; A -
- round his leg he wore a ring and chain, And his country was of the
Verses 1-5.
Shamrock Green.
Last verse.
Isle of France.
Verses 1-5.
pp

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

1. The sun was fair and the clouds advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France;
Around his leg he wore a ring and chain,
And his country was of the Shamrock Green.

2. "I am of the Shamrock," the convict cried,
"That has been tossed on the ocean wide;
For being unruly, I do declare,
I was doomed a transport for seven long years.

3. When six of them they were past and gone,
I was coming home for to make up one,
When the stormy winds they did blow and roar,
Which cast me here on this foreign shore."

4. Then the coastguard played a noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart.
"Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

5. Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the "Shamrock Green;"
His freedom came by a speedy post
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

6. "God bless the coastguard," the convict cried,
"You have saved my life from the ocean wide;
I'll drink your health in a flowing glass,
So here's success to the Isle of France."

Note: The above words have been completed from another traditional Sussex version.

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English county folk songs

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